

TWENTY CENTS

APRIL 27, 1953

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



TEST PILOT BRIDGEMAN
Beyond the sound barrier, a heat thicket.

\$6.00 A YEAR

ISSUE NO. 3402

VOL. LXI NO. 17

Famous Rooms in Hilton Hotels



The Boulevard Room

at The Jefferson
ST. LOUIS

- In New York
THE PLAZA AND THE ROOSEVELT
In Washington, D. C.
THE MAYFLOWER
In St. Louis, Mo.
THE JEFFERSON
In Fort Worth and El Paso, Texas
THE HILTON HOTEL
In San Bernardino, California
ARROWHEAD SPRINGS
In Chihuahua, Mexico
THE PALACIO HILTON
- In Chicago
THE CONRAD HILTON
AND THE PALMER HOUSE
In Los Angeles
THE TOWNE HOUSE
THE DAYTON BIRMINGHAM
In Albuquerque, New Mexico
THE HILTON HOTEL
In San Juan, Puerto Rico
THE CASINO HILTON
In Madrid, Spain
THE CASTELLANA HILTON

The traditional hospitality of the famous Jefferson, long a distinguished landmark in St. Louis, is warmly portrayed in the friendly atmosphere of the newly created Boulevard Room. Its colorful decor captures the charm of other renowned rooms in the famed group of Hilton Hotels in leading cities across the nation.

Hilton  **Hotels**

Conrad N. Hilton, President

EXECUTIVE OFFICES • THE CONRAD HILTON • CHICAGO 5, ILLINOIS



Now more than ever **no other name will do**

THERE have been many other Buick ROADMASTERS over the years—each honestly named.

But never before such a one as this. For this is the Golden Anniversary ROADMASTER powered with the world's most advanced V8 engine, and unequalled in spectacular performance in all 50 years of Buick history.

This is the one with 183 horsepower and the fuel economy of an 3.5 to 1 compression ratio—America's highest.

This is the one with the sensational Twin-Turbine Dynaflow Drive where getaway is far swifter, quieter, more efficient—and all speed ranges utterly smooth.

This is the one with a wider front tread and newly calibrated coil springs on all four wheels for an

even better ride, an even softer cradling, an even steadier and more level road track.

This is the one with still greater braking action, for surer, safer stops, and Power Brakes® to reduce pedal pressure effort by 50%.

This is the one that you get with Power Steering at no extra cost, with far more maneuverability, with shorter turning radius.

This is the one with the luxurious comfort of spacious interiors, nylon fabrics, rubber-base carpeting, and one-piece panoramic windows front and rear.

This is the one with such finer acoustics, and so much more complete body engineering, that it is the quietest Buick ever built.

This is, in literal truth, the greatest

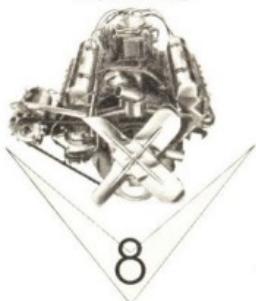
Buick in fifty great years—the ROADMASTER that brings new renown to a world-renowned name.

It is a car you can see and sample at your Buick dealer's this very week. Why not call him and arrange a demonstration?

BUICK Division of GENERAL MOTORS

*Optional at extra cost.

Television treat—the BUICK CIRCUS HOUR—
every fourth Tuesday.



When better automobiles are built Buick will build them

Custom Built **ROADMASTER** *by Buick*

air conditioning

**an efficiency expert that works
for office boy wages**

Here is an office like thousands of other offices in America. Rows of desks, rows of files, rows of people. But something about this room is different—something you can't see. It is perfect indoor climate, created by the Carrier Weathermaker—cool, comfortable working conditions that attract good people and hold them. • Why do people like to work in Carrier air conditioned offices? They work more easily. They are less fatigued. They feel better. And when the hot muggy days of summer appear, they still feel like working. • The Carrier Weathermaker is the largest-selling self-contained unit in America. It costs less to own and operate than an office boy's wages. And



first name in air conditioning

restaurants, stores, offices, factories report over and over again that the Weathermaker soon pays for itself. • The Weathermaker may be the answer to your requirements. But whatever you need in the way of air conditioning, there is Carrier equipment to serve you. Carrier provides a wider range of air conditioning equipment than any other manufacturer. Carrier people founded the air conditioning industry more than 50 years ago. Today there is *more* Carrier equipment serving *more* people and *more* purposes than any other make. All this experience is yours to command. Look for Carrier in the Classified Telephone Directory. Or write Carrier Corporation, Syracuse, New York.

*Shoot better golf easier
with these sensational new clubs*



SPALDING

Synchro-Dyned

WOODS AND IRONS



NEW
TOP-FLITE*
REGISTERED
GOLD LINE CLUBS

These streamlined Top-Flite Synchro-Dyned Clubs are new in every way. New head designs with finer finish, brighter polish. Irons are stronger, more compact. New, broad top line gives you extra confidence in lining up the ball. Choice of perforated leather, all-purpose, or spiral leather form grip.

SPALDING DOT* →

The perfect compression to get greatest yardage out of a hard-hitter's swing. Powered by "Tru-Tension" winding with tough Tempered Thread for uniformity, distance, sweet feel, and that famous DOT click.

This is a promise, a big promise . . .

These new Spalding clubs will do more to save you strokes than any clubs you have ever played!

With these clubs you have the nearest thing to complete shot control ever devised. They'll lift your game closer to perfection . . . start you on your way to lower scores, easier, more consistently.

Using an entirely new and exclusive formula, perfected after 25 years' research, Spalding creates these clubs with centers of gravity in absolutely coordinated sequence. Every wood, every iron, has identical contact feel!

The playing results of this scientific discovery are spectacular. Professionals report that in case after case members' handicaps have been reduced by one-third and more!

With these new Spalding Top-Flites you'll get the ball away differently, straighter off the tee with less tendency to hook or slice. You'll chip with new boldness and accuracy.

Golf is a new game — a better game — a lot more fun — starting the day you play these new Spalding Top-Flite Synchro-Dyned Clubs. Your golf professional is ready to fit you now.

*SOLD THROUGH GOLF PROFESSIONALS ONLY



SPALDING TOP-FLITE* →

The perfect compression to get maximum distance for a golfer who does not customarily play a hard-hitting game. Cadwell cover for extra toughness



As our standard of living rises, the need for copper rises with it. The metals industry
is meeting that demand, and will continue to meet it, as it did

when our copper needs could be measured in mule loads



THREE was something special in the air that spring and even the mules in the mines could feel it. Or so the mule-skimmers said, looking back on it later, and who should know better than they?

For this was the lusty first year of the great new century, 1900. Already a man could wind the crank on the little oak telephone box and talk to his neighbor. He could snap a switch and light up a room. A tinkering genius had discovered how to turn the wheels of a carriage with a little gasoline engine. Marconi had sent words winging through space.

Between that spring of 1900 and the present moment lies the most fabulous period of growth the world has ever seen. Out of will and genius and the metals of our mines, came a million miracles—the great skyscrapers, the roaring wheels, the wings in the sky. Out of it has come the greatest wealth—and the most equitable distribution of that wealth—that man has yet achieved.

Metals are one measure of the magnitude of that growth. For we are living in a civilization made possible by metals and dependent on metals. Only fifty years ago the copper needed by the people of this country could be measured in muleloads of ore. Today, we not only have twice as many people as in 1900, but our annual per capita use of copper has trebled. And as the years pass, we shall need even more metals to keep pace with our growth.

Why we will continue to have the metals we need

Years ago the metals industry foresaw and prepared to meet the rising needs of our industrial economy. Since 1940, a three-point program of preparation for future demands has been under way:

To produce more metal from domestic sources, including low grade ores once considered uneconomical to mine.

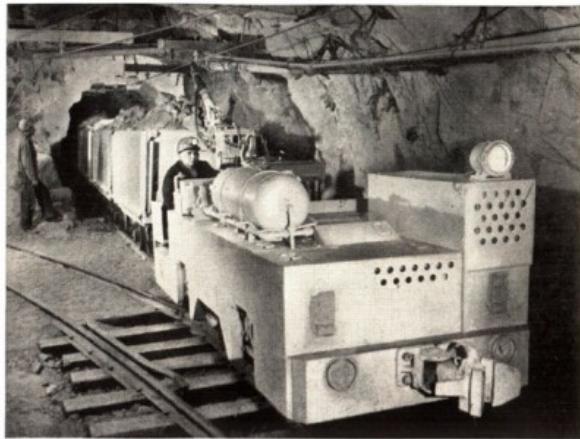
To increase the production of foreign metal available for import.

To make better use of the metals we have.

Seven years ago, Anaconda started on a long range program of preparation for the metals needs of the future. This program is continuing. For the ultimate aim of Anaconda and of the entire metals industry, is to insure that the metals supplies of our country will not only be adequate for all normal needs of the present, but will meet our needs in the decades to come.

8259A

At the beginning of the century, mules that lived most of their working lives underground supplied the haulage power not only in copper mines, but for most other mines in the U. S. Long since replaced by locomotives, mule-power was then considered efficient labor-saving transportation.



MODERN MINE HAULAGE is one of many forward steps that are helping production keep pace with the growing need for metals. This electric locomotive in Anaconda's new Kelley Mine at Butte, Montana, hauls a train of twenty 5-ton ore cars. The cars dump their loads automatically, thus speeding work and saving man hours.



MORE COPPER FROM MEXICO will soon come from the improved and enlarged precipitating plant now being completed at Anaconda's property at Cananea, Sonora, Mexico. Shown here are the secondary crusher and concentrator buildings at this open-pit mine, which is 40 miles south of the Border. This important Mexican mineral resource is helping to supply the copper which is essential to our industrial economy.



MAKING FINE PRODUCTS, such as this rod and wire, calls for the finest tools. This Torrington, Conn., Mill of The American Brass Company, an Anaconda fabricating subsidiary, is equipped with the most modern high-speed precision machinery. In one operation, and at speeds up to 140 feet per minute, the machines shown here will finish-draw, cut, straighten and polish rod of diameters up to $\frac{3}{4}$ inch.

ANACONDA is building to provide more metals

PRODUCERS OF: Copper, zinc, lead, silver, gold, platinum, cadmium, vanadium, selenium, manganese ore, ferrromanganese and superphosphate.

MANUFACTURERS OF: Electrical wires and cables, copper, brass, bronze and other copper alloys in such forms as sheet, plate, tube, pipe, rod, wire, forgings, stampings, extrusions, flexible metal hose and tubing.

"ANACONDA" IS A REGISTERED TRADEMARK



The one
and only
case
for two
vacationing
by
air
together



Hartmann
SKYMATE TOUROBE
holds a two-week wardrobe for two!

It takes two to know
the convenience there is
in this Hartmann
Skymate Tourobe. Just look
at what it holds!

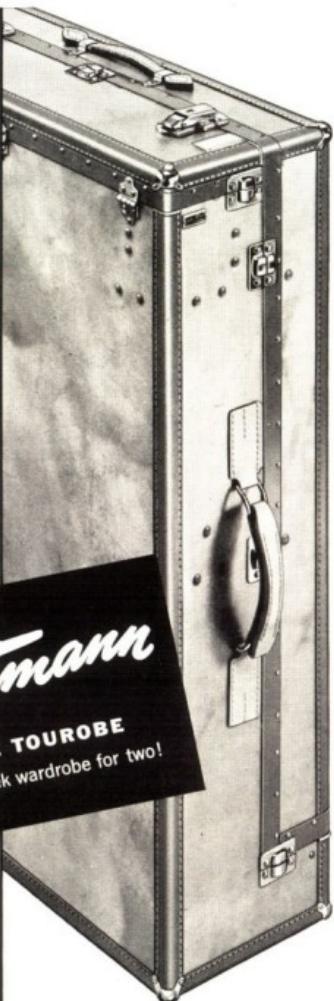
2 men's suits	3 dresses
6 shirts	2 blouses
1 pair shoes	2 skirts
robe—slippers	1 woman's robe
8 pairs socks	4 slips
6 ties	lingerie
2 pajamas	2 pairs shoes
shorts—shirts	2 nightgowns
1 toilet kit	6 pairs hosiery
12 handkerchiefs	1 pair slippers

...all this! And still the Skymate Tourobe is light enough to ride free on a plane when two people are vacationing together. If you're travelling alone—by car, or ship, or train—just think of the clothes you can carry! The Skymate 5-hanger Tourobe shown is of imported natural rawhide, bound with fibre . . . stout-hearted as luggage can be. \$200.

Other Hartmann Tourobes from \$75

PRICES PLUS EXISTING TAX

Write for the name of your nearest Hartmann Retailer



LETTERS

Call for Courage

Sir:

Re "The Danger Signals" in TIME, April 13: what is deplorable in the present state of American education is not the alleged threat of the loss of the teachers' and students' right to discuss controversial subjects, but that they are so easily frightened into a state of abject submission. If men of the nature of McCarthy can paralyze the whole system of education . . . then we might well forfeit our rights and give the whole thing back to the Indians . . . What is happening to American guts?

GLORIA GOLDSMITH SMITH

Manomet, Mass.

Sir:

Your well-documented article is excellent proof of the need to protect the civil liberties of people we disagree with—even hate and despise—if we are to keep our civil liberties. At the rate we are going, some students and teachers will soon prefer not to be on the subscriber list of the sometimes controversial TIME. Let's not forget, though, that the civil liberties of the crackpots on the extreme right as well as the fanatics on the extreme left must be safeguarded.

WARREN J. KAHN

Jackson Heights, N.Y.

Senator at Large

Sir:

After Senator McCarthy gained his now infamous notoriety, I was often dismayed at the amount of valuable space accorded to his activities in editorials and articles. For the most part, the Senator's activities were merely condemned without giving concrete proof of his utter uselessness. I must therefore

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TIME
April 27, 1953

Volume LXI
Number 17

HARTMANN COMPANY • RACINE, WISCONSIN

How to enjoy a Safe Vacation

Millions of Americans are now looking forward to their vacations...relaxing on ocean shores, camping in mountain country, or fishing in lakes and streams.

No matter what point of the compass lures you, there are many things that you can do to

make your vacation happy, healthful, and safe. Indeed, you can make your *entire* summer more enjoyable if you plan now against the hazards of this season. Some of these are listed below—with suggestions about how to guard against them or what to do if they should occur.



Accidents in the water . . . About half of the 6,500 drownings that take place each year occur during June, July, and August. Safety authorities say that many drownings could be prevented through these simple precautions: *never swim alone or when tired, overheated, or too soon after eating*. When trouble develops, keep calm. If a boat overturns, it is usually wise to stay with it until help arrives. Above all, learn how to give artificial respiration, and always observe safety rules posted on beaches.



Burns from the sun . . . Never over-expose yourself to the sun, especially during the hottest part of the day. Begin your tanning with brief periods, no more than 10 minutes the first day, with gradual increases thereafter. If long periods are spent in the sun, use a lotion or cream which may help to protect you. Apply it after each swim—and every two hours while sunning. Remember, too, that large doses of sunlight may temporarily lower keenness of vision—and make night driving dangerous. This hazard may be overcome by wearing fairly dark sun glasses during the day.



Injuries from outdoor activities . . . Over-stretching can strain a muscle. Should this occur, rest the muscle and apply heat. Should a sudden wrench sprain a joint, it is best to elevate it and use cold applications. Cover bruises with an ice bag or cold cloths. Cuts and scratches should be treated promptly with an antiseptic such as 2-percent solution of iodine. Always have *deep wounds* and other serious injuries treated by a doctor.



Hazards of the highway . . . Too often automobile accidents mar the family vacation. So, have your car thoroughly checked for safety before starting off. This means that particular attention should be given to the steering wheel, brakes, tires, lights, horn, windshield wipers and door locks. Drive at a safe speed, obey all traffic signals, and stop driving or rest whenever you feel fatigued. Remember, even if you are driving safely, watch out for other cars.

aid kit and a first-aid booklet. Metropolitan will be glad to send you a copy of its free booklet, which tells how to deal with many accidental injuries, emergencies and hazards of the summer and vacation season.

COPYRIGHT 1953—METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

Metropolitan Life
Insurance Company
(A MUTUAL COMPANY)

1 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 16, N.Y.

Please mail me a free copy
of your booklet, 653T,
"FIRST AID."

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____



How to Choose a Ball to help improve your game

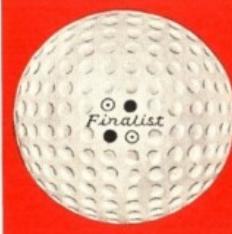
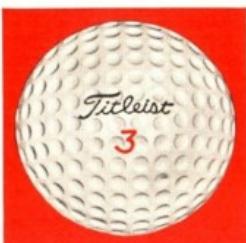


Get hold of your Pro. He knows your game—and he, with the help of the Acushnet Ball Guide which he has in his shop, will select the Acushnet best for you.

There are three top-grade Acushnet balls.* They are sold through Pro Shops only—the only places golf balls should be sold. They are pictured and described below. Depending on your game, one of them is for you. Acushnet Process Company, New Bedford, Massachusetts. Producers of Precision Molded Rubber Goods for all Industry.

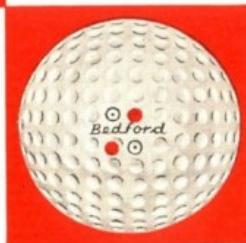
The World-Famed

Titleist . . . a favorite ball with home-club Pros—and over a period of years, played by more of the Big Money Tournament Pros than any other ball. Large liquid center and Dynamite Thread wound at high tension. Just about the longest, sweetest feeling ball ever made. Designed specifically for the experienced golfer.



The Great Finalist . . .

built for the better golfer with an easy swing and also for the golfer who swings hard but not always true. A ball of the very highest quality, but wound to a lower compression than our Titleist. Don't worry about distance—Finalist goes out there with the best of them.



The Sturdy Bedford . . . here is the ball that can take it. A tough ball, but not a member of the "mush-ball" family. Quality equal to any top-grade ball made, but designed specifically for the golfer who once in a while hacks the cover half off his ball. The Bedford is probably the longest "tough" ball in the business.

ACUSHNET

GOLF BALLS

Sold the world over through Pro Shops only

*For those who want a lot of golf at a thrifty price, we recommend our Green Ray or our Pinnacle

congratulate TIME, April 6 for devoting so much space to a noble cause—that of exposing McCarthy for the farce he is . . .

ROBERT BRUNTRAGER

Ambler, Pa.

Sir: . . . Devoting almost three whole pages to a Joe McCarthy smear plus an uncomplimentary photo, TIME is somewhat like a spoiled child in a tantrum . . .

HENRY E. CORDTS

New York City

Sir: . . . McCarthy's battle on the Reds and red tape must leave a pink flush of embarrassment on TIME's face.

MRS. J. V. LAMORE

Kirkland, Wash.

Sir: For Menace of the Year—Joseph McCarthy.

JACK L. GROSSMAN

Baltimore

Sir: When will Mr. Eisenhower realize how Senator McCarthy's sinister antics are lowering the prestige of your great country, your Government, your Republican Party and your President at a fearful rate . . . ? It is very unlikely that 10,000 active Communists could do you an equal amount of harm.

G. ALLEN

Toronto, Ont.

Semper fidelisly

Sir: In your issue of March 30, a slur is cast upon the scholarship of the Marine Corps in saying "that no marine would ever recognize (*Ab aula Montezumae Tripolis ad Iltora* . . .)." I can speak for at least one marine who has no difficulty in recognizing dog-Latin verse and can add some lines in kind:

. . . *Pugnabamus bellos patri*
In terra, aero, mareque—
Primi pro rectitudine et libertate pugnare
Honoremque immaculare,
Ferrum titulam exultamus
Civitatorum Unitorum Marinorum.

P. KINGSLEY SMITH
1st Lieut., U.S.M.C.

San Diego

Sir: *Eheu! fugaces.* Referring *maxima cum nausea* to your bland comment: Fella, get me a copy of!

Ab aulis Montezumae . . .
Tripolis ad Iltora . . .

give me an old Springfield rifle and I'll translate word for word, identify the meter and give you the principal parts of every goddam verb at 1,000 yards, with the peep sight up! And look—I'm not a Latin teacher, but a businessman; but I had good teachers and liked the stuff!

Semper fidelisly. JAMES K. HAYNES

Wethersfield, Conn.

Passover in Israel

Sir: Your April 6 article, "Back to the Wall," was most interesting and the closest thing to the truth you have ever written about Israel since 1948 . . .

EDMOND D. CHAMMAS

Baton Rouge, La.

Sir: . . . The facts in your article are for the most part true but don't you think, on second



Telephone users benefit from new engineering triumph!

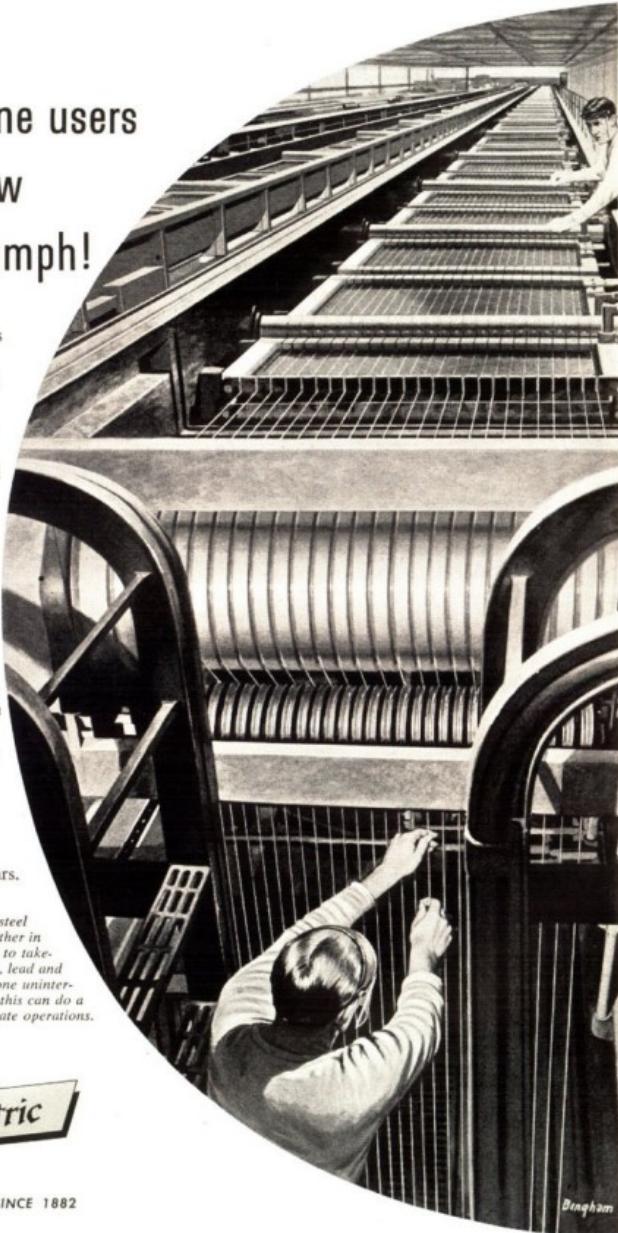
Shown here is part of a new process just developed by Western Electric engineers for producing one kind of telephone wire . . . the kind that connects your telephone to lines in the street. For the first time, steel wire is coated with copper, lead and brass in one continuous operation on a mass production basis.

So what?

Well, the wire made this way is smaller, stronger, better . . . is less expensive to produce and maintain. That's important when you consider that the Bell System uses over 300,000 miles of it in one year. It's a real saving, and another reason why the price of telephone service has gone up *so much less* than other things you buy.

Supplying dependable telephone equipment at the lowest possible cost is our job in the Bell System. We've been at it now for over 70 years.

Technically speaking, 25 strands of steel wire .033 inches in diameter travel together in parallel for 850 feet from supply spool to take-up reel. In tanks along the way, copper, lead and brass are deposited electrolytically in one uninterrupted operation. Now, machines like this can do a job that formerly required many separate operations.



Western Electric



A UNIT OF THE BELL SYSTEM SINCE 1882

Bingham

Florsheim Shoes

afoot...

for a cool, smart

Summer ahead



Men long ago discovered the wisdom of choosing Florsheim Summer Shoes—for the advanced styling that makes them the smartest shoes they can wear, and, better still, for the traditional Florsheim longer wear that gives them two Summers of service for the price of one.

\$17⁹⁵ and higher



The LAKESIDE. S-1512.
natural tan calf
Norwegian finish casual.

thought perhaps, that it is a warped conclusion and a bit anti-Zionist to say that Israel is celebrating Passover this year in "... a land of little joy . . . ?"

LOUIS ROSENBLUM

Cambridge, Mass.

Sir:

Your article on Israel paints a black picture for the future of that country. Israel's position wasn't improved when they had to open their doors to every Jew in Europe that Hitler didn't murder. But never forget that the kids who witnessed these horrors are now a fearless fighting group of men and women . . . They haven't "got their backs to the wall"—there are no walls . . .

GEORGE BARKIN

Brookline, Mass.

On Old Baldy

Sir:

Your April 6 Pacific Edition contains a statement to the effect that Major General Arthur Trudeau, division commander of the 7th Infantry Division, was publicly rebuked by me in connection with the recent action on Old Baldy. Such a statement, I feel, casts unjust and unwarranted criticism on General Trudeau and the men of his division. He and his division have records of distinction.

The responsibility for success or failure of an operation within a corps rests on the corps commander. This is an accepted axiom and was not changed by the action on Old Baldy. In exercising this responsibility of command it is often necessary for the corps and division commanders to discuss the action and the situation in very simple and plain terms. Evidently your source erroneously interpreted such a discussion occurring in a forward observation post to be a public rebuke . . .

PAUL W. KENDALL

Lieut. General, U.S. Army
Headquarters I Corps
Office of the Commanding General
% Postmaster, San Francisco

The Ancient Profession

Sir:

TIME's March 30 story on Dr. Rodriguez' embalming fluid "discovery" was very interesting to me and, I am sure, to many other members of our ancient profession . . .

To us oldtimers, there is nothing new or startling about the "spraying" feature; it has been tried before without success. I well recall, more than 30 years ago, an embalmer who thought he had the answer and drew the wrath of the profession upon his head with his slogan in the trade papers, "preservation without mutilation." As to keeping ten bodies one week in a "well-heated" room, surely there is nothing remarkable in that; a body properly treated even with the agents we've been using for years should easily pass that test . . .

ERNEST A. WAGNER
Licensed Embalmer

Minneapolis

Bishop in the Front Line

Sir:

Your April 6 article [on Bishop Otto Dibelius] is a fair appraisal of one of the outstanding men and church leaders in our time. Personally, I would see Bishop Dibelius in a somewhat different perspective. In my opinion, his greatness consists in the fact that he rightly assessed the problem of Communism. To most of the intellectuals of the U.S., it is a problem of the right political and social theory, and so it is to the anti-intellectuals of the McCarthy type. To most of our statesmen, it is a military problem.

Bishop Dibelius . . . has seen clearly that Communism is a new religion, and that its

Great news for car owners!

THE AMAZING BATTERY THAT IS GUARANTEED FOR THE LIFE OF YOUR CAR!

No Pro-Rated Replacement Costs ... No Time Limit

Span-O-Life is the battery that you — that all America has been waiting for. Because Span-O-Life is guaranteed for the life of your car — guaranteed to customer and dealer alike. Makes no difference how long you own your car, how many miles you drive it, there is absolutely no cost for replacement should a Span-O-Life battery fail!

ONE LOW PRICE OF ONLY **\$29.95** (with exchange)
FOR ANY MAKE PASSENGER CAR! Slightly higher in some areas.

You pay no premium price for this premium battery — it is below the cost of many passenger car batteries. Costs only \$29.95, with exchange, for any make or model passenger car. It will pay you to buy a Span-O-Life battery now — before costly battery failure and trouble. Costs you nothing extra — actually you save, because your battery is guaranteed for the life of your car with no pro-rata replacement costs ever!

THOUSANDS OF DEALERS ARE NOW SELLING SPAN-O-LIFE BATTERIES IN 15 STATES

Sales have pyramided month after month for this sensational battery. Distribution has increased so rapidly that now, thousands of service stations, garages, and automobile dealers are selling Span-O-Life batteries in these franchised states.

TEXAS

Life-Time Battery Corp. of America

New Braunfels, Texas

OKLAHOMA

Span-O-Life Battery Co. of Okla.

Cloud Carries, Owner, Heldenville, Okla.

MISSOURI

Span-O-Life Battery Co. of Mo.

R. L. Griff, Owner, Springfield, Mo.

KANSAS

Span-O-Life Battery Co. of Kan.

Harlan Grimes, Owner, Galesland, Texas

MICHIGAN

Span-O-Life Battery Co. of Mich., E. Hamina, Detroit, Mich.

ARKANSAS, TENNESSEE, KENTUCKY

Span-O-Life Battery Co.

Memphis, Tenn.

MISSISSIPPI, ALABAMA

Span-O-Life Battery Co. of Miss. & Ala.

Dewey Shultz, Owner, Jackson, Miss.

FLORIDA, LOUISIANA

A. E. Moore, Franchise Dealer

New Braunfels, Texas

ARIZONA, NEW MEXICO, NEVADA

Span-O-Life Battery Co. of Ariz.

Herschel E. Smith, Tucson, Ariz.



Here's the guarantee that's making battery history

G U A R A N T E E

This Span-O-Life Battery is guaranteed for the life of your car. So long as car is owned by purchaser of this battery, and provided this battery is not used in any other car, it remains guaranteed. Should this battery fail, through causes other than abuse, any authorized Span-O-Life dealer will replace it free of charge. LIFE-TIME BATTERY CORPORATION OF AMERICA, New Braunfels, Texas.

Revealing SPAN-O-LIFE demonstration proves this amazing battery rebuilds energy as it rests

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spread will depend on its ability to overcome the existing religions . . . [He] realizes that the only way Christianity can prove its superiority will consist in its ability to oppose Communism by means of an organized religious fellowship . . .

OTTO A. PIPER

Princeton Theological Seminary

Sir:

. . . Your delineation of the character and worth of Bishop Otto Dibelius accords so fully with the information and insights which we have gained through a variety of contacts with him and his writings . . . There is something exhilarating about standing up to external foes of the sort Bishop Dibelius has been meeting head on in more recent years. In 1945 he dared to confront the wasting, undramatic and wearying-to-the-marrows enemies: insensibility, indifference and malice toward any expression of hope. To the bled-white spirits of his countrymen he dared to cry, "Lift up your hearts in prayer . . ."

F. EPPLING REINARTZ

Secretary

The United Lutheran Church in America
New York City

Royal Manners (Concluded)

Sir:

My, my, such indignation (in your April 6 Letters column) over Queen Elizabeth removing her wrap unassisted . . . I am sure a request (to the Duke of Edinburgh) in the form of a discreet nudge in the ribs would have brought him to her instant aid . . .

DOROTHY RUSSELL

Park Forest, Ill.

Sir:

. . . How silly can your readers be? The Queen's party sits down at the concert. It's a bit chilly, and wraps are kept on. The concert begins, and presumably the duke turns his attention to it. Now should the duke keep his left eye on the stage and his right on his wife? Were he cross-eyed he might do just the opposite, but naval men aren't cross-eyed. So, his wife suddenly decides to shed her coat, and does so, even as you or I. So what? . . .

KENNETH L. GOW

Houston

Sir:

. . . Having seen your March 16 picture, I paid more than usual attention when the whole incident was revealed to me in some belated newsreel down here. I may inform you that the duke took over The Struggle of the Coat at the very crucial and correct moment. By stating this fact, I am sure I have won the eternal friendship of the whole royal family . . .

ARNE MOI

Rio de Janeiro

Working on the Railroad

Sir:

. . . I cannot read "Pay Boost for 1,225,000" in your March 30 edition without concluding that it is in the fullest sense an editorial and not a report . . . That the rail unions are dedicated to "featherbedders" and have "stubbornly fought" technological advancement is entirely aside from any established record, can be found only in the frantic harangues of special counsel and press representatives pleading a case against wage earners. In all the years I have devoted to rail labor relations, I do not recall a responsible company executive indulging in such intemperance . . .

D. B. ROBERTSON

President

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Frank L. Andrews, President
Gene Voit, General Manager



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This season, you can keep yourself looking fresh as the first robin—without any struggle at all. For "Dacron" helps lightweight suits stay neat-looking from morning till night, through days of steady wear. And they require so little attention, you'll have plenty of spare time to indulge in spring daydreaming.

Du Pont "Dacron" polyester fiber adds outstanding wrinkle resistance and crease retention to suits . . . keeps them looking pressed even on the hottest, muggiest days. And many spots wash out, too . . . so there's less time out for upkeep. What's more, "Dacron" contributes durability that means long wear.

Your suit can be made of 100% "Dacron," or of "Dacron" blended with other fibers such as wool, rayon or acetate. The advantages of "Dacron" enhance and improve any fine suiting fabric.

So now, as the thermometer starts to climb, boost your own spirits and appearance, too . . . by wearing a lightweight suit made with "Dacron."

*Trade-mark for Du Pont's polyester fiber



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Dacron . . . one of Du Pont's Modern-Living Fibers



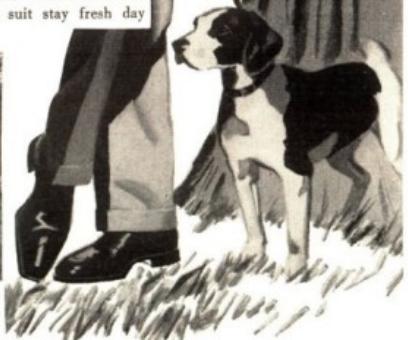
Rainy weather's no problem now, for "Dacron" helps a suit hold its press . . . even through showers.

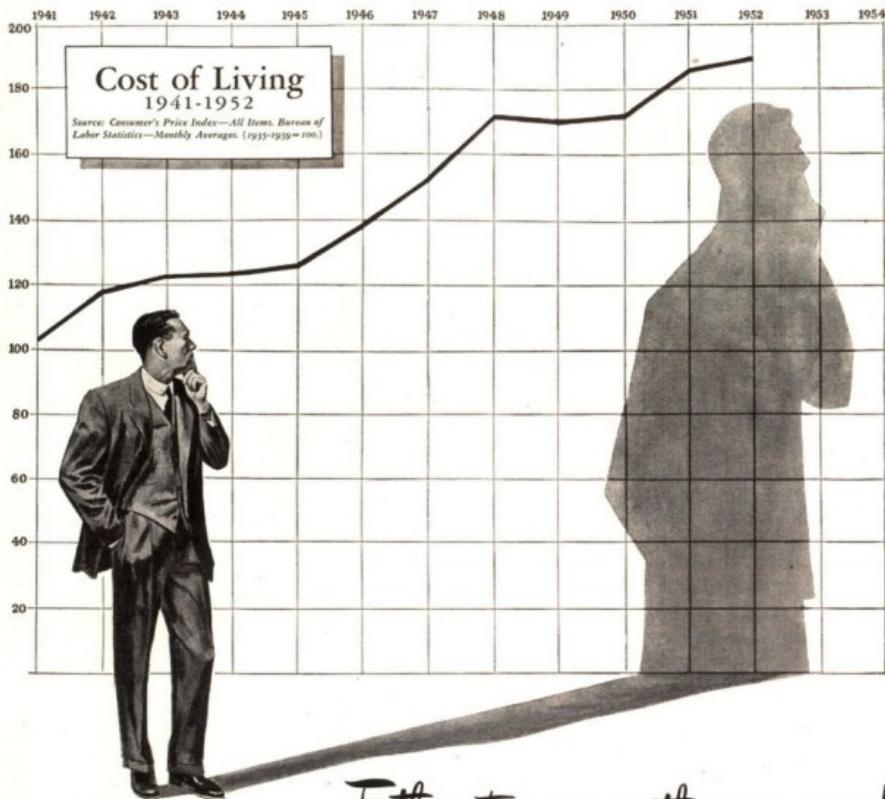


At critical points like knees, cuffs, pockets and elbows, "Dacron" adds rugged durability for long life.



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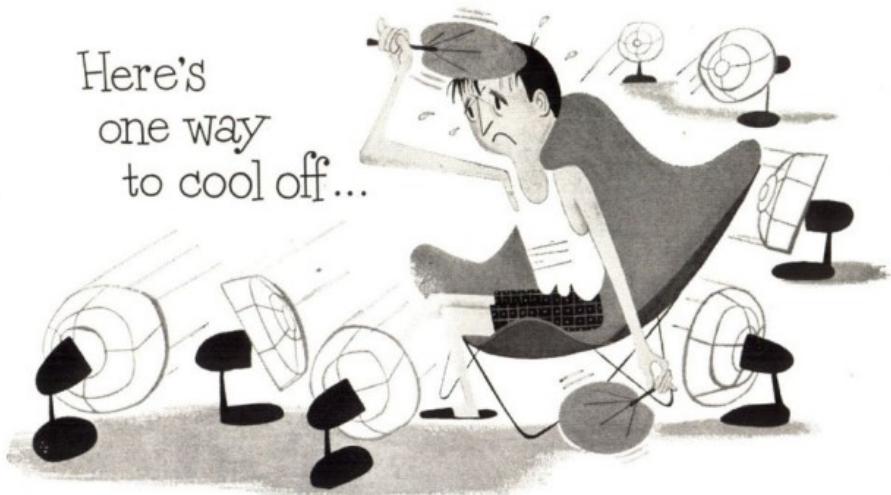
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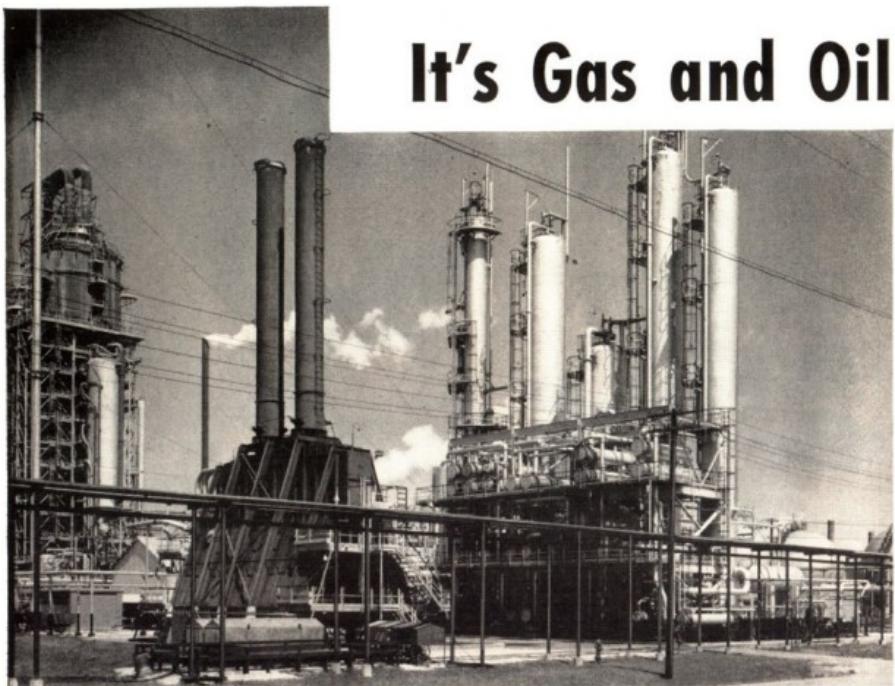


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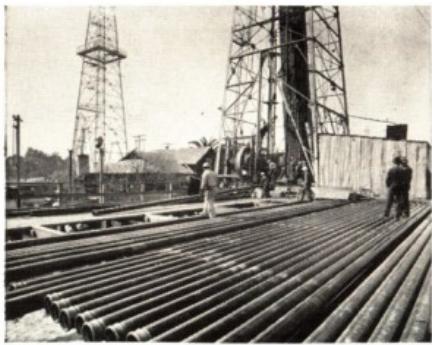
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TIME, APRIL 27, 1953

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A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Dear Time-Reader

Robert Neville, new chief of TIME'S Rome Bureau, was in the U.S. recently on a stopover from his previous assignment in Hong Kong. At lunch one day, the conversation got around to a favorite topic of all foreign correspondents: the housing and moving problems overseas. Said Neville: "Almost everywhere you go, there's an unpredictable kind of water shortage, and you have

to adjust your living to it. In Hong Kong the water came for five hours a day, some in the morning, some at noon, a little more at night. In New Delhi, the government has requisitioned practically all housing, and what's left doesn't fit the Western idea of home. When James Burke got there, he rented a house way out in Old Delhi and had to put in his own bathroom."

Inflation has boosted rents almost everywhere, Neville said, but he remembered one instance when inflation worked out to his advantage. He had rented a house in Buenos Aires for seven months for 1,600 pesos a month. At the start of the lease period, that was about \$2.75. But at the end of the seven months, it amounted to only \$1.00.

Since that conversation, I have asked several other correspondents about their moving and housing problems. All of them had something to add to Neville's observations. London Correspondent Gene Farmer reported an unusual kind of trouble with electrical appliances. There are about 165 different kinds of wall sockets in use in the London area, he said. Before they bought a new plug for their sewing machine, Mrs. Farmer had to decide which room to put it in. Now, if that room is cold, he said, "she either freezes or doesn't sew, because the plug won't fit into any other socket."

The Farmers live in an old Georgian house, rich in atmosphere but unsteady by the effects of bombs that landed nearby during the war. One night a London bobby called at the front door with an expression of injured dignity. It seems that a piece of the roof had fallen, missing his head by a scant few feet. Said he: "Madam, your house is a menace."

Only one correspondent reported a buyer's market in housing. Robert Lubar, arriving in Mexico City, was overjoyed to find an abundance of houses. Said he: "Within two weeks I was settled in a dwelling that would look good anywhere. That was

the first time since I became a correspondent that I'd had such good luck."

But Lubar has not always been so lucky. In Bombay in 1949, he managed to rent a comfortable apartment from a Moslem lady who had moved to England. Lubar soon began to receive fat, special-delivery letters from her, in which she complained about her domestic troubles. As the troubles mounted, the letters got thicker. Lubar read and answered them patiently, fearful that any break in the correspondence might put an end to his tenancy. Apparently this conduct satisfied the landlady. Lubar wasn't put out on the sun-baked street.

When he was in Germany, Lubar was able to rent an ancient mansion on the Rhine, overlooking both the river and the four tracks of the main rail line under his bedroom window. The chief disadvantage was the lack of a private entrance. The house was quiet when the lease had been signed, and Lubar assumed that only the landlord and his wife lived on the top floor. But when he moved in, the house suddenly teemed with the landlord's six children, running up & down the stairs and through the apartment vestibule. Because of the bleakness of the housing situation, he decided to suffer such inconveniences in Spartan silence.

Housing problems in Tokyo are probably as bad as they are anywhere. When Bureau Secretary Harriet Wong was transferred from Hong Kong, she looked for a house for months, was unable to find one until Advertising Salesman Harold Hirata built an extra house on his land and rented it to her. Correspondent Dwight Martin rented his extra bedroom to Colin MacCulloch, Pacific circulation manager. Martin jokingly told the cook that MacCulloch was to have only two eggs for breakfast. Going beyond the call of duty, the cook initiated a series of regular reports on what and how much MacCulloch ate every day, "indicating with appropriate smiles and glances when he's overdoing it." Martin is looking forward with thinly disguised relish to the day that MacCulloch asks for three eggs. The cook, Martin explains, is a judo expert, fourth class.

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James A. Linen



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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

April 27, 1953

THE NATION

Self-Definition

Viewed from the distance of a television screen or a headline, President Eisenhower's address to the American Society of Newspaper Editors (*see below*) was a striking definition of the kind of world the U.S. wants to live in. But in perspective, the speech had an even broader significance in the context of U.S. history. It marked a new, determined attempt by the U.S. to define its own nature and its purposes, in more specific terms than it had used since Lincoln's day.

The self-definition was no byproduct of foreign policy. As Eisenhower made clear in his first campaign speeches, he is determined to work from what he considers the true bases of U.S. life. Reason: Only in the rediscovery of its own traditional purposes and directions can the U.S. again become a dynamic force, qualified and capable of ideological, as well as political and economic, leadership against Communism.

This week Treasury Secretary George Humphrey, in his first major address, carried the definition over to the economic field, giving a fresh urgency (*see below*) to the ideal of economic freedom. Other Cabinet members, Vice President Nixon, Attorney General Brownell and Postmaster General Summerfield will extend the definition in subsequent speeches.

The almost universal response to Eisenhower's speech at home & abroad proved how long overdue, how pertinent and how vital such a fundamental redefinition is.

FOREIGN RELATIONS

For a True & Total Peace

Dwight Eisenhower and his advisers knew, on Stalin's death, that history had reached a crossroad, and that it was imperative for the U.S. Government to restate its direction in foreign policy. But the President would not be hurried; he wanted Stalin's successors to show their hand first. He rejected an early proposal for a special message to Congress, another for a fireside chat to the nation. Then last week, choosing his platform and timing carefully, the President went before the American Society of Newspaper Editors in Washington's Statler Hotel to deliver one of the notable policy statements of U.S. history.

It was notable not because of style or flourish, but because it successfully projected into a divided world the universal

philosophy of the U.S. It spoke a regard for liberty as well as peace, for justice as well as hope, for freedom as well as security. Thus, in the broad framework of the kind of "true and total peace" the U.S. stands for, the President could set down—as the free world had never set down before—the kind of terms which such peace demands from Communism.

Another Road. Eisenhower looked pale (unknown to his audience, he was fighting



Facker—New York Daily Mirror

"RISING TIDE!"

an upset stomach—*see below*) and deeply serious as he put on his horn-rimmed glasses and began to read the text of his address. He used fewer gestures than he ordinarily does; he paused reluctantly for applause as he moved quickly to the "one question" that, above all, weighed upon the free world: "The chance for a just peace."

Why had the bright prospect of peace vanished in the aftermath of World War II? "The U.S. and our valued friends . . . chose one road. The leaders of the Soviet Union chose another." Because the Soviet leaders sought security "by denying it to all others," they forced the world into a crushing burden of armaments—"a theft from those who hunger and are not fed." "This," said Eisenhower, "is humanity hanging from a cross of iron."

Five Precepts. As a contrast to Russian conduct, Eisenhower restated "a few clear precepts" which govern U.S. foreign policy:

"First: No people on earth can be held—as a people—to be an enemy, for all humanity shares the common hunger for peace and fellowship and justice.

"Second: No nation's security and well-being can be lastingly achieved in isolation, but only in effective cooperation with fellow nations.

"Third: Every nation's right to a form of government and an economic system of its own choosing is inalienable.

"Fourth: Any nation's attempt to dictate to other nations their form of government is indefensible.

"And fifth: A nation's hope of lasting peace cannot be firmly based upon any race in armaments, but rather upon just relations and honest understanding with all other nations."

Minimum Terms. What specific steps could prove that Communism has genuinely peaceful intentions? Ike's specifications:

¶ Russia's signature on the long-stalemated Austrian peace treaty, or its release of "thousands of prisoners still held from World War II." These could be immediate and "impressive signs of sincere intent."

¶ An honorable armistice in Korea. This must be "the first step," and it must be followed by free elections in a united Korea.

¶ An end to direct and indirect attacks on Indo-China and Malaya. This recognized the indivisible nature of Communist aggression in East Asia. A Korean truce, said Eisenhower, would be "a fraud" if it merely released Red forces for attacks elsewhere.

¶ A defensible alliance of Western Europe. Its shield would be NATO and, within NATO, the European Defense Community of six nations.

¶ A free, equal and united Germany taking its share in EDC.

¶ An independent Eastern Europe. This, in the most sensitive area of Moscow's encroachment, meant an end of Russian military occupation and new, free elections.

Once the political basis for peace with the Communists was laid down, said the President, the U.S. "would welcome and enter into the most solemn agreements" for reducing the crushing burden of armaments. Specifically, under adequate safeguards and "a practical system of inspec-

"THE PEACE WE SEEK..."

Excerpts from President Eisenhower's foreign policy speech:

The Issue. In the spring of victory [in 1945], the soldiers of the Western Allies met the soldiers of Russia in the center of Europe. They were triumphant comrades in arms. Their peoples shared the joyous prospect of building, in honor of their dead, the only fitting monument—an age of just peace . . . This common purpose lasted an instant—and perished . . . The amassing of Soviet power alerted free nations to a new danger of aggression . . . It instilled in the free nations—and let none doubt this—the unshakable conviction that, as long as there persists a threat to freedom, they must, at any cost, remain armed, strong and ready for any risk of war. It inspired them—and let none doubt this—to attain a unity of purpose and will beyond the power of propaganda or pressure to break.

There remained, however, one thing essentially unchanged and unaffected by Soviet conduct: . . . the readiness of the free world to welcome sincerely any genuine evidence of peaceful purpose enabling all peoples again to resume their common quest of just peace. And the free world still holds to that purpose . . .

The Alternatives. What can the world—or any nation in it—hope for if no turning is found on this dread road? . . . The worst is atomic war. The best would be this: a life of perpetual fear and tension, a burden of arms draining the wealth and the labor of all peoples, a wasting of strength that defies the American system or the Soviet system or any system to achieve true abundance and happiness for the peoples of this earth . . .

This world in arms is not spending money alone. It is spending the sweat of its laborers, the genius of its scientists, the hopes of its children. The cost of one modern heavy bomber is this: a modern brick school in more than 30 cities. It is: two electric power plants, each serving a town of 60,000 population . . . We pay for a single fighter plane with a half-million bushels of wheat . . . This is not a way of life at all, in any true sense. Under the cloud of threatening war, it is humanity hanging from a cross of iron . . .

The Opportunity. The new Soviet leadership now has a precious opportunity to awaken, with the rest of the world, to the point of peril reached, and to help turn the tide of history. Will it do this? We do not yet know. Recent statements and gestures of Soviet leaders give some evidence that they may recognize this critical moment. We welcome every honest act of peace. We care

nothing for mere rhetoric. We care only for sincerity of peaceful purpose—attested by deeds. The opportunities for such deeds are many. The performance of a great number of them waits upon no complex protocol but only upon the simple will to do them . . . A world that begins to witness the rebirth of trust among nations can find its way to peace that is neither partial nor punitive.

The Promise. The fruit of success in all these tasks would present the world with the greatest task—and the greatest opportunity—of all. It is this: the dedication of the energies, the resources, and the imaginations of all peaceful nations to a new kind of war. This would be a declared, total war, not upon any human enemy, but upon the brute forces of poverty and need. The peace we seek . . . can be fortified—not by weapons of war—but by wheat and by cotton, by milk and by wool, by meat, timber and rice. These are words that translate into every language on earth . . .

This Government is ready to ask its people to join with all nations in devoting a substantial percentage of any savings achieved by real disarmament to a fund for world aid and reconstruction. The purposes of this great work would be: to help other peoples to develop the undeveloped areas of the world, to stimulate profitable and fair world trade, to assist all peoples to know the blessings of productive freedom . . .

The Challenge. Again we say: the hunger for peace is too great, the hour in history too late, for any government to mock men's hopes with mere words and promises and gestures. Is the new leadership of the Soviet Union prepared to use its decisive influence in the Communist world—including control of the flow of arms—to bring not merely an expedient truce in Korea but genuine peace in Asia? Is it prepared to allow other nations, including those in Eastern Europe, the free choice of their own form of governments? Is it prepared to act in concert with others upon serious disarmament proposals?

If not—where then is the concrete evidence of the Soviet Union's concern for peace? There is, before all peoples, a precious chance to turn the black tide of events. If we failed to strive to seize this chance, the judgment of future ages will be harsh and just. If we strive but fail, and the world remains armed against itself, it at least will need to be divided no longer in its clear knowledge of who has condemned humankind to this fate . . .

tion under the United Nations," the U.S. would join in plans to:

- ¶ Limit all armed forces "by absolute numbers or an agreed international ratio."
- ¶ Limit production of strategic materials (e.g., steel) for military purposes.
- ¶ Set up international control of atomic energy "to promote its use for peaceful purposes," ban atomic weapons and "other weapons of great destructiveness."

Beyond such agreements, he went on, lies opportunity for "a declared, total war, not upon any human enemy, but upon the brute forces of poverty and need." The U.S., said he, is willing to devote "a substantial percentage of any savings achieved by real disarmament to a fund for world aid and reconstruction."

All this—the hopes for immediate peace, the broad settlements, and the vision of the future—he left at the door of the Kremlin, for all the world to see. "I know of only one question upon which progress waits," he said. "It is this: What is the Soviet Union ready to do?"

Unprecedented Response

They came by assorted routes, but they came—in unprecedented numbers—to the same conclusion: President Eisenhower's speech was a significant and historic event of the cold war.

On Capitol Hill, men of both parties agreed with Texas' Lyndon Johnson, Senate minority leader: "The President is speaking with the true mind and heart of the American people." From far-off Singapore came the estimate of globe-trotting Adlai Stevenson: "An admirable . . . expression of the American position."

In Tito's Yugoslavia, 9,000 people queued up in front of the U.S. Information Service building for translations. Budapest's USIS office reported handing out translations at the rate of 50 an hour.

Britain's Prime Minister Winston Churchill called the speech "massive and magnificent" (though Labor's Nye Bevan, sharpest British critic of the U.S., dissented on the ground that Eisenhower was conceding "nothing at all"). In France, the non-Communist press applauded ("historic discourse . . . appeals to good will") while the Communist press struck the only sour note ("preaching is mingled with . . . unreasonable demands"). In Italy, Prime Minister Alcide de Gasperi called it "honest and vigorous." Germany's Chancellor Konrad Adenauer, coming to the end of his U.S. visit, was enthusiastic; so, back home, was his Socialist opponent, Eric Ollenhauer.

India's neutralist press generally groused about Western colonialism, but hailed Eisenhower's vision of a super Point Four program. In Formosa, part of the press wistfully wished that Eisenhower had mentioned Formosa; but all agreed that the President's address was farsighted. And in Russia, oddly enough, this firmest of U.S. policy pronouncements got one of the gentlest reviews. Moscow has accorded a Western cold-war policy statement. Moscow papers printed selected extracts with no immediate reprimand.

THE ECONOMY "For the Ultimate Good"

In a week of dramatic political developments, George M. Humphrey's first major speech as Secretary of the Treasury got only the No. 2 headlines. But the words he spoke at the Associated Press's annual luncheon in New York this week were the clearest expression to date of the Administration's economic policy.

Humphrey began with a blunt opening sentence: "There is no reason to fear peace." Some U.S. citizens, he said, have been talking as if the curtailing of war production would mean economic disaster. Said he: "There is no reason for a depression unless we fail ourselves to do the things we ought to do, and lack the courage and foresight to do them . . . We cannot preserve our way of life through another long, deep depression, and we must never permit it to occur."

Then George Humphrey outlined some of the things "we ought to do," Items:

¶ Cut defense spending. "More defense for less money is perfectly practical . . . It is in the cards and on the way . . . Carefully planned objectives, with price tags attached . . . will provide a posture of defense against outside aggression that can and will be maintained over whatever period may be required . . . Truce in Korea . . . will not have an early important influence on the rate of military spending."

¶ Cut taxes (but not until spending is cut). When the people pay less taxes, they have more money to spend for what they want; this new consumer demand will replace Government spending. "In addition, there must be a radical revision of our tax system to better provide the incentives for the creation of more jobs for more people, and for the making of more, better and cheaper goods for all the people."

¶ Promote a free-market economy. "This Administration believes . . . that a most powerful influence over the years has been the accumulated effect of the industry and efforts of so many of our people to advance their own interests independently and in their own ways. This way of life has withstood wars and political manipulations and experiments of all kinds."

¶ Demonstrate more ingenuity in production, sales and distribution. Full production will create tough competition, but Americans have never feared competition.

¶ Manage that enormous legacy, the federal debt, with wisdom. The total debt is more than \$267 billion, with \$32 billion maturing every 90 days. If debt policy increases the money supply unduly and overextends credit, there will be more inflation; if it drains the savings of the people too rapidly and credit is unduly restricted, the result may be depression. There must be good balance, precise timing, careful refinancing.

All these steps, Humphrey believes, will contribute to the overall goal, a stable currency.

In conclusion he reminded the U.S. that economic freedom, too, has its limiting standards. "The golden rule still is funda-

mental in human relations. It is the responsibility of every citizen of this country . . . in accepting . . . freedom to accept the responsibility that goes with it. If the American people really want stability they must all contribute to it, in the prices they charge, in the wages they demand, and in everything that they do. They must exercise self-restraint from making quick turns to the detriment of others, and promote in every way possible the long-term thinking and planning that is for the ultimate good of all the people."

THE PRESIDENCY

The Price of Spice

The sky over Augusta, Ga., was clear and blue, the sun was bright, and the wind was brisk and bracing. Azalea and pink dogwood bloomed along the green fairways of the Augusta National Golf Club.



PRESIDENT EISENHOWER & FELLOW BASEBALL FANS†

A little hot coffee did the trick.

Mark Kauffman—LIFE

On the first two days of his Southern vacation, President Eisenhower spent every spare hour on the golf course. His face turned pink with sunburn, his appetite sharpened, and after 18 holes with last year's National Amateur Champion Jack Westland (now a Republican Congressman from Everett, Wash.), word leaked through the golf-score security curtain that Ike stood a good chance of breaking 90 before the week was out.

But first he had to break his holiday to make a crowded, one-day round trip to Washington to deliver his foreign policy speech (see above) before the American Society of Newspaper Editors. And on the eve of his departure, he fell prey to that humiliating and painful malady—a severe case of upset stomach. There was no telling exactly what had caused the attack—although it seemed likely it was set off by the savory, highly spiced bass dish the President ate for lunch—but he suffered

sharp abdominal pain, and slept little. Next morning, when Mamie bade him an anxious goodbye at their Augusta hideaway (the green-shuttered, three-room Bobby Jones cottage) he was running a slight (100°) fever.

Sweating Conclusion. He stretched out on a pump as the presidential Constellation *Columbine* bore him north to Washington; on arrival he went straight to the White House. He had intended to give his speech a final going-over, but instead lay down on a red satin sofa, pulled a blanket up to his chin, and sent word to the editors that he would arrive just after lunch. He seemed hale enough as he walked into the banquet hall at the Statler Hotel, and stood smiling as *Hail to the Chief* was pumped out by the Marine Band. His voice was strong as he began speaking. But, during the final quarter of his address, pain made him clutch the rostrum

with both hands, his face went chalk-white, sweat stood out on his forehead, and his voice almost failed. Fearful of fainting, he omitted whole sentences from his conclusion.

Afterward, his physician, Dr. Howard M. Snyder, led him quickly into a small reception room, where he slumped, weak and spread-legged, on a chair to rest and sip a little coffee. But an all-but-sacred presidential duty awaited him—an hour

* Exotic food has laid the President low before: during last summer's Republican Convention in Chicago, he ate a Chinese dinner, spent the next two days groaning in bed while his frantic aides, fearful of upsetting the delicate balance of convention psychology, stalled press and politics with excuses about important conferences.

† From left (front): New Hampshire's Styles Bridges, Chief Justice Fred Vinson, the President, Washington Senators' President Clark Griffith. At rear: Texas' Lyndon Johnson and Michigan's Homer Ferguson.

later he was at Washington's Griffith Stadium to throw out the first baseball of the season. Rest had improved his color. He sat on his right hand, grinned, and sent a new white baseball flying to the field, watched the game for an inning and a half (with Washington's Pitcher Connie Marrero standing by to cut off any fouls that might threaten to bean him) before heading, a little shakily, back to the plane.

Amazing Resilience. His wearing day was still far from done. He had promised to speak at Salisbury (pop. 20,000), N.C. (site of the famed early-morning back-platform campaign photograph of Ike and Mamie in their dressing gowns), and he insisted on keeping the engagement. Late that afternoon, the *Columbine* landed at Charlotte. Ike was driven 40 miles along crowd-lined roads, spoke for eight minutes before 12,000 people—gathered to celebrate the 200th anniversary of North Carolina's Rowan County—and drove 40 miles more to Winston-Salem, where the *Columbine* was waiting for him.

He looked pale and almost dazed with fatigue when he finally got back to Augusta, and he kept to his bed until noon the next day. Then, his temperature back to normal, he got up to soak up the sun and watch healthier golfers banging away.

By week's end, he seemed fully recovered; he attended services at Augusta's Reid Memorial Presbyterian Church, and then hiked himself back to the course and played 18 holes with Senator Bob Taft, newly arrived for a two-day visit. The President was mum about the outcome, but fairly exuded satisfaction afterward: "I'll tell you this—I made my best score . . ." Champion-Emeritus Bobby Jones let the cat out of the bag: the President, he reported, had shot an 86, thus breaking 90, as far as anyone knew, for the first time since Inauguration Day. He acted as though he had been fully compensated for the rigors of the week as he prepared once more to face the White House grind.

Last week the President also:

Decided that the presidential yacht *Williamsburg* was a "needless luxury," ordered the gleaming 244-ft. vessel mothballed during his term in office.

Recommended that the Government's \$550 million worth of synthetic rubber plants, created during World War II, be turned over to private industry.

THE ADMINISTRATION

Turnabout

Late last month Secretary of Commerce Sinclair Weeks took a wide sweep with his new broom and dismissed Dr. Allen V. Astin, 48, head of Commerce's highly regarded National Bureau of Standards. Weeks intimated that the bureau had been unfriendly to small business. As a specific case in point, he charged that the bureau had not been "sufficiently objective" in testing a lead-storage-battery additive called AD-X₂.

AD-X₂ is supposed to prolong the life of batteries. The bureau had tested it three times, ruled it worthless three times,



Ralph Morse—LIFE
SECRETARY WEEKS
A hasty retreat.

Another test, at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, brought a more favorable finding, but no evaluation of AD-X₂'s commercial worth. The Better Business Bureau in Oakland, Calif. (where AD-X₂ is produced) reported that tests showed that the additive would do everything its manufacturers claimed. And Weeks had a test of his own to report: "The company with which I was formerly associated [United-Care Fastener Corp., Cambridge, Mass.] used AD-X₂, and it worked."

Scientists, always at their touchiest when their motives are impugned, began to see the Dr. Astin, a quiet, lanky Ph.D. in physics from New York University, has been with the Bureau of Standards since



Associated Press
DIRECTOR ASTIN
A timely reprieve.

1932, was one of the principal developers of the proximity fuse in World War II. Editorialized *Science*, the publication of the American Association for the Advancement of Science: "The independence of the scientist has been challenged . . . A gross injustice has been done . . . Scientific work in the Government has been placed in jeopardy." Then the Senate Small Business Committee, headed by Minnesota's Republican Senator Ed Thye, announced that it would conduct a full-scale investigation. At the Bureau of Standards itself, 400 staffers let it be known that they were planning to resign if Dr. Astin left.

Last week, less than twelve hours before Dr. Astin's firing was to become effective, "Sunny" Weeks changed his mind, and his headlong approach to the problem in the Bureau of Standards. He had decided, he announced, that Dr. Astin should stay on for two or three months, while a committee from the National Academy of Sciences studies both the bureau and the AD-X₂ case and makes a report. Added Weeks, in a hasty turnaround: "At no time has there been any intent . . . to cast reflection upon the integrity of the bureau or the professional competence or integrity of Dr. Astin . . . Such differences as I have had with Dr. Astin result from a conflict with respect to administrative viewpoint and procedure . . ."

Low Bid, No Bid

In Seattle last December, Army district engineers opened bids on contracts for generators and transformers for the Chief Joseph Dam on the Columbia River near Bridgeport, Wash. A \$6,238,373 bid by Britain's English Electric Co. Ltd. undercut closest American competition by \$931,788, or 13%. But the Buy American Act of 1933 requires federal purchase of U.S.-made goods unless the U.S. price is more than 25% higher than an import.

The Army engineers bucked the problem to outgoing Army Secretary Frank Pace, who bucked it to Eisenhower's new Army Secretary Robert Ten Broeck, who shuttled upstairs to Secretary of Defense Charles Wilson, who took it to a Cabinet meeting. Irritated to discover that he was hemmed in by the terms of the Buy American Act, President Eisenhower nonetheless told Wilson to stick by the law. Last week, on a technicality, the Army sent rejection orders to all companies concerned, including the British, and let it be known that it was not yet sure just when it would call for new bids.

In Washington, British Ambassador Sir Roger Makins got the point, protested to the State Department, citing the cancellations as a reversal of announced Administration "trade, not aid" policy. State echoed Sir Roger's complaint, expressed fears that the reversal would cost the U.S. good will among her allies.

Just who would sell the Chief Joseph transformers was still moot. The Administration, before it can make any "trade, not aid" drive really effective, will have to force a showdown in Congress on repeal of the Buy American Act.

THE CONGRESS

The New Filibusterers

By the end of last week U.S. Senators had poured forth half a million words during three weeks of debate on the tide-lands bill. This was too much for Majority Leader Robert A. Taft, who had a word for the tactics being used by opponents of the bill: filibuster.

He was "shocked and surprised," said Bob Taft, that such fervid Democratic opponents of the filibuster as New York's Senator Herbert H. Lehman, Illinois' Paul Douglas and Minnesota's Hubert Humphrey are now obviously engaged in one. He was not shocked but was irked at Alabama's Democratic Senator Lister Hill, a veteran filibusterer. At one point, Hill, who had held the floor for three days, strolled down the aisle, clapped a hand on Taft's shoulder and called him "my sweet, good friend from Ohio, whose shining virtue is the virtue of integrity." When Hill later began to move toward Taft's desk a second time, Taft called a point of order. Said he, with a wry smile: "Mr. President, the Senator must speak from his chair. He cannot approach me and pat me on the head."

While the talk droned on, 20 opponents of the tide-lands bill petitioned Taft to set the bill aside while other issues were considered. "Ridiculous," said Taft. When the opponents pointed out that federal rent control will expire April 30 unless the Senate acts, Taft had a rejoinder that was enough to give Lehman, Humphrey, Douglas & Co. a chill on behalf of their big-city constituents. Said he: "I don't care if rent control expires or not."

First Slice: 61%

Harry Truman's budget called for expenditure of nearly \$1.2 billion to operate 20 odd Independent Offices (e.g., the Federal Trade Commission, the President's office) during fiscal 1954. Last week a revised Independent Offices budget was approved by Chairman John Taber's House Appropriations Committee. After Taber and the Administration's own budget men had got through wringing the fat from it, figure was slimmed down to \$451 million—a cut of 61%.

Some of the cuts were mere bookkeeping, e.g., the committee decided that the Government did not have to pay itself \$192 million interest on the Civil Service Retirement and Disability Fund. But others were solid, e.g., the committee threw out a General Services Administration request for \$188 million to stockpile supplies because GSA still has \$457 million left over to spend for that purpose.

Then, branching into the bookkeeping area, the committee demonstrated how much cash a few administrative decisions could pile up. By cutbacks (e.g., shelling \$795 million from the Public Housing Administration's proposed expenditures) and sales of assets (e.g., \$1 billion worth of mortgages held by the Federal National Mortgage Association), the U.S. could better its cash balances by \$2.8 billion all

told, the committee reported. While some of these "savings" amounted to little more than transferring assets from one pocket to another, they nonetheless were an indicator of John Taber's frame of mind about the major budget requests yet to come.

ARMED FORCES

The Pentagon Jungle (Cont'd)

When former Defense Secretary Robert Lovett had his say about the ammunition shortage, he leveled an accusing finger at U.S. Army Ordnance and the redape jungle in the Pentagon (TIME, April 20). Last week, from the depths of the jungle, Army spokesmen pointed right back. Their fingers were aimed at the Defense Secretary's chair, and the Truman-appointed civilians (including Lovett)



LIEUT. GENERAL DECKER
The finger pointed back.

who sat in it from the beginning of the Korean war.

The ranking pointer was Lieut. General George H. Decker, the Army's comptroller. On Sept. 27, 1950, said Decker, George Catlett Marshall (who had been Secretary of Defense for just six days) issued an order: "In preparation of budget estimates . . . it will be assumed that . . . combat operations in Korea will be concluded by 30 June, 1951 . . ." From then on, the Defense Department always made its plans—for ammunition and everything else—on the assumption that the Korean war would be over within the fiscal year. During his term of office, Lovett reissued the Marshall directive with appropriate changes of dates. Not until Charles E. Wilson took over this year was the policy changed.

All this was too much for Virginia's Senator Harry Byrd, the Armed Services subcommittee's most dogged bird dog. "That is a very remarkable thing," Byrd exploded. "We are going into a war, and

we permit somebody to say that that war is going to end on a certain date, and then the procurement department does not prepare for the war and the chiefs of staff are not consulted . . . Is that the way the Department of Defense is run, where a vital question of war is to be determined by somebody else other than the chiefs of staff, and we stop getting ammunition or do not try to get it because we think that war is going to end on a certain date?"

General Decker tried to calm Byrd down. Secretary Marshall, he said, was working on certain ground rules laid down by the joint chiefs. And what were the ground rules? The joint chiefs, said General Decker, instead of planning how to win the Korean war, were trying to equalize the positions of the three services—so one would not be mobilized to a greater degree than another. At his winter home in Pinehurst, N.C., tired old (72) George Marshall recalled that his order "was based on the definite recommendations of the Chiefs of Staff, as presented to me by the chairman, General [Omar] Bradley."

Asked Kentucky's Republican Senator John Sherman Cooper: "Is it a fair statement to say these policy directives at the very outset almost inevitably led to the ammunition shortage?" Replied Decker: "I would say that's a fair statement."

This week the subcommittee will start writing its report. Unlike the U.S. military establishment, it has plenty of ammunition to work with, and the mounting frustration and anger of subcommittee members during the hearings indicated that the report would be loud.

INVESTIGATIONS

The Clam & the Surgeon

Elegantly outfitted and wearing a vacant smile, Influence Peddler Henry Grunewald stepped back into the spotlight on Capitol Hill last week. It had been 16 months since the mysterious Grunewald first appeared before the House subcommittee investigating the Bureau of Internal Revenue. At that time, he went clam-quiet after revealing no more than his name and age. Last week, having pleaded guilty to contempt of Congress, Grunewald was trying to talk his way into a light sentence. But he was still part clam, opening his shell only when it suited his convenience, clamping up again on questions he deemed "not pertinent."

"Busy, Charlie?" Grunewald did tell enough to show that he knew just the right tax people. When Brooklyn's Dan Bolich (now charged with evading his own income taxes) arrived in Washington in 1948 to become assistant commissioner of Internal Revenue, Grunewald invited him to share an apartment. Said Grunewald: "I says, 'Dan, why don't you stay here? I got three rooms and you can have one.'" Dan stayed for a year, but insisted Grunewald. "At no time did Bolich ever discuss tax cases with me in any way, shape or form."

On second thought, he remembered that when his own tax returns were being in-



WITNESS GRUNEWALD
He knew the right people.

vestigated he told Bolich, and "I didn't hear any more after that."

Another Grunewald pal was George Schoeneman, then commissioner of Internal Revenue. Schoeneman introduced Grunewald to Charles Oliphant, then the Revenue Bureau's chief counsel. They became fast friends; Grunewald gave Oliphant a \$600 television set, two \$200 room air-conditioning units for his house, an electric train for his children. Said Grunewald: "I'd call him up and say, 'Charlie, you happen to be busy right now?' And he would say he wasn't, so I'd go over and we'd have a talk." About what? "Anything," said Grunewald, "except we never talked about tax cases."

"A Favor for Me." Grunewald's stable of clients was as impressive as his list of contacts. Before World War II, the Chinese Nationalist government paid him \$75,000 for getting it 100 fighter planes from North American Aviation Inc. It was simple, said Grunewald. He just called James H. ("Dutch") Kindelberger, chairman of the board of North American, and asked him to sell the Chinese the hard-to-get planes as "a favor for me." (A spokesman for North American said the company had no record of such a deal, although it did sell 100 trainers to China in 1938.) In 1946 the United Mine Workers paid him a big fee (at one point Grunewald thought it was \$15,000-\$16,000, later had it down to \$5,250) to investigate Federal Judge T. Alan Goldsborough, who was soon to preside over a contempt of court case against U.M.W. Grunewald said his friend from New Hampshire, Senator Styles Bridges, steered him into the Goldsborough job. (Bridges denied it.)

The committee's chief interest centered on reports that Witness Grunewald had collected big sums for fixing tax cases. He admitted that he got \$7,500 from Jules Lippmann, Toledo textile man, but in-

sisted that all he did was introduce Lippmann to a good tax lawyer. He also recalled that a man named J. R. Jordan paid him \$5,000 for an introduction to a tax lawyer. Jordan was charged with tax fraud at the time; then, opportunity, Grunewald's friend Charlie Oliphant declined to prosecute on the grounds that Jordan was ill. Later it turned out that Jordan was feeling just fine, said Committee Counsel John E. Tobin, but the case could not be reopened.

In the Bag? The hottest report was that Grunewald was handed \$100,000 for one tax fix and \$60,000 for another. The \$60,000 story, as the subcommittee pieced it together: New York Lawyer Max Halperin delivered \$60,000 to Grunewald in 1948 to fix a \$213,000 tax fraud case against New York Meat Packers Philip and Louis Berman; the money was turned over at Washington's Union Station in a bag. The Berman case was later dropped.

Did all that happen? "Never," said Grunewald. He did meet Halperin in Union Station one time and got a package from him, but it did not contain money. The contents, according to Grunewald: "Some sturgeon." Halperin brought it down from a famous fish house in New York. Within a few hours Lawyer Halperin was on the stand flatly denying the fish story. But he refused to say whether he did or did not give Henry \$60,000, pleading that he could not be forced to testify against himself.

Washington had not heard the last of the claim and the sturgeon. Said Subcommittee Chairman Robert W. Kean: "The fish is important. Somebody is subject to perjury."

CRIME

A Good Man

As a young man in mill-dotted Lawrence (pop. 80,536), Mass., Peter Akulonis had trouble with the police. He was a poor boy. He was deaf in one ear, and a facial paralysis had twisted his mouth. He rebelled against the world by feats of petty crime—once he hung by his fingertips from a third-story roof for ten minutes trying to escape the cops. But back in the 1930s he reformed, got married, grew silent and almost martyrlike in his resolve to lead the humble, uncomplaining life. Peter Akulonis never smiled, but he was good—year after year after year.

Every day after work he stopped at his old mother's house and carried the fuel oil upstairs for her. He scrubbed her floors once a week. He took her to Mass on Sunday mornings and bought her an ice-cream cone on Sunday afternoons. He was a gentle father to his two sons, Michael and Peter Jr., and was often seen taking them to Spot Pond Zoo. In his years as a boiler-maker in a little, echoing, dimly lit tank works, he never missed a day of work.

"I Hope You Choke." "The noise in here drives you bugs after a while," said his co-worker Salvatore Recupero, "but he never came off his machine to talk to anybody. He was a bandit for work." But

along about last Christmas, Peter Akulonis' inner fiber began to fray and shrivel under the pressures and strains of life. At lunch he sat apart, alone and unhappy. When a friend bought a new car, he asked: "How can you afford that when I drive a pile of junk? All I do is work and go home . . . I'm not getting anything out of life."

"Kid," he asked another man at the shop, "do you think I'm crazy or something?" He went on with the good life—dogged and dazed as a mine mule toiling along the familiar tunnel.

Finally the pressure in Peter Akulonis' head grew too great to be withstood. He sidled around the shop, eyes wild, trying to pick fights. Then he quit. "I hope you choke, you bastards," he shouted, and walked out the door. Last week, after a few days of brooding, he roused himself to go job-hunting, but after one halfhearted attempt, he began drinking instead.

One Little Room. Early in the afternoon he went back to his four-room flat, picked up a carpenter's ax, walked into the bedroom and killed his wife (with a single stroke from behind). He turned on four-year-old Michael, left him dead and horribly mutilated. He left quietly and went to his brother Alphonse's house, pined his mother and two small nephews into one little room, and then, swinging madly, hacked them all to death too. The brother was away on an errand; when he walked into the quiet kitchen, Peter sprang at him with his bloody weapon, killed him, and went out to the street again.

His eleven-year-old son, Peter Jr., was still at school. The killer picked him up there and drove him eight miles to the woods. He shot the boy through the face with a .22 rifle, newly purchased at Sears, Roebuck and Co. He got back into the car—which he had borrowed that morning from his remaining brother, Raymond—and drove it to a Cambridge factory where



KILLER AKULONIS
He loved everyone.



Gib Brush—Los Angeles Daily News

MEXICAN WETBACKS HEADING NORTH FROM THE BORDER

They heard about the sweet paste and the little brush to squirt it on.

Raymond worked. Raymond got behind the wheel and Peter climbed into the back seat; to two other workers who rode along part way, he seemed perfectly normal.

The police, summoned by brother Alphonse's widow, were waiting as Raymond stopped the car in front of Peter's house, but the cops were not quick enough. While they were crowding out of the police car, Peter shot Raymond through the head, put the rifle to his own skull and pulled the trigger once more. Both died that evening; all of Peter Akulonis' family had been wiped out. In Peter's pocket was a scrawled note: "I love Michael more than life. I loved Mom, Paul, Jimmy, Sis, Peter, Ray."

DISASTERS

Memorial to the Dead

Joseph Loverde was working at his buffer in the Haber Corp.'s four-story metal-products factory in Chicago last week when a belt slipped off the machine. Sparks flew, and with a whoosh ignited the fine aluminum dust that hung in the air. "It was like looking into a big gun and having it go off in your face," a bandage-swathed survivor recalled afterward. Flames shot 300 ft. high, licked through the shattered windows in long, horizontal tongues. Screaming and shouting, terrified workers, with clothing ablaze, ran toward the single fire escape. Others, finding the escapeway jammed, jumped from upper-story windows.

Sifting through smoking rubble with the help of a claw shovel, searchers found 34 corpses. Of the survivors, 29 were hospitalized.

Facing the factory's owner, ex-Alderman Titus Haffa, was an investigation by a coroner's jury. One key finding yet to be explained: during alterations the interior stairway and the front fire escape of the Haber building were removed, and no provision made for substitute exits. Haffa, who had begun his career as a newsboy a block from the building, was shocked and contrite. He promised to turn the site into a playground as a memorial to the dead.

IMMIGRATION

The Ants

In 1938, only 3,000 Mexican "wetbacks" were arrested for sneaking illegally across the shallows of the Rio Grande into the U.S. But World War II brought labor shortages to California and Texas harvest fields, and in the years which followed, the wetbacks thronged in by the tens of thousands. The annual invasion has grown bigger & bigger—despite legislation, public clamor, the hardships which the wetbacks suffer, and the best efforts of the U.S. border patrol, which caught and shipped 635,135 of them home (many of them repeaters) during 1952 alone.

There are reasons. At their lowest, U.S. wages seem high to the Mexican border jumper. And in recent years, poor men in all corners of Mexico have heard dazzling tales of the wonders and luxuries to be had in *los Estados Unidos*—canned chicken soup, pink nylon panties to be taken home to wives and girl friends, sweet paste (wonder of wonders) for scrubbing the teeth, and the little brush to squirt it on. Many a wetback, returning to a small Mexican village, has been hailed as a hero, and has been trailed by every able-bodied man in town when he started north on a new expedition.

The border patrol has taken to jeeps, guided by an eleven-plane air force, in an effort to stem the tide; it has instituted roadblocks, train searches, and patient patrols in ranch country through the four border states. The wetbacks remain undiscouraged. A good many, smartened up by experience, now try to go as far north as Chicago, Detroit, Toledo, or the apple orchards of Washington and Oregon. Once beyond the patrol's real sphere of activity, a lucky Mexican can live and work for months or years without detection.

Last month, with drought searing Mexico and spring crops ripening in the U.S., the patrolmen caught an army of 73,176 along the 1,700-mile border. All were escorted back across the line. But for every one who was caught, at least one, and probably more, safely got past the

patrols. This week the wetbacks were seeping across the border at a record-breaking rate—two a minute, day & night. "Like ants," said Chief Patrol Inspector Ed Parker. "They're swarming over the desert like ants."

WOMEN

Person-to-Person Call

Blonde Hazel Gardner, 39, is the Equitable Credit Corporation's only woman auto finance manager, and for three years she has run its Savannah office as well as any man. But 15 months ago, a loud, cigar-chewing, Savannah car-rental operator, R. J. Bedgood, skipped town, leaving Hazel and her office holding the bag for \$20,000 in mortgages on missing automobiles. After a year of investigating, Hazel developed one slim lead: Bedgood had once been a construction worker and might be working somewhere in the construction business.

That was all Hazel needed. She dug up a list of big construction companies, over the next six weeks placed more than 500 long-distance phone calls for Bedgood. Each call was person-to-person to Bedgood himself. When a construction company reported no Bedgood, Hazel would say, "Operator, ask if they have any field offices where he might be working." Usually the man at the other end would answer without waiting for the operator. Result: not only a free call, but free information.

Two weeks ago Hazel got her first live tip. A Dallas firm told the long-distance operator to try a subcontractor in Laporte, Texas. She did. "Yes, we have R. J. Bedgood employed here," reported the Laporte office clerk. "I can get him to the phone if it's an emergency." "Never mind, operator," said Hazel, and hung up. Her next call was to the Savannah chief of detectives, who put in a few calls himself.

Last week, to his dismay, R. J. Bedgood was arrested in Laporte on charges of selling mortgaged property, plus a federal indictment for income-tax evasion. The search had not cost Hazel a cent. Said she, modestly: "I was only doing my job."

NEWS IN PICTURES

PRISONER EXCHANGE: SICK & WOUNDED COME HOME AGAIN



International

WELCOMING COMMITTEE: Nurses and Red Cross workers wait to greet the first Allied repatriates reaching Panmunjom.

HOMeward Bound: Robert Guess (Bedfordshire, England), 1st Lieut. Roy Jones (Minneapolis, Minn.), Sgt. Gerald Neighbors (Hereford, Texas), Sgt. Odie Lawley (Lawton, Okla.) wait at Yalu prison camp for truck journey to exchange point.



DISABLED REDS, on beach at Pusan, leave for Panmunjom after 17-hour trip from P.W. camps on Cheju Island. During voyage on

LST, defiant prisoners rioted and staged sit-down strike, only dis-embarked after U.N. soldiers backed up orders with fixed bayonets.





Associated Press

RETURNING G.I. Pfc. Robert C. Stell, 21, of Baltimore, Md., is carried on litter to helicopter for flight to medical center at Freedom

Village, near Munsan. One of 30 U.S. prisoners released the first day, he was captured while serving with 503rd Field Artillery.



International

INTERNATIONAL

BATTLE OF KOREA Welcome to Freedom

Rain during the night had settled the dust of the Korean roads, and the buses and Russian-made ambulances lumbering down from Kaesong to Panmunjom stirred up no clouds. The first man on the U.N. side to spot them was a U.S. soldier in a front line observation post, outside the Panmunjom neutral area, who was watching through field glasses. Artillery whined and cracked in the nearby hills.

Seven Communist ambulances preceded by two jeeps arrived first at the exchange site. Red officers hopped out of the jeeps and handed over lists of the U.N. prisoners they were returning. The men inside the vehicles waited patiently, pressing pale faces against the glass. Several drank wine from bottles, some joked and shouted; most were silent. The Reds released 50 South Koreans first, and they walked stolidly to their reception center. Then a Chinese medical attendant in a white coat, surgical mask and black boots threw open the double doors of an ambulance, and the first Americans appeared. They were wearing blue jackets and jumper pants, blue caps, and they carried blue blankets—especially issued for the occasion. A big sign erected by G.I.s told them where to go: "Welcome gate to freedom."

The first U.S. soldier across the line was Private Carl W. Kirchenhausen of New York City, who was drafted two years ago, and whose father [now dead] had fled from Hitler's Germany to New York. He faced a battery of cameras with dull, bloodshot eyes, then ducked into the reception tent. Once there, he said stolidly: "I'm glad it came true."

Salute for a Pfc. By 11 a.m. all of the 100 U.N. soldiers had been delivered. The non-Koreans included 30 Americans, twelve British, four Turks, one each from Canada, the Philippines, South Africa, Greece. Among these were four stretcher cases—three Americans and one Turk. Medics, doctors, nurses and some among the 140 newsmen watched them with tears in their eyes. The stretcher cases were taken by helicopter to the advance base at Munsan, where a mobile surgical hospital had been erected; the walking patients went by ambulance. The first man to reach Munsan was Pfc. Robert Stell, a Baltimore Negro, General Mark Clark, who was waiting at Munsan to greet the returnees, saluted Stell and made a move to adjust his robe, but a medic beat the general to it. After medical and intelligence processing, the men were offered cigarettes, Cokes, milk shakes, steak. Some found steak too rich for them.

Red Contamination. Meanwhile, some 500 enemy prisoners, brought up by train from Pusan, were being handed over at Panmunjom to the Communists, who had set up eight large white tents and seven smaller ones to receive them. Among these there had been some disturbances—ap-

parently a last attempt to throw mud on the U.N. A group of Chinese, most of them pitiful cripples, had momentarily refused to disembark from an LST at Pusan. Others of the Red returnees had ripped their new clothing, slashed tarpaulins on trucks, refused to eat, thrown away soap, cigarettes and toothpaste wrapped in Red propaganda. But on the train a group of Chinese behaved well and even thanked the U.S. car commander for kind treatment. At Panmunjom the delivery was orderly, as the Communist prisoners vanished from the free world's ken.

The South Korean government, which



Associated Press
CHINESE AMPUTEE HEADED NORTH
Some refused to eat.

feared Communist contamination among its returnees, announced that they would be sequestered for six months of "reindoctrination." Of the 30 Americans returned on the first day, nine were refused permission to talk, only one or two because of serious physical condition.

"Unbelievably Poor." The 21 U.S. returnees who talked told mixed stories. Most said they had been reasonably well treated. One said the Communists had given permission to hold Bible classes and church services, and that in his compound there had been no forced labor. But a returned officer, Lieut. Roy Jones of Minneapolis, who was captured early in the war, said that Communist treatment of the prisoners was "unbelievably poor" before the truce talks began, improved later. "I refer in particular to food, housing, clothing and the conditions under which

men were forced to travel. It certainly feels wonderful to be a free man again."

Had the Communists made attempts at indoctrination? Yes. Two returnees said that ideology classes had been compulsory for several months, were later made voluntary. Did some of the prisoners continue to attend on a voluntary basis? "Well," said the returnee, "some of them did."

No More Dreams. For the second day, the Reds promised 35 more Americans, twelve British, three Turks, 50 South Koreans. Some of the Americans exchanged on the first day wondered why they had been picked, when others suffering worse injuries or ailments had been left behind. They seemed unable to realize that they were free. When Pfc. David W. Ludlum of Fort Wayne, Ind., was asked what he looked forward to, he answered: "I haven't been doing much thinking lately, I did all my dreaming a long time ago."

Talk Resumed

Day after day, in liaison meetings at Panmunjom, the Reds pressed for a full-scale resumption of the armistice talks, broken off by the U.N. last autumn. Said one U.N. officer: "I've never seen the Communists so eager." The U.N. bided its time while Mark Clark's headquarters in Tokyo checked strategy with Washington. Finally Lieut. General William K. Harrison, the senior U.N. delegate and weary veteran of past Communist filibusters, sent a letter to North Korea's Nam Il, agreeing once more to talk truce.

Since the Communists say that they are now willing to turn over to neutral custody any war prisoners unwilling to accept repatriation, General Harrison suggested that Switzerland would qualify nicely as such a neutral. Harrison also proposed that: 1) to save the trouble and expense of transportation, the neutral custodian could take over its charges in Korea, and 2) a period of 60 days might be allowed to the neutral custodian for assessing the wishes of the prisoners it holds. Harrison's letter closed with a clear warning that another bout of Red stalling and filibustering would be answered by another U.N. walkout: "The United Nations Command is of the opinion that unless meetings of full delegations indicate that an acceptable agreement will be reached in a reasonable time, it will be advisable to recess meetings again." Talks are scheduled to resume this Saturday.

UNITED NATIONS Sweet, Rare Unanimity

Not since December 1948, when the entire General Assembly got together to deplore genocide, had the U.N. agreed on an important political issue. One day last week it did. Members from 60 nations, the U.S. and Russia included, raised their hands in unanimous approval of a Brazilian resolution that 1) bars a U.N. debate on Korea for the time being, 2) gives U.N.

negotiators at Panmunjom freedom to negotiate an armistice "consistent with United Nations principles and objectives."

Twenty-four hours before, Russia's Andrei Vishinsky had been supporting a completely contrary resolution, a Polish catch-all that, in effect, would have reopened the Korean issue and brought it before the Assembly for debate. For 90 minutes he had sneered and snorted at the U.S. for "quibbling" and "stalling." Overnight the Poles withdrew their proposal, and Vishinsky, making a 180° turn with bland imperturbability, praised the Brazilian substitute as "good and appropriate . . . in the present circumstances." Sweet, rare unanimity thereupon prevailed for the first time on any matter involving the Korean war. The Assembly's Political Committee was so awed by what happened that it pattered applause. Pleased but unawed, U.S. Delegate Ernest Gross reminded his fellow delegates: "It is easier to compose a resolution than to compose differences."

BATTLE OF INDO-CHINA Reds in Shangri-La

*The water drops, the ants eat the fish.
The water rises, the fish eat the ants.
So it is better to love than to hate.*

—Old Laotian Proverb

It was low water in Laos last week, and thousands of Communists were pouring across the northern border of the little Buddhist kingdom. The government of Laos, one of the three Associated States of Indo-China, was gasping on the mudbank of its unpreparedness.

Six months had passed since Communist General Vo Nguyen Giap conquered the Thai country lying between Red China and Laos (see map). Instead of throwing all his forces against several hundred thousand French Union and Vietnamese troops bottled up in the Red River delta and in the airstrip at Nasan, Giap began probing the defenses of Laos with his Viet Minh commandos. In his exquisite white palace overlooking the palm-fringed Mekong River, aging (67), crew-cropped King Sisavang Vong told the French: "This is my country; this is my palace; I am too old to tremble before danger." Not until three of Giap's crack divisions appeared at Laos' borders last week did King Sisavang Vong call on his happy-go-lucky Laotians to mobilize.

Elephants. Laos, once known as Lane Xang (the Land of a Million Elephants), is the Shangri-La of Southeast Asia. It is mostly mountainous, covered with tiger-haunted jungle and elephant-inhabited rain forest, and can only be reached by air, by traversing two very bad roads, or by sailing up the mighty Mekong. Half its people are Thais, living in the lowland valleys; the other half are primitive Khas and Meos. Huge, smiling statues of Buddha dot the landscape, and saffron-robed Buddhist monks are everywhere. Wearing scarlet jackets, gold and silver beads and bracelets and flowers in their hair, the Laotian women are graceful and attractive

and given to music, dancing and proverbs. At night-long parties, they dance the *Lap Ton* to a harmonious, high-pitched, 17-note flute called the *Ken*. It is said that French officers, after a tour of duty in Laos, remain forever afterward vaguely inattentive and quietly dissolute in manner. But last week the French had put aside love and proverbs for a hard look at Laos' defenses: under King Sisavang Vong's banner (a field of red with three white elephants under a white parasol), Laos could muster only 10,000 trained & tried soldiers and 13,000 armed but untrained men, all with French officers.

Hedgehogs. To head off Giap's drive, the French had set up a hedgehog defense point at Samneua, in a narrow pass



leading to Laos, 50 miles south of the Nasan hedgehog. They spent \$100,000 of U.S. Mutual Security funds⁹ to repair the Samneua airstrip. Fortnight ago, after throwing one of his divisions around Nasan, Giap's forces jumped Samneua. The French abandoned Samneua and its airstrip as "indefensible," and the garrison fled south across uncharted mountains, carrying their wounded on their backs and harried all the way by the Viet Minh. Supplied by air with food and water, and with Benzedrine to keep them from falling asleep and being ambushed, the French reached Xiengkhouang (pronounced sing kwong), a market town in north Laos. But the Communists, with an

⁹ Though no U.S. troops fight in Indo-China, the U.S. is now paying one-third the cost of fighting this \$1.5 billion-a-year war.

estimated force of 40,000 men, kept pressing forward, with long lines of Russian-made Molotov trucks following up with supplies. Xiengkhouang's 1,500 civilians were ordered to evacuate. Chinese opium traders, pony-riding Meo tribesmen, iron miners and ranch hands streamed south.

The French planned to make a stand near Xiengkhouang, on the vast limestone Plaine des Jarres north of Vientiane, the capital of Laos. Commandeering every available plane, including civil airliners, French General Raoul Salan packed them with troops and flew them into the Plaine des Jarres at the rate of 50 aircraft a day. At Saigon, soldier clerks and interpreters were sent off to fight in Laos. At week's end there was a strong force of Foreign Legion battalions reinforcing the slim Laotian army. But Communist Giap had chosen his time well; within a few weeks the rainy season begins in Laos, and all but two of its 20 airstrips become unusable. This was why he had waited so patiently at the border, while the French—listening to the peace noises out of Moscow—had mistakenly ascribed his hesitation to possible peace overtures from the Kremlin. Now Salan was moving everything he could spare before the rains came, hoping to hold a hedgehog position in the Plaine des Jarres like that at Nasan.

As the battle shaped up, King Sisavang Vong appealed to the U.N. to recognize the invasion of Laos as an act of external aggression, rather than as another phase of the Indo-China war, as the French prefer to regard it. His aim: to head off establishment by Giap of a Communist "Free Laotian Government" headed by Prince Souphanouvong, a distant relative. Meanwhile, the old King complained of rheumatism, and thought he might pay a visit to Paris. It would be a long time before the water was high enough for the fish to eat the ants.

ECONOMICS

Inflation Checked

Has the "postwar period" ended at last? Economically speaking, yes.

"The world economic situation has changed very radically, almost reversed itself," World Bank President Eugene R. Black reported to the U.N. Economic and Social Council last week. "The postwar backlog of demand for goods and services in the industrialized countries has been in large part satisfied. And the critical shortages which plagued efforts to rebuild and expand industrial capacity have generally been overcome. Although inflationary pressures persist, inflation has to some extent subsided . . ."

In the early days of the World Bank, the U.S. supplied virtually all the goods and money for reconstruction and development projects. Now Canada and Western Europe are providing equipment for new development projects, the proportion of non-dollar loans made by the Bank is increasing, and the Bank has nearly \$300 million in non-dollar currencies available for future loans.

FOREIGN NEWS

GREAT BRITAIN Good Tidings

The first lesson in the Sunday service at the Church of St. James the Apostle in the Essex village of Greenstead Green was read to the congregation by that distinguished parishioner, Chancellor of the Exchequer Richard Austen ("Rab") Butler. The text was from *Isaiah*. "How beautiful upon the mountains," read Butler, "are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings . . . of good."

Two days later, on Budget Day, Rab Butler rose in the House of Commons and passed out to Britons the best economic tidings in years:

¶ For the first time since 1929, the government proposed not only to impose no new taxes but to reduce present taxes.

¶ There would be more free enterprise. Great Britain, said Butler, will "step out from the confines of restriction to the almost forgotten but beckoning prospects of freer endeavor and greater reward for effort."

Frosting Last. Butler did not prematurely betray the news that lay in the battered red dispatch box in which budgets are transported each April from the Treasury to Commons. Before the House, he went at it as a boy eats cake—saving the sugariest bits of frosting until last.

"The account I gave [last year]," began Butler, "was, inevitably, a bleak one . . . The difference today is very striking." Britain's balance of payments had been converted from a 1951 deficit of £398 million to a 1952 surplus of £291 million. Gold and dollar reserves at the end of March had climbed to £774 million (a great improvement, but still only about a quarter of what Britain should have as leader and banker of the sterling area). Now came a reward: H.M.'s government was about to add two ounces a week to the Briton's sugar ration, and soon would be able to abandon sugar rationing entirely. Rab Butler accepted the pleased outcries with one of his rare smiles.

Lightening the Ship. Great Britain is still in economic peril, he went on. In fact, he had to admit, much of the improvement came not as the result of his last budget, but of lucky breaks in the flow of world economics. Butler's estimates last year had, in fact, proved ludicrously wrong (he had figured on a surplus of £510 million and had realized only £88 million). Britain was faced, as brutally as ever, with the choice of producing more and selling more overseas or perishing.

"We can, and we must, do much better," said Butler. But the time had come, he went on, when "doing better" could be accomplished not through more government controls and interventions, but through more incentives for production, savings and investment. "We must get out of the slack water, lighten the ship and give her way," the Chancellor said.

While Tories squirmed with delight and

Laborites with uneasiness, he dipped into the budget box for the details:

¶ Slashed: the onerous purchase tax. The levy on furs, jewelry, cosmetics and similar luxuries dropped from 100% to 75%; for automobiles, vacuum cleaners and the like, from 66.6% to 50%; for carpets, linoleum, domestic hardware, clocks, watches, toys, etc., from 33.3% to 25%. To halt the disappearance of the London taxicab (TIME, April 20), the heavy purchase tax for London cabs was abolished.

¶ Discontinued: entertainment taxes on amateur theatricals, amateur sporting events and professional cricket matches.

"In this country, cricket occupies a special place among sports, not only as forming

part of the English tradition, but as a

lighten our load and liberate our energies."

Encased to the last in his impenetrable Oxford-don manner, Rab Butler sat down. The Laborites sat in morose silence; he had left them few chinks to shoot at. Two or three Tories had brought along their silk toppers, the traditional thing to wave on jubilatory occasions, and now waved them with the fervor of shipwreck survivors signaling smoke on the horizon. Prime Minister Churchill, however, was not satisfied with the demonstration. His face working with emotion, he rose and wig-wagged some papers in his hand to rouse his back-benchers to louder applause. To old Winston Churchill, who was himself Chancellor the last time taxes were pared back, 24 years ago, this was indeed an occasion for cheers.

A New Outlook

Spring had come gently to Britain. Chestnuts were pushing out baby buds, and clotted cream was off the ration and was being spread thickly on Devonshire scones. Talk of peace (if not peace itself) was in the air. A queen would soon be crowned; the sound of hammering could be heard all over Mayfair as viewing stands went up.[¶] Rab Butler's budget matched what seemed to be a common British resolve: to make the coronation year a gala occasion.

Britons did not fool themselves about their new budget. When it came down to plain shillings and pence, the tax cuts were small; no Briton was going to need larger pockets. But the tax cuts were a well-timed tonic for the British spirit. A London lady read about them, calculated that they would save her £70 this year, and promptly asked a painter to paint the front of her house for the £70.

Risks and Gain. Whether Rab Butler's budget results in a durable coronation-year glow or a mere one-day spark depends largely on a gamble he is deliberately taking. He wants tax savings plowed back into business, not distributed as profits. But Britain's business and labor alike have grown unused to the risks—and gains—of an adventuresome economy. Through years of encroaching government, they have become accustomed to subsidized industry, protected markets, guaranteed full employment. Recently, Rab Butler's new National Productivity Council tried to persuade union representatives that more and cheaper production is Britain's only hope. The council got nowhere, for union men have long memories of unemployment and living on "bread and drip."[¶] Said one delegate: "If you ask a Tyneside worker to turn a ship around



European

CHANCELLOR BUTLER
Like a boy eating cake.

common interest helping to bind together . . . the Commonwealth." Tory benchers broke into roars of approval. But from a few Laborite followers of soccer, which Britons consider their national sport, came a glum mutter: "Class favoritism!"

¶ Added: tax deductions, based on the cost of new plants and equipment (to encourage new investment).

¶ Soon to go: the excess-profits tax (30%), which will end next Jan. 1, leaving British industries and businesses with about \$280 million more of their profits than they may now keep.

¶ Cut across the board: British income taxes. The cut for Britain's 16 million income-tax payers was a flat sixpence per pound. That, for example, brought the "standard tax rate" down to \$1.26 for each \$2.80 of income.

Churchill Cheers. "This budget moves for the first time in many years in a new direction," concluded Butler. "We can now look to a more hopeful way. We can

* Londoners were amused by the story of a Texas millionaire who, for a cabled \$1,500, rented a Park Lane apartment for coronation week. A friend in London, sent to check on the apartment, reported back that its view was completely cut off by a grandstand. "Buy up the stand and tear it down," came the reply from Texas.

in two weeks instead of four, he wants to know what you would expect him to do with the other fortnight."

It is the same with many businessmen. The 39-year-old boss of a family-owned box factory in Cheshire knows that he could double his business. "That wouldn't thrill me," he says. "I consider myself normally British in that I don't want to get too big . . . We have always been able to sell all we wanted. Where you get people who have been working together for a long time, you just can't break them of their habits. There is a tempo that goes with the business and gets ingrained into it . . ."

In a Rut. Yet there were signs that some winds were blowing Rab Butler's way. "We are getting out of our immediate difficulties," said Stephen Burman, a Midlands industrialist, last week, "and we can retrieve our place as a leading world power if we get down to it. But we have had life too easy; there has been a safety-first attitude . . . Every year I send a manager either to the Continent or to the U.S. to look for the best machinery for the job we do . . . but many others are in a rut and won't follow the lead."

"A new outlook is needed here . . . I think our younger executives are beginning to get the spirit . . . Mind you, if we do wake up, all of us, then heaven help the rest of the world." If there was enough of that spirit around the old islands, Rab Butler could plan on even better news to relate in the second year of the Elizabethan Age, come Budget Day, 1954.

Treatment for Li'l Arthur

The Communist general secretary of Britain's non-Communist coal miners' union is a twittery little Welshman named Arthur Horner. At 12 he was a wobbler (the boy who lathers customers' faces in barbershops); in his teens, he was a Bap-



Johannesburg Transvaal

SOUTH AFRICA'S MALAN & STRYDOM
A dash of Plato and a New Jerusalem.

tist preacher, calling on the coalworkers to repent of their "anti-working-class sins" before it was too late. In & out of jail, "Li'l Arthur" Horner worked wonders for the miners, and they loved him for it. Most of them thought he was simply daft when he announced, in 1947, that "if there were a possibility of war with Russia, the [British] coal fields would stop."

Of late, Arthur Horner has been overworked and ill. His doctor, a die-hard Tory, ordered absolute rest; the coal miners' union generously offered to pay for a long spring vacation, his first in 15 years. Last week Li'l Arthur announced that he'd get well in a nice quiet rest home in the Soviet Union. This would "demonstrate my faith in Soviet medicine."

"It was my own idea," says Arthur, glowing with pride. "I was in Russia nine times before the war, and I know their . . . rehabilitation centers. They're wonderful." He hopes to be sent to the sunny Black Sea coast—perhaps to the very spot where his friend, French Communist Boss Maurice Thorez, spent two years demonstrating his faith in Soviet medicine before returning to Paris, an aging invalid (TIME, April 20). "They'll probably give me electrical treatment and sulphur bath . . . I'll just put myself in the hands of their doctors. I'll go on the bill of the Russian miners, I suppose," Li'l Arthur said. "I'll see you [in five weeks] . . . and you won't know me . . ."

SOUTH AFRICA Reversing the Boer War

Like a million other South Africans, the Stoltz family was up at cockcrow one morning last week, all ready to cast its votes in the first general election since 1948. Grandpa Stoltz, 75, stumped out to the car that would take his household to the polls at Nigel, a dusty gold-mining town 25 miles southeast of Johannesburg;

as he reached the car there was a roar, and his house blew to smithereens. Grandma Elizabeth Stoltz and a 32-year-old gold miner named Lukas van der Merwe lay dead in the wreckage; the Stoltzes' son Pieter had a leg blown off.

What caused the blast was an unexploded shell that had stood in the Rand dust outside the Stoltzes' door for half a century—since some unknown cannonner had mishandled or forgotten it in the far-off Boer War (1899-1902). To the long-memoried Afrikaners who back Prime Minister Daniel Malan, that war is still as explosive as the shell that killed Grannie Stoltz. Last week, at the polls, they went far towards reversing its verdict.

No More Short Cuts. Boer nationalism was in fact the issue, though most of the noise was about *apartheid*—the religiously held dogma that 2,600,000 whites (Boer and Briton) should rule four times their number of blacks, half-whites and browns. Malan's racial stand was strident: "This is South Africa's last chance to remain a white man's country. Our aim is to safeguard the purity of the white race." His special strength lay on the veldt, among the Afrikaans-speaking farmers whose fathers had conquered the blacks only to see their early Boer Republic snuffed out by British imperialism. Egged on by *predikants* (ministers) of the Dutch Reformed Church, the Nationalists made gory predictions of Mau Mau-style massacres to come, of "God-fearing white girls" forced to marry "coons."

Lost in the political wilderness since the death of its inspirer, Jan Smuts, the opposition United Party fought back with hot charges that Malan threatens democracy and mocks the rule of law. "Vote now," was their slogan, "so that you may vote again." United Party Leader Jacobus Gideon Strauss, who was once Smuts's secretary, accused Malan's Nationalists of provoking racial strife, but labored hard



Kennedy Picture Service

COMMUNIST HORNER
A Soviet sulphur bath.

to show that he could not be accused of undue sympathy for the Negro. "Of all races and colors," said he, "the black Africans have failed to contribute to man's progress . . . They must work their passage, not try for short cuts."

No More Legalism. The Negroes, seven-tenths of the population, had no votes at all; only 48,000 half-castes were eligible to vote. And even among the whites who did vote, Malan got less than a majority—but he won a sweeping electoral victory. From *dorps* (villages) and the poor-white slums of the Rand, his Nationalist supporters flocked to the polls to keep the land "pure" of "black barbarism" and "British legalism." Of South Africa's 1,600,000 voters, 86% voted: 640,000 for Daniel Malan, 760,000 against him.

The weighting of rural constituencies, where Boers predominate, worked as it does under the county-unit system in the U.S. State of Georgia; in the House of Assembly the Nationalists won 94 seats, the combined opposition 61. Malan, though second in the popular vote, increased his majority to an overwhelming 60% (from 13 seats to 29).

Two Nations. "Great is Malan's victory," crowed *Die Vaderland*. "The brutal reality is that we are two nations . . ." said the Cape *Argus*. Cunningly, Daniel Malan tried to close the white ranks to his own political advantage. He offered a coalition with "all those who accept *apartheid* in full sincerity," hoping thereby to gain the two-thirds majority which he needs, but does not have, to 1) disenfranchise 48,000 half-caste voters in Cape Province, 2) eliminate English as an equal official language, 3) snap the last tenuous threads that bind South Africa to the Commonwealth.

Slaves at the Bottom. Strong-willed Daniel Malan, returned to power for another five years, is now 78. His heir apparent is even more fanatic: Johannes Gerhardus Strydom, 59, the Nationalist Minister of Lands. The so-called Messiah of Waterberg is hailed by his supporters as "First President of the coming South African Republic." His program seems to call for a stratified New Boer Jerusalem not very different from Plato's Republic: at the bottom, black slaves to hew wood and fetch water; in the middle, alien (*i.e.*, British) traders to deal with petty commerce; at the top, the Boer elite, settled on the good earth and ruled by their priests (the *predikants*). Top of the pile would be the philosopher-President: Johannes Strydom.

RUSSIA

One-Man Rule Is Bad

The generation of Russians taught by *Pravda* that Stalin was the greatest agriculturalist, philologist, geneticist, political scientist and military commander was told last week, just as categorically: "No matter how experienced leaders are, no matter what knowledge and talents they possess, they cannot succeed in replacing the whole

collective. The most important principle is that decisions should be based on the experience of many, should be the fruit of collective creation."

When this principle is violated, certain leaders begin "to conduct themselves like autocrats . . . as if they alone knew everything, as if only they can say anything relevant and forceful, and as if it is the task of others only to support their opinion. In such an environment, there is created favorable ground for lack of principle, for alien morals, for toadying and servility."

Having so crisply and accurately described Stalin's reign, *Pravda* added that of course it didn't mean Stalin: "The circumstances of wartime made possible cer-

Stalin and Lavrenty Beria. Last week Police Chief Beria, the home-town boy, was back in Tiflis (pop. 520,000), capital of Georgia, to undo a purge that rivaled the bizarre fantasy of the Soviet doctors.

Things began going sour in Georgia—so far as the rest of the world was told—in the fall of 1951. Hundreds, perhaps thousands, of minor Red flunkies were sent to the wall, but instead of getting better, the mess got worse. Tiflis newspapers exposed such "grave economic crimes" as "embezzlement of socialist property," "windows and doors that have fallen to pieces," "bedbugs breeding in our hotels." Then *Pravda* joined in with a story of "conspiracy" and "protectionism" in the Georgian party cadres; it charged last June that Georgia's Communist leaders did not know the names of the Marx and Lenin classics, never read the papers, and could not name a single book by a Soviet author.

In Stalin's Manner. All this looked suspiciously like a groundswell of Georgian nationalism, protesting Great Russian oppression. And as usual in such cases, the punishment was purge—this time "Stalin's manner," as Radio Tiflis neatly put it. Nearly every ranking Communist in the Georgian Soviet lost his job for fostering "bourgeois nationalism," including three top officials—Baramiya, Zodelava and Rapava. The Politiburocrat responsible for Georgian affairs was obviously in trouble. He was Lavrenty Beria, and in proof of his displeasure, Stalin forced the police chief personally to lead the purge of very Georgian leaders whom he himself had appointed. Now, having outlived his old master, Beria was having his revenge.

He began last week with a startling announcement that last year's Georgian purge, like that of the Kremlin doctors, had been "a crude violation of Soviet law." The victims (Beria's protégés) were "innocent workers" falsely accused by "adventurists" who "cooked up repulsive materials . . . to do harm to the Communist Party." The chief adventurer was one I. A. Rukhadze, former Minister of [Georgian] State Security, and, according to Radio Tiflis, "an enemy of the people . . . with iminical careerist interests." "By all kinds of intrigues," the announcement went on, Rukhadze "tried to arouse a feeling of national enmity" between Georgians and Great Russians. He was aided by A. I. Mgledze, boss of the Georgian Communist Party, and Premier Z. Ketskhoveli—the men whom Stalin promoted only last year to replace the purges. "They have all been arrested," said Radio Tiflis, "and will bear severe punishment."

No More Bedbugs. That left the way clear for Beria to reorganize Georgia in his own way. The old "national" constitution was ditched overnight, the President and his staff were fired. Adventurist Rukhadze's Ministry of State Security—the agency most at fault for accusing the "innocents" and showing up Beria—was merged with Interior under a new Beria protégé: Vladimir G. Dekanovaz. To head the government, Beria chose Valerian Bakradze, who was removed as Premier in the purges of



United Press

RUSSIA'S BERIA
Something sour in Georgia.

tain peculiarities in the methods of leadership which in certain degree were justified." But, it continued, "leaders cannot take a critical statement aimed at them as a personal offense."

At the very least, *Pravda*'s little sermon represents 1) a step in the unmaking of the Stalin legend, 2) one more indication that Russia is not now ruled by one man, *i.e.*, Malenkov, but by a directorate. In New York, the *Daily Worker*, which has been having the devil's own time trying to find a party line to follow, significantly hedged its bet last week. After an initial hesitation, the *Worker* had firmly called the new regime "the Malenkov government." Last week, in a classically awkward phrase, it urged Eisenhower to meet with "heads of the Soviet state like Malenkov."

Local Boy Makes Good

Georgia is a proud and fiery republic on the Black Sea, abutting on Armenia and Turkey, where Asia and Europe meet. A mountain-girt southland, incorporated in the Soviet Union in 1921, and still resentful of it, Georgia gave Communism two of its mightiest sons: Joseph Djugashvili

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'37; Bakradze proved his loyalty by restoring the three Beria men purged by Stalin last year—Baramiya, Zodelava and Rapava. "They were always loyal to Soviet society," said Bakradze, and gave them jobs in his cabinet.

At a meeting of the Supreme Soviet of Georgia, Bakradze acclaimed Beria as "the best son of Georgia . . . the outstanding leader of the Communist Party and great Soviet State." Conspicuously unmentioned was Beria's nominal boss, Premier Georgy Malenkov. Was this simply Georgian chauvinism or more evidence of Beria's dominance? Both men could hardly be "the outstanding leader."

TRUCIAL OMAN

Battle for Buraimi

Ninety miles inland from the Persian Gulf, the oasis of Buraimi has slumbered for centuries. Its 8,000 inhabitants subsist on dates, camel meat and milk, and live in eight, mud-walled villages scorched by the gusts of the shamal. No one knows for certain to whom Buraimi belongs. Northward lies Trucial Oman, "protected" by the British; westward lies Saudi Arabia; all around is uncharted waste, so desolate that even the Arabs call it Rub al Khali, the Empty Quarter.

Over the centuries many marauders have come—the rulers of Oman, of Abu Dhabi, the Unitarians of Nejd (ancestors of modern Saudi Arabia)—briefly planted flags, then vanished. In 1869 the Trucial sheiks drove off the last of the Saudi tax collectors. Most conscientious modern geographers simply label Buraimi "undefined." It is a land of shifting sands, shifting tribes and shifting allegiances.

Underground Wants. Forgotten Buraimi is suddenly a land remembered. Reason: oil, seemingly everywhere under the crust of the Arab peninsula. So far, none has been found within 300 miles. But each side wants to stake its claim.

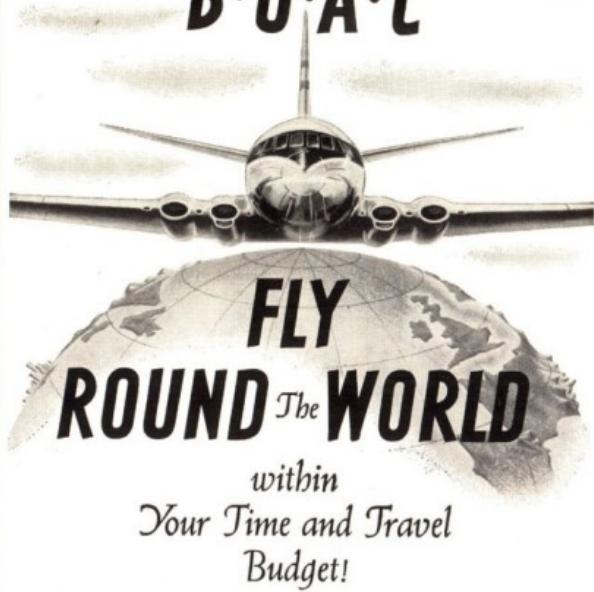
Last August a camel caravan lumbered into Buraimi bearing 40 Saudi officials, clerks and armed men headed by a doughty Arabian named Emir Turki Ibn Utaishan. They started wooing the bewildered inhabitants and chiefs with lavish feasts, silver riyals and sweet talk. Immediately, the Trucial Sheik of Abu Dhabi and the Sultan of Muscat appealed to their "protector" Great Britain to repel the "invaders."

Britain obliged; a thin red line of British-officed Oman levies marched up and set up camel-hair tents encircling the oasis; London sent a note demanding Turki's withdrawal. At this point, Washington, the perennial "third party" in the Middle East, stepped in, negotiated a secret "standstill" agreement. It lasted barely a few months; soon Saudi Arabia denounced Britain's "provocative actions" and Britain announced "complete freedom of action."

Palmersont Style. Fed up with the past humiliations in Iran and Egypt, the British were putting on a fine old-fashioned Palmerstonian display of Empire. R.A.F. fighters buzzed up and down the

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INSIDE THE RIM OF ADVENTURE!

750-mile-long camel tracks running into Saudi Arabia, searching out reinforcements bound for Turk. Jeep-borne Oman levies roamed everywhere, terrifying camel caravans. From a 40-foot-high Beau Geste-like tower of mud-brick reinforced with palm logs—containing storerooms for food, water and ammunition, and slotted for rifles—a young British major named Peter MacDonald was happily running the show.

In Riyadh, old King Ibn Saud, the invalid Lord of the Desert, fumed in his wheelchair. An Arab League official who called on him to discuss burning questions of Israel and Middle East defense could not get him off the subject of perfidious Albion.

So far, not a shot has been fired. In bleak, besieged Buraimi, Turki still holds out; he has 800 bags of rice, enough for many meals. Around him circle a busy band of British. Happiest of all are the local sheiks. They figure that all this excitement means oil. One of them has already decided how to spend his first oil royalty check—an fancy new airplane.

PAKISTAN

Monarch's Right

Roly-poly Prime Minister Nazimuddin of Pakistan was leaving by the 5:30 train. The red carpet had been rolled out through Karachi station, but before Nazimuddin could put foot on it, he was called to the phone: Governor General Ghulam Mohammad had news for him. The news: Nazimuddin was out of a job.

Nazimuddin protested that the Governor General had no right to sack him, and perhaps Nazimuddin had a point. Ghulam Mohammad succeeded to the governor-generalship when Nazimuddin stepped down in 1951. Now that Ghulam Mohammad had the title, however, he was Queen Elizabeth's official representative in the British Dominion of Pakistan and in the theory of British government has the monarch's delegated power to dismiss or appoint ministers and governments (in England, no monarch since the days of George III had dared invoke that power without the sanction of Parliament). Pakistan, however, is a special case: only 53 years a nation, it functions under the 1935 Government of India Act and has not yet adopted a constitution; nor does it have a directly elected Parliament, but a Constituent Assembly, functioning both as a Parliament and a constitutional body. "Illegal and unconstitutional!" cried Nazimuddin. "I refuse to resign."

But the fact was that Nazimuddin had lost the confidence of the country. Under his waddling government, the country was close to general famine. Hunger riots in the rich Punjab provinces had been put down by the army with loss of at least 300 lives (*TIME*, March 30). There was a budget deficit of some 300 million rupees. To deal with these urgent problems, Governor General Ghulam Mohammed appointed as Prime Minister 44-year-old Mohammed Ali, Pakistan's Ambassador to Washington, who had arrived in Kan-



Associated Press

Associated
PRIME MINISTER ALI
The red carpet was rolled back.

rachi four days earlier to discuss an agreement by which the U.S. may send wheat to feed Pakistan's hungry. It was a popular appointment: having served his country abroad since it was created, he was free from any taint of local intrigue.

After thinking it over, Nazimuddin decided that he would not challenge Ghulam Mohammad's "unconstitutional" use of the monarch's prerogative. But he held firm on one point: he would not leave the Prime Minister's residence until someone found him a new house—a difficult task in overcrowded Karachi.

JAPAN

Victory for the Fox

After Premier Shigeru Yoshida's fourth cabinet was overthrown by a revolt within his own party (TIME, March 23), his exultant opponents predicted that the long reign of "the Fox" was at last over. But Japan's voters, who went to the polls this week, proved that their 74-year-old premier is far from politically dead. In Japan's second election in its first year of full independence, Yoshida's conservative, pro-American Liberal Party won 199 of the 466 seats in the Lower Chamber of the Diet. Yoshida did not get an absolute majority, because the rebels, led by Ichiro Hatoyama, campaigned on a splinter ticket. But cigar-chewign Shigeru Yoshida won enough seats to earn his fifth crack at the premiership.

To form a new coalition, Yoshida may have to welcome back some of the errant Hayatomites or make a deal with the rightist Progressive Party of peg-legged Mamoru Shigenita. Yoshida will need all the cooperation he can get from the right, because the left is getting stronger at every election. This week 138 Socialists and one Communist were elected. A year ago there were only 46 Socialists in the Lower Chamber.



NEW KIND OF TROPICAL SUIT LOOKS NEAT EVEN IN HOT, HUMID WEATHER

For years American men have been looking for a suit that could meet the many demands of summer wear. One that could spend an afternoon at a ball game or a day in town without wrinkling excessively. One that could be fresh-looking in spite of intense humidity or even get caught in a shower without losing its press.

Now there are such suits. Take, for ex-

ample, the new tropicals of "Orlon." Because of "Orlon," these suits are light in weight. They are comfortable. The press and the shape will last longer than usual. Suits and sportswear made with "Orlon" acrylic fiber are available now for men and boys. The quantity is limited but increasing. So look for "Orlon" now. You'll enjoy the difference all summer.

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THE HEMISPHERE

THE AMERICAS

Good Traders

Where in the world does the U.S. do the biggest share of its foreign trading? In the Latin American republics, says the Department of Commerce. In 1952 the 20 republics sold the U.S. coffee, minerals, sugar, oil and other products worth \$3,410,000,000. They bought U.S. machinery, cars, wheat, chemicals and other products worth \$3,477,000,000. The two figures, added together, easily topped either of the other major trading areas, Western Europe and Canada.*

Among the 20 republics, Mexico was the best customer, buying two-thirds of a billion dollars' worth of U.S. goods. Other



JUAN PERÓN AT THE PLAZA DE MAYO
Across the square, a shattering blast.

big buyers: Brazil (\$564 million), Cuba (\$516 million), Venezuela (\$500 million). Brazil led the suppliers, sending \$808 million, mostly in coffee. Runners-up: Cuba (\$438 million, mostly sugar), Mexico (\$411 million, mostly lead and zinc), Venezuela (\$306 million, mostly oil).

Some future good business for the Good Traders of Latin America shaped up:

¶ The Ford Motor Co. opened a \$16 million assembly plant in São Paulo, Brazil, which renamed one of its streets Avenida Henry Ford.

¶ Cuba, taking advantage of the forthcoming end of British sugar rationing, contracted to sell Britain an extra million tons of raw sugar for about \$64 million. The deal assured the sale of the whole 1953 sugar crop plus part of the worrisome 1,400,000-ton carry-over from last year's bumper harvest.

* Although Canada is far ahead of any other single country both as supplier and customer,

ARGENTINA

Night of Fire

A challenge hung in the air when Juan Perón stepped to his balcony and faced a throng of 100,000 in the Plaza de Mayo one day last week. The crowd wanted to hear what Perón proposed to do about Argentina's inflation and the nation's mounting economic crisis. So did cabinet members, top army officers and labor leaders lined up behind the President. Their appearance was a gesture of support, but each must have wondered whether Perón could still hypnotize the discontented.

Perón started lame; the crowd was tepid. Then, in a plaza-edge restaurant 500 feet from the balcony, a bomb went



off with a brick-shattering blast. The crowd stirred, but did not stampede. Another bomb exploded minutes later in a subway station near the restaurant (the blasts killed six persons, wounded nearly a hundred). Perón blanched. Then he abandoned his prepared speech and began to extemporize—with increasing confidence.

"Vengeance, Companions!" He rambled, he screamed, he repeated. But his emotion, freed of any cumbersome logic, began to sway the mob: "Companions, they can throw bombs and spread rumors, but all that concerns us is that they do not get their way . . . If to destroy the evil and dishonest I must go down in history as a tyrant, I shall do so with pleasure . . . And may God grant that I won't have to employ the most terrible punishments!"

The crowd began to chant "Vengeance!" "Why don't you take vengeance yourselves?" shouted Perón.

When he had finished, the mob cooled off and drifted away, showing no sign of

acting on the President's advice. But after dark a band of young Peronistas, only 20 or 30 at first, set out to do *El Líder's* bidding armed mainly with cans of gasoline. Gaily yelling "Perón! Perón!", they broke into the empty headquarters of the Socialist Party and set it afire. Spectators, among them Police Chief Miguel Gamboa, gathered to watch the blaze. The arsonists, now a hundred strong, moved on to Radical Party offices and set them ablaze.

Then they marched to the Jockey Club, world-famed citadel of Argentina's top society, wealth and culture. They burst into thick-carpeted clubrooms hung with Goyas, Corots and Monets. Out windows and into bonfires went books and furniture. A club member, pleading with one of the firebugs to save an irreplaceable book, urged the youth to "take it home if you wish, but in the name of the Holy Virgin, don't burn it!" "What do you think we are, thieves?" snapped the youth, and threw the volume on the fire. Outside, policemen detoured traffic around the flaming \$4,500,000 building, but made no move to stop the arson.

That Dictatorial Feeling. The Radicals promptly charged that the bombing and burning were touched off by "officialdom" to divert attention from the economic crisis, in "imitation of the Reichstag fire." Certain it was that the blasts provided Perón with an assist just when he needed it badly. The immediate result of the violence was a temporary strengthening of Perón before his political opposition and before his critics in the army and the unions. Probably feeling more like a dictator than he had for many a week, he launched a campaign of repression.

Nearly a hundred men & women were jailed for "rumormongering" or "using language offensive to the person of President Juan D. Perón." Also imprisoned were 800 merchants charged with black-marketing. But hundreds of other shopkeepers closed up voluntarily to avoid trouble, and housewives found meat just as hard to buy as before. One flaming night had not licked inflation or ended grumbling. Said the *New York Times* this week: "In the long run, [Perón] is doomed, because he is a foolish, bungling, evil dictator."

VENEZUELA

Self-Made President

Colonel Marcos Pérez Jiménez, Venezuela's Strong Man, this week took office as constitutional President of the republic for a five-year term. The National Assembly which voted him the office was Pérez Jiménez' own private Parliament, hand-picked last November after an embarrassingly bubbled election in which the returns ran so strongly against his candidates that he had to clamp on a three-day censorship and doctor the electoral count to wrap himself in the much-desired cloak of legality.

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PEOPLE

Names make news. Last week these names made this news:

In an armored car, **Adlai Stevenson** invaded the green depths of Malaya's Red-infested jungle to visit the village of Bukit Lanjan and see a tribe of Sakai, roving aborigines. The friendly little people had been warned that a *tuan besar* (great master) from over the sea would visit them. And for their visitor they had a gift: a 6-ft. blowpipe (which native marksmen use with rifle accuracy at 25 yards) and a supply of nonpoisonous darts. Said the pleased visitor: "It's the most exciting thing that has happened to me." Would he like to try his target skill now? Quipped Stevenson: "Not till I've got a Republican in the sights."

Next day, armed with another souvenir (a Malayan parang, a vicious native knife which a British sergeant had given him), the traveler from Illinois logged a misadventure. Flying over the jungle near Kuala Lumpur, his helicopter caught fire and made a forced landing in a paddify-field. Stepping out unharmed into knee-deep mud, Stevenson cracked: "Where is my parang? I want to kill a bandit." At week's end, Stevenson was ready to take off for Bangkok, with stops at Rangoon, New Delhi and Karachi before heading on to the Middle East.

Moscow announced a diplomatic chair shuffle: **Andrei Gromyko**, Ambassador to London, was recalled to switch jobs with **Jacob A. Malik**, First Deputy Foreign Minister in Moscow. This was the post Gromyko held when he was sent to London last year to relieve **Georgy N. Zarubin**, now Ambassador to Washington. The new job will make Gromyko once again right-hand helper of Foreign Minister **Vyacheslav M. Molotov** and give him, in title at least, equal rank with the other First Deputy, **Andrei Vishinsky**.



ANNE BAXTER & ORSON WELLES
The arbiters let one pass.

United Press



TWENTY-ONE STARS & THREE SATELLITES
The party wound up at the White House.

International

Contralto **Marian Anderson** left New York's La Guardia Airport bound for her first concert tour of Japan and a stint of troop entertaining in Korea.

For the opening of the Sixth International Film Festival in Cannes, France, the order was "evening dress." The one exception made: Artist **Pablo Picasso**, who came in a brown velvet jacket with a fleece-lined leather lumber-jacket draped over his shoulder. Among the crowd, photographers caught the sometime rebel Boy Wonder **Orson Welles**, in stylish-stout conformity, dancing ogle-eyed with Cinemactress **Anne Baxter**.

In Rome, pompous Italian Tenor **Beniamino Gigli**, 63, who left the Metropolitan Opera Company and the U.S. in high dudgeon in 1939 after making cooing sounds about progress under Mussolini's Fascists, announced his interest in the current political score. He will be a candidate for a seat in the new Chamber of Deputies on **Alcide de Gasperi's** Christian Democratic ticket in the June elections.

Charlie Chaplin, British subject, surrendered his U.S. re-entry permit in Geneva and flew off to London. Chaplin had made his decision. The U.S. Immigration authorities had warned him that he would be subject to a screening exam, just as any other alien, when he returned. In his London hotel room he wrote his valedictory after 40 years of U.S. residence: ". . . Since the end of the last world war, I have been the object of lies and propaganda by powerful reactionary groups who, by their influence and by the aid of America's yellow press, have created an unhealthy atmosphere in which liberal-minded individuals can be singled out and persecuted. Under these conditions I find it virtually

impossible to continue my motion-picture work, and I have therefore given up my residence in the United States." For sale in Hollywood were Chaplin's studio, offered for \$900,000; his house at \$150,000, and his yacht at \$27,500.

William W. Remington, 35, former Commerce Department economist convicted of perjury in denying that he had passed secrets to the Communist Party, reported to the U.S. Marshal's office in Manhattan to begin his three-year prison sentence.

Three excited youngsters, sons of Manhattan's millionaire Toy Manufacturer Louis Marx, arrived recently at the Fort Myer, Va., quarters of General **Omor Bradley** for a visit with their star-studded godfathers. Result: a medley of big names and a remarkable godfather-godson picture. The host posed in the background with the Air Force's Major General **Emmett ("Rosie") O'Donnell**. On a couch sat **Dwight Eisenhower** holding Spencer Bedell Marx, 3½. Under Secretary of State Lieutenant General **Walter Bedell Smith** held Emmett Dwight Marx, 2½, and squirming on the lap of General **George Marshall** was Bradley Marshall Marx, 14 months. Later, Godfather Eisenhower invited everyone to finish the party at his house on Pennsylvania Avenue.

General Motors reported that its recent president **Charles E. Wilson**, now Secretary of Defense, earned a total of \$581,000 last year in salary and bonus.

Irascible Pianist **Oscar Levant** ran head-on into indomitable Boss **James C. ("Little Caesar") Petrillo** of the American Federation of Musicians. With word that the pianist had failed to keep five concert

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ROMANTIC REMINDERS of the past — quaint old forts and streets and pictureque trading posts — survive in Canada's colourful eastern provinces.



CANADIAN GOVERNMENT TRAVEL BUREAU Department of Resources and Development, Ottawa, Canada

Please send my 48-page, full-colour book on vacation attractions in all parts of Canada. Tell me where Canadian travel films are available in the U.S.A. Check *J* as required.

Name _____
(PLEASE PRINT)

Address _____

Town _____

State _____



dates in Canada within the past fortnight, Petrillo banned Levant from all further bookings until the executive board hears the case. Said Czar Petrillo: "I have an idea that Levant feels he is bigger than the federation. This we cannot tolerate . . ."

In Marseilles harbor, Somerset Maugham, 79, boarded the liner *Iskendem* bound for Istanbul. Said he: "I'm going to Turkey to see again the Bosphorus, which I have not seen for such a long time. It's a pleasure trip. It will be my last."

In Manhattan, General James A. Van Fleet, who directed the U.S. military aid for Greece (1948-50), was selected to lead Greece's Independence Day parade



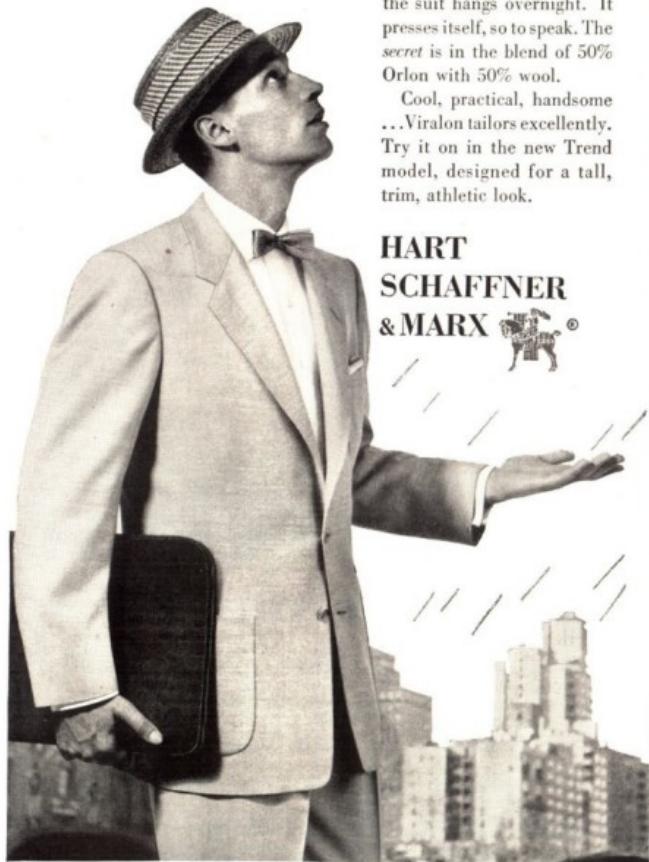
United Press

GENERAL VAN FLEET & FRIENDS
The bystander made a nomination.

up Fifth Avenue. In religious salute, the general paused to kiss the ring of Archbishop Michael, head of the Greek Orthodox Church of North and South America. An interested bystander at the ritual: Greek Immigrant Spyros P. Skouras, president of 20th Century-Fox, who nominated the general last week to be a new member of his board of directors.

In Rome, Producer Roberto Rossellini announced that, with the permission of his wife Ingrid Bergman, he was going to drive his twelve-cylinder Ferrari in Italy's famed *Mille Miglia* (1,000-mile) auto race this month. Said Ingrid, with the voice of experience: "Forbidden things are always so desirable. I thought if I said yes he wouldn't enter the race. Now I'm surprised."

The National Institute of Arts and Letters announced that it had awarded its Gold Medal for Poetry to Brooklyn's Marianne Moore, 65, winner of last year's Pulitzer Prize. Poet Moore now holds all major poetry awards available in the U.S.



secret of the built-in "press"!

Only once every few years is a truly new suit created . . . like this wrinkle-resisting Viralon tropical. It is soft and rich, yet holds its shape in the dampest weather. Wrinkles, if any, are shed while the suit hangs overnight. It presses itself, so to speak. The secret is in the blend of 50% Orlon with 50% wool.

Cool, practical, handsome . . . Viralon tailors excellently. Try it on in the new Trend model, designed for a tall, trim, athletic look.

HART
SCHAFFNER
& MARX



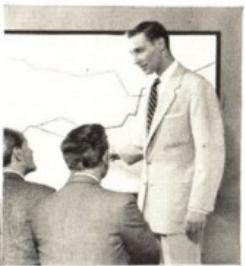
After a hard day's wear, just hang up the Viralon suit.



Overnight it sheds any wrinkles, is ready to go first thing in the morning.



Stays in press, even after days of travel. Even rain can't hurt creases.



You can depend upon the Trend model Viralon suit to help you look your best.

THE PRESS

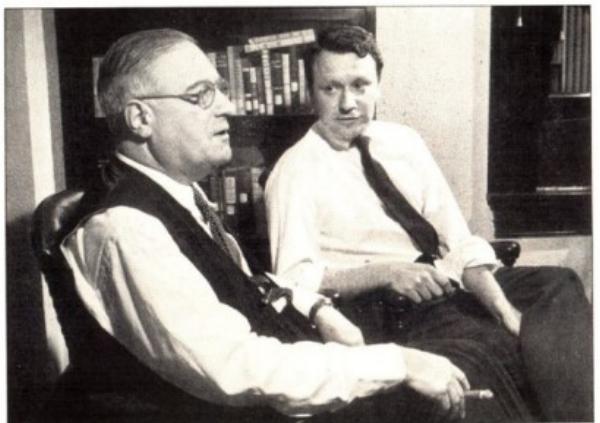
Change of Command

On the New York *Times*, there is a vast difference between a Washington correspondent and "The Washington Correspondent." For the last 21 years, The Washington Correspondent has been Pundit Arthur Krock, 66, whose title also makes him chief of the 24-man *Times* Washington bureau. Last week Chief Krock called the first full staff meeting since he took over the job. Solemnly, he explained that "to avoid misunderstanding," he wanted to read an important announcement: "On my own motion, Mr. James Reston will become The Washington Correspondent of the New York *Times*, with complete charge of the staff . . . Mr. Reston has received several very attractive offers to work elsewhere, one of

articles, and remain a member of the *Times's* editorial board.

Washington newsmen were surprised by nothing but the frankness and timing of Krock's announcement, since Diplomatic Correspondent Reston, 43, has long been the star of the *Times* bureau and heir apparent to the throne. A Pulitzer Prize-winner (for his reporting of the Dumbarton Oaks conference), Reston has worked top sources and a sharp, journalistic mind to give him a long series of exclusive stories. His basic formula for covering Washington: "Read the newspapers and then raise in your own mind the unanswered questions. You can anticipate what a government will do, and, on the basis of that, go after it."

Candid Talk. On the *Times*, where 41 staffers have at least 30 years' service,



John Zimmerman

TIMESMEN KROCK & RESTON
Just read the newspapers.

them particularly tempting. I did not want the *Times* to lose his immensely valuable services, and I knew that I was in a position to offer him a strong inducement to stay with the *Times* for life . . ."

Counter-Offer. Krock's announcement that he was stepping aside was all his own doing. Correspondent "Scotty" Reston had come to The Washington Correspondent to let him in on some news. The Washington *Post* had asked Reston to become its editor, i.e., in charge of the editorial page, to replace ailing Editor Herbert Elliston, who has been advised to quit by his doctors. Krock countered the *Post* offer with one of his own. Would Reston like Krock's job as bureau chief? When Reston said yes, Krock told Publisher Arthur Hays Sulzberger, who approved the change. In stepping down as bureau chief, Krock moved up a decision he had "planned . . . for a much later time." He will continue to write his thrice-weekly column, Sunday

Reston is a "newcomer" who caught the boss's eye early. Born in Clydebank, Scotland, Reston came to the U.S. to live at the age of ten. He graduated from the University of Illinois, did a short stint as a pressagent for the Cincinnati Reds, then worked as a sportswriter and later as a London correspondent for A.P.

In 1939, the *Times's* London bureau hired him, and three years later Publisher Sulzberger brought Reston to Manhattan as his assistant. In 1944, Reston was transferred to the Washington bureau, where he has been ever since. Reston, a popular choice among *Timesmen* to head the Washington bureau, got off to a good start. He told the staff: "Any talk from me is unnecessary. It's probably a good thing, because if I had to express my feelings about this announcement to my old colleagues, many of whom have taught me the news business, I'm afraid I'd make a damn fool of myself."

Quick End

When Publisher Gardner Cowles started pocket-size *Quick* magazine in May 1949, it quickly became something of a postwar wonder. In nearly four years, its circulation shot up from about 300,000 to 1,300,000, and it gave an outward appearance of success. But while *Quick* grew, "Mike" Cowles was arriving at a disturbing conclusion: in spite of its spectacular rise, *Quick* was no success. Last week, to his stunned and unbelieving staff, Publisher Cowles announced that he was killing *Quick* June 1.

Quick's failure provided a case history of the high cost of publishing. Despite its rapid growth, the magazine never got out of the red except for short periods. Last year, when its income was close to \$4,000,000, it lost heavily. The circulation growth proved, insists Cowles, "that the magazine filled a real niche." He had started it with an editorial staff of five people, and to keep it going he had to increase the staff more than fivefold. Paper and printing costs rose about 25%. His original idea had been to take no ads, make money on circulation. But he soon discovered that to produce *Quick* cost more than the 10¢ that readers paid for it. To make up the difference, *Quick* went after advertising, ran head-on into another obstacle. Advertisers were cool because they found it difficult to run the same ad in *Quick* as in other magazines. *Quick's* tiny pages required special ads that ran up the cost of advertising in it.

Some advertisers told Cowles that preparing special ads would be worthwhile only if the circulation topped 2,000,000. *Quick* started running television-program listings, picked up some newsstand sales but not enough. Though about half of *Quick's* readers bought subscriptions, Cowles decided not to try for more because of the cost of getting and servicing subscribers. Said Publisher Cowles: "We were faced with the decision of making a very sizable investment . . . building the subscriptions above the 2,000,000 mark, and still being uncertain whether the magazine could be a big success as an advertising medium . . ."

To Take the Pressure Off

After *Collier's* last month ran an article titled "I Was Called Subversive," the magazine was pelted with complaints. They leveled charges of "pro-Communist" at *Collier's* and at the author, Mrs. Dorothy Frank, a California housewife, who had defended UNESCO courses in Los Angeles public schools. Some at the same time demanded that *Collier's* (circ. 3,400,000) fire Associate Fiction Editor Bucklin Moon, who was charged with "a long record of Red-front affiliations." The two complaints had no direct connection, since Moon had nothing to do with *Collier's* buying or running the article. Nevertheless, last week *Collier's* summarily fired Moon, and was mum on the reason. But Moon and memos from indignant *Collier's* staffers told the story.

Bucklin Moon, 42, is less known as a



HIGH TIME TO SET THE TABLE

Distant cities become suburbs when you fly. You can enjoy so many more pleasant hours at home. Last year more than two million passengers preferred Capital Airlines.

Dependable, friendly service has been a Capital tradition for 26 years. Isn't it High Time you tried it?

Over 500 Flights Daily Between 75 Major Cities

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Call your TRAVEL AGENT or . . .

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AIRLINES

Fifty Years Forward on the American Road



You "belong" in a '53 FORD



And, with its 41 "worth more" features,
you'll find it is worth more when you buy it...
worth more when you sell it!

One of the nicest things about owning a Ford is that it is accepted everywhere! Likewise, Ford owners are known and respected for their good taste and sound business judgment for selecting the car that is not only beautifully built and finished but one that returns more of its initial cost when sold!

Of course, this is perfectly natural when you realize what a '53 Ford really is and does.

Consider the Crestmark Body, for example. Only a few short years ago it would have been difficult to produce a body like it for a car selling at such a low price. The tools, the methods, the

materials simply weren't that far advanced. Think of that when you feel the elegant softness of any Ford seat cushion. (It comes from a new use of springing plus a thick pad of foam rubber.) Think of it again when you realize that Ford upholstery materials and exterior finishes are the most beautiful money can buy. Then open the door—it stays open in your choice of two positions. Now, slam the door—notice the solid "snick" of the latch—like closing the breech of a shotgun. Here's quality—Ford quality that tips its hat to no one!

Finally, remember Ford Crestmark bodies are insulated bodies—"hull

tight"...to seal out weather and dust!

But Ford Crestmark bodies are not the whole story by a long shot. There are 41 "Worth More" features—all the way from your choice of high-compression Strato-Star V-8 or Mileage Maker Six engines to a ride that reduces front-end road shock up to 80%, a ride that's a perfect wonder in smoothness and stability.

Why not let your Ford Dealer give you a complete fill-in? He wants you to see—to value check—to test drive the '53 Ford.

FORD...worth more when you buy it
...when you sell it, too!



Richard Moon

EDITOR MOON
"A terrifying thing."

Collier's editor than as the author of four books about U.S. Negroes, which have won him considerable critical acclaim as well as a Julius Rosenwald fellowship and the \$2,500 George Washington Carver award. Moon, who is often mistakenly thought to be a Negro because of his writing, for ten years was an editor at Doubleday & Co.; six months ago he joined *Collier's* staff.

A Refusal. Last week *Collier's* Editor Roger Dakin called in Moon's boss, Fiction Editor MacLennan Farrell, told him of the letters of protest against Moon. He also showed him citations on Moon from the report of the House Un-American Activities Committee, which said that: 1) Moon had been a sponsor of the 1949 Communist-front Waldorf culture conference and was named in the *Daily Worker* as a member of a group organized by the fellow-traveling National Council of the Arts, Sciences & Professions; and 2) Moon's novel *Without Magnolias* had been mentioned in the *Daily Worker* and his *The High Cost of Prejudice* had been advertised in a Communist book catalogue. Told to fire Moon, Farrell refused. He gave his reasons in a memo to Dakin: "Buck Moon . . . is not a Communist. He never has been. He never will be. He is an anti-Communist, a liberal, a registered Democrat . . . His book . . . may very well have been favorably reviewed in the *Daily Worker*. It was well reviewed everywhere, including many papers in the South . . . I think a thorough investigation . . . would show him to be politically 'clean' . . . More is at stake than one man's job . . . a free press is worth more to all of us than an intimidated press."

A Protest. Next day Editor Dakin (once a staffer on Manhattan's late, pinko *PM*) called in Moon and fired him himself. "I pointed out that the evidence against me was a little flimsy," said Moon, "and could easily be answered. Dakin just

said that firing me would take the pressure off *Collier's*." If he was being fired for that reason only, Moon wanted a letter saying so. Wrote Dakin: "We have been eminently satisfied with your work in the fiction department." Moon insists that he has never been a Communist, that his name was not authorized for use in the Waldorf culture conference, and that he dropped out of the National Council about five years ago.

The six-man *Collier's* fiction staff promptly protested to Dakin in a memo: "We are all distressed that this could happen on a magazine that once had a reputation for independent judgment . . . The magazine has, in bowing so spiritlessly to pressure, publicly 'admitted' its 'guilt' and injured the reputation of a man who has been given no chance to prove his innocence." Said Bucklin Moon: "All I can do is, through a great deal of personal work and some money, try to get myself officially cleared. I'm not trying to be a martyr. But this is a terrifying thing that can happen to anyone."

Mr. Townes Leaves Town

Appointed editor of the ailing Los Angeles *News* three months ago, William A. Townes, 43, went to work under the impression that he had a free hand. He operated on its make-up, peped up its editorials, and tried to breathe more life into the pallid *News*. But Editor Townes, who had doctored other sick papers to success (TIME, Feb. 16, 1948), soon found his patient rebelling. Sacred cows got in the way of many editorial decisions, and Townes found that some stories, e.g., the banning of the movie *Limelight*, were not considered news. Last week, after 72 days in the editor's chair, Townes quit. Said he: "I was knocking my head against the wall. A newspaper must above all be a good product . . . I soon found out that I could not make a good product out of the *News*."

The *News* has slid a long way since 1947, when Publisher Manchester Boddy's sharp editorial pen and General Manager Robert Smith's shrewd business sense pushed the paper's circulation to nearly 300,000. But in Los Angeles, where the *News* is the only pro-Democratic paper among the city's five dailies, the paper did not keep up with the competition, especially that of the breezy, afternoon tabloid *Mirror*, started in 1948 by Los Angeles *Times* Publisher Norman Chandler (TIME, Aug. 16, 1948). While the *Mirror* grew (to 212,903), the *News* slipped to under 200,000. Publisher Boddy, now 61, gradually wearied of the fight and his editorial chores, finally turned the paper over to Smith. He slashed the payroll, raised the price to 10¢ to try to keep up with rising costs and falling income.

Last week, with Editor Townes out, Publisher Smith readied another plan to save the *News*. To cut costs, he will change the *News* into a morning paper. To lure readers, he also planned to cut the paper's price from 10¢ to 7¢. But many nervous *News* staffers were already looking for jobs on other papers.

AIR-MAZING FACTS

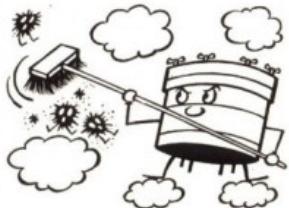
BY O. SOGLOW



DUST DIMS MILKY WAY!
Until that first rocket ship ride, you'll never see all the stars in the Milky Way. Quadrillions of miles above the earth, dust and gas form dark clouds that blot millions of stars from sight.



COUNTER ATTACK! Dust falling on counter displays can cost stores thousands of dollars in shopworn merchandise. Leading stores stop dust, dirt, and even smoke with Electromaze electrostatic air filters. File-drawer construction makes installation and servicing easy.



SCRUBS AIR CLEAN! Air-Maze oil-bath filters literally "scrub" engine intake air clean in a bath of oil. Engines last longer because abrasive dirt and grit can't get in to damage polished pistons, cylinders and rings.

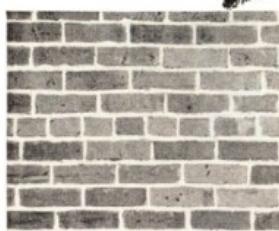
WHETHER YOU BUILD OR USE engines, compressors, air-conditioning and ventilating equipment, or any device using air or liquids — the chances are there is an Air-Maze filter engineered to serve you better. Representatives in all principal cities, or write Air-Maze Corporation, Cleveland 28, Ohio.

AIR-MAZE
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LIQUID FILTERS
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How would you paint this?



This is a brick surface. How would you give it a matte finish, lasting color intensity, and a "breather" covering that lets moisture escape?

THE answer is Gold Bond Craftone... and it goes for all kinds of stucco and masonry as well as brick. Architects prefer Craftone because it gives a pleasing matte finish—free of gloss and "shines". Provides "breather" coat that does not blister, peel or flake. Tough, durable, quick-drying.

There's a Gold Bond Paint to cover every type of masonry wall... porous or dense, new or old, painted or unpainted, interior or exterior!

For porous stucco and masonry, use Gold Bond Craftone Cement Paint. Long-lasting, low cost. Locks itself into wall. Does not peel or blister.

For very porous cinder blocks, apply Gold Bond Craftone Masonry Coater (white only) to keep water out. If color is desired, use Gold Bond Craftone Cement Paint for second coat.

For old, cracked or scaly masonry walls, use Gold Bond Craftoатель. Primes and resurfaces. Frequently saves cost of sandblasting. Rough, tough, elastic.

Available at leading paint, hardware, lumber and building material dealers.

(Free Gold Bond Masonry Painting Handbook will be mailed to you upon request.)



NATIONAL GYPSUM CO., BUFFALO 2, N.Y.
West of the Rockies, ask for Weico Paints, products of Weico Waterpaints, Inc., a subsidiary of National Gypsum Company.

Gold Bond
MASONRY
PAINTS

RADIO & TV

Winners

The winners of the 13th Annual Peabody Awards, announced in Manhattan this week: *

RADIO

NEWS: ABC's Martin Agronsky, whose ability in "getting the story behind the story is distinctive."

MUSIC: a double award, to CBS's New York Philharmonic and to NBC's regional Standard Symphony broadcast (and recently telecast) to eleven Western states.

PUBLIC SERVICE: Columbia (S.C.) station WIS, for the "promotion of international understanding" with its series, *The United Nations Needs You*.

TELEVISION

EDUCATION: Du Mont's *The Johns Hopkins Science Review*, for programs presented "with candor, a scientific attitude and a high degree of visual imagination."

ENTERTAINMENT: a double award, to NBC's *Mister Peepers* ("Wally Cox . . . is a genuinely funny man") and to NBC's *Your Hit Parade* ("consistent good taste . . . and technical perfection").

CHILDREN: NBC's *Ding Dong School*, because it is "simple, sincere, and unpretentious."

NEWS: NBC's *Meet the Press*, because it "makes news as well as reports it."

DOCUMENTARY: NBC's *Victory at Sea*, for "26 superb programs dramatizing the heroism and sacrifice in the great naval engagements of World War II."

PUBLIC SERVICE: Cleveland's station WEWS, for cooperating with the city's varied racial, religious and economic groups in televising "more than 700 formal community service programs."

Sporting Life

In the past three years, New York Yankee fans have been treated to the rough & ready English of Dizzy Dean and the schoolboy precision of Joe DiMaggio, who even read his interviews from scripts. Last week the fans got a new radio & TV announcer, and the gabbiest one of all: old-time Movie Comie Joe E. Brown.

Funnyman Brown, 60, takes his new job on Manhattan's station WPIX with deadly seriousness: "I love baseball, and I'm never going to make it the butt of my jokes." Joe broadcasts pre-game and post-game interviews, plus three innings of play-by-play on TV, and two innings on radio. His delivery is intensely partisan ("Come on, you Yankees, get those bats off your shoulders!"), and he sometimes drifts from the action on the diamond into patriotic outbursts ("I've seen plenty of other countries, but believe me, America is the best of the lot. America, I love you!").

Pinch-Hit Double. Joe may occasionally mispronounce the players' names (he calls Yogi Berra "Berry"), but he has an encyclopedic memory for baseball statistics and stories. He says that he did not

get into show business until he was nine but he was a confirmed baseball fan at four. Though he made a living as a circus aerialist in his teens, Joe spent each summer playing semi-pro and minor-league baseball. In 1920 his friend Ed Barrow, manager of the Boston Red Sox, let Joe pinch-hit for Outfielder Harry Hooper in an exhibition game. In what may have been the happiest moment of his life, Joe hit a double.

Comic Brown, as resolute a baseball fan as ever fumbled a grounder, used to fly to Florida each spring to work out with the Yankees, and has been in & out of the locker rooms of half the teams across the nation. He has made three baseball movies (*Fireman Save My Child*, *Elmer the Great*, *Alibi Ike*), and his contract with



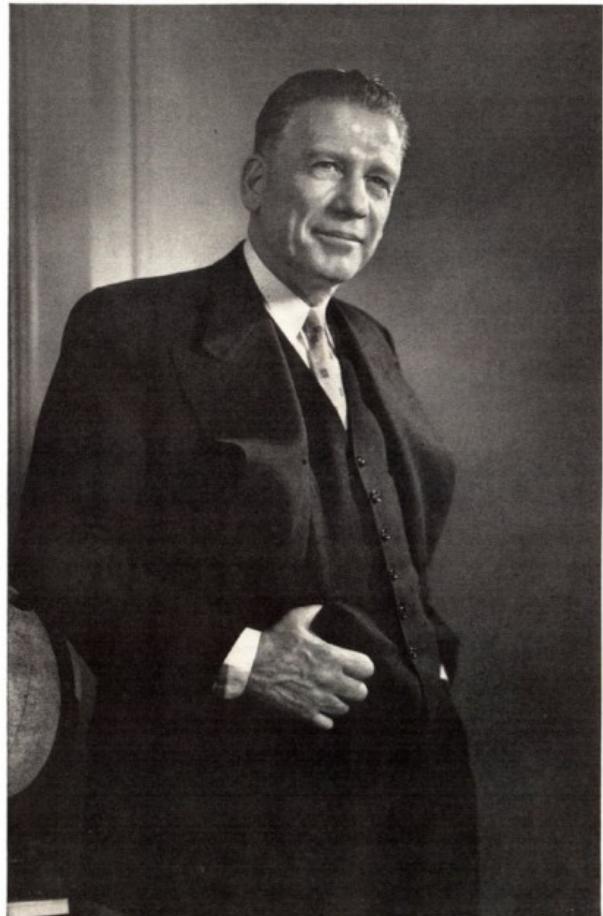
SPORTCASTER BROWN
"I love baseball."

Warner Bros. allowed him to equip and run a semi-pro team at Warner's expense. He once owned 25% of the Kansas City Blues, and considered buying the Brooklyn Dodgers in the '30s. His son, Joe L., is president of the New Orleans Pelicans of the Southern Association.

Fewer Phonies. In California, Joe is a member of the State Athletic Commission, president of the Pony Baseball Leagues (for boys from 12 to 15), and the donor of a sports trophy room to U.C.L.A. containing such mementos as Babe Ruth's bat and the trunks Gene Tunney wore the night he won the championship from Jack Dempsey. Joe thinks he is the only man living to have two athletic fields named after him: one in his home town of Holgate, Ohio, the other at U.C.L.A., which has made him an honorary undergraduate (Joe never got beyond the ninth grade).

To take the job of announcing for the Yankees, Joe this week gave up his *TV Circus Hour* (Tues. 8 p.m., NBC). Says

"I'm convinced young people get more out of life insurance than anybody else"



A NORTHWESTERN MUTUAL POLICYHOLDER since 1919, Mr. Grede began his life insurance program with this company at the very outset of his business career and today owns several policies.

An unusual and helpful analysis

by W.M.J. GREDE

President, *The National Council of Young Men's Christian Associations;*
President, Grede Foundries, Inc.

"OVER the years I have seen the value of life insurance from three vantage points. First, as a policyholder. I began my program as a very young man, and have been thankful for the youthful wisdom—or perhaps luck—that prompted my early start.

"Second, as an employer. I have seen what owning life insurance can mean to a man's personal advancement. The sense of security not only makes him a happier individual but also a better producer. In providing for the future, he is likely to be a better provider for the present.

"Third, through working with young people, I know well how life insurance helps in forming character. In building a program of life insurance, the young man affirms an important and basic principle: a man's responsibility to do for himself. And he exercises those God-given virtues of discipline, thrift and prudence which always will be essential to real success in life."



WHY POLICYHOLDERS ARE

SO LOYAL TO

NORTHWESTERN MUTUAL...

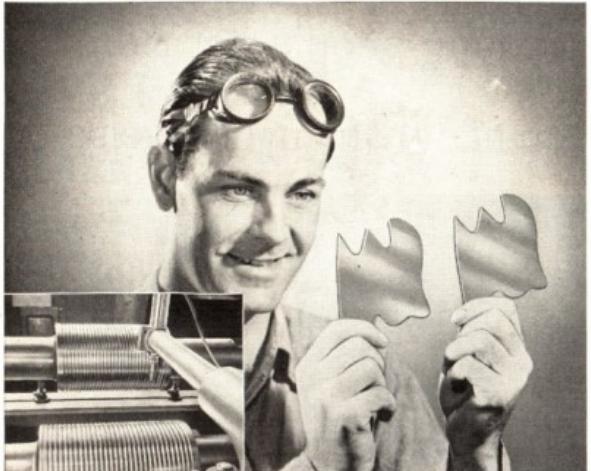
"THIS company is one of the largest in the world, with a reputation for low net cost, and 95 years' experience.

This emphasizes that there are significant differences among life insurance companies. It is one reason why each year nearly half the life insurance issued by this company goes to those already in the Northwestern Mutual "family."

Have you reviewed your life insurance program within the last two years? You'll find a distinct advantage in calling upon the skill and understanding of a Northwestern Mutual agent.

RAEUS, OTTAWA

The NORTHWESTERN MUTUAL Life Insurance Company
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DOUBLES IN BRASS - OR ANY METAL

More accurate than human hands and up to seven times faster in difficult machining operations!

That's the story of the Raytheon Duplicator—an electronic robot which "feels" the twists and turns of a master pattern and automatically reproduces the pattern in metal thousands of times. Or performs complicated turning and boring operations formerly considered impractical.

The Raytheon Duplicator eliminates spoilage, saves critical materials, reduces precision machining time up to 85%. It unstops production bottlenecks, helps pave the way for better products at less cost—and contributes importantly to defense efforts.

First developed in the early 1940's, the Duplicator is another dramatic reminder of Raytheon's 30-year record of electronic leadership.



RAYTHEON TELEVISION SETS feature the VU-matic® tuner and all-channel VHF-UHF tuning. Raytheon TV—"Built for Today—Designed for Tomorrow." See it!



ELECTRONIC SPEED COP—Raytheon Magnetic Speed Control regulates speeds of electric motors operating at variable rates and loads. No routine maintenance.



ULTRASONIC CUTTING — Ultrasonic Machine Tool—new method for shaping, sharpening, drilling and cutting hard metals & ceramics by abrasive action.



Excellence in Electronics
RAYTHEON MANUFACTURING COMPANY
WALTHAM 54, MASSACHUSETTS

he: "I wouldn't do this kind of a show if it wasn't baseball." How does he think he is going over with the fans? He admits "little mistakes each day. I still haven't found myself. It will take at least a month before I'll be where I should be." But he loves his work, because "you don't run up against so many phonies in sport. I don't know why it is, but the percentage is much lower."

ILL Wind

Last month Drew Pearson lost both his sponsor (Carter's Little Liver Pills) and his ABC network show. Darkly implying that he was the victim of a conservative conspiracy to drive liberal commentators off the air, Pearson said: "I even offered to work for free until we got a new sponsor, but ABC wouldn't take it."

By this week, the alleged conspiracy was proving strangely ineffectual. Pearson and his staff had decided to put his show on tape, sell it directly to individual stations across the nation at prices ranging from \$7 to \$100 per program. He was soon signed up by 151 stations, most of them affiliates of his old network. By week's end the list had grown to more than 170 stations, with about 95% carrying the show under local sponsorship. Delighted with the good results of his particular ill wind, Pearson says he has no intention of returning to network broadcasting: "The way it is, I have about 170 sponsors. If I do something to lose one—or a dozen—it doesn't matter. It's not like being tied to one sponsor."

Program Preview

For the week starting Friday, April 24. Times are E.S.T., subject to change, through Saturday, April 25; E.D.T., thereafter.

RADIO

Best Plays (Fri. 8:30 p.m., NBC). Arthur Kennedy in *Mister Roberts*.

There's Music in the Air (Fri. 9 p.m., CBS). First broadcast of Cole Porter's new *Can-Can* score.

Jack Benny Show (Sun. 7 p.m., CBS). With Fred Allen.

Theatre Guild on the Air (Sun. 8:30 p.m., NBC). Richard Widmark in George Orwell's *Nineteen Eighty-Four*.

ABC Playhouse (Thurs., 9 p.m., ABC). Gary Merrill in *The Giant Killer*.

TELEVISION

TV Opera Theater (Sat. 4:30 p.m., NBC). Part One of *Der Rosenkavalier*.

This Is Charles Laughton (Sat. 6:15 p.m., CBS). Fifteen minutes with a master reader.

Hall of Fame (Sun. 3:30-5:30 p.m., NBC). *Hamlet*, with Maurice Evans (making his television debut), Sarah Churchill, Ruth Chatterton, Joseph Schildkraut, Barry Jones.

Plymouth Playhouse (Sun. 7:30 p.m., ABC). *Jamie*, with Brandon de Wilde, Ernest Truex.

Burns & Allen Show (Mon. 8 p.m., CBS). Addlepated nonsense from Gracie Allen.



CORONET V-EIGHT 4-DOOR SEDAN

You've Got to Drive It to Believe It!

Newest, nimblest piece of live action on four wheels! That's the report on America's all-new Action Car . . . the sleek and trim new '53 Dodge. It's something you must experience for yourself: the surging flow of Red Ram V-8 power, the secure sense of driver mastery and control, the travel-planned comfort of its spacious interior and Orillow ride. Here's the car that active, on-the-go Americans claim for their own. One drive . . . and you will too!

Specifications and equipment subject to change without notice.



Snugs Down on Curves
...like a sports car...with chassis, suspension, and balance built to control the safety-reserve of power in the 140-h.p. Red Ram V-8!



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MEDICINE

Who Cares About Care?

Dr. Louis H. Bauer, president of the American Medical Association, was downcast. Of some 4,000 internists who traveled to the Atlantic City convention of the American College of Physicians last week, only 75 saw fit to attend a panel discussion on "The Internist's Relation to Citizenship." Dr. Bauer, moderator of the discussion, surveyed the sparse audience and reflected gloomily: "Medicine is no longer a purely scientific problem. It has social and economic factors. Doctors should take an interest in those phases as well as the scientific ones . . . If [a] program sounds anything like talk about medical economics, they won't come unless they expect to see a fight."

"People are puzzled today as to how you get medical care," said another panel member. He thought internists should "interpret and lead." But few conventioners seemed interested in citizenship problems. While the panel met, more than 1,000 physicians pushed into another meeting room to hear a highly technical discussion of a couple of autopsies—involving problems that the average internist seldom meets in a lifetime of normal practice.

Doctors Onstage

In the Tower Theater in downtown Atlanta, an overflow crowd spilled into the orchestra pit, backed up into the aisles; outside, latecomers shoved at the doors. The show had barely got underway when the night was rent by keening sirens, and fire engines roared to the theater entrance.

But there was no fire, and the firemen were only playing it safe. They had come to clear the aisles and exits. The show went on—an astonishingly popular amateur performance, seventh in a series of public forums on "You and Your Health."

Arterial Coincidence. The Atlanta Journal organized the forums after noting the popularity of similar forums in St. Petersburg, Fla.—and after two years of prodding the lethargic, publicity-shy Fulton County Medical Society. Once the plan was approved, Atlanta's doctors pitched in, joined the newsmen in selecting eight top physicians to act as moderators, assigned some 75 others to serve as speakers and panel members at eight weekly forums. The week Stalin died of a brain hemorrhage brought on by hardened arteries, Atlantans swarmed to the Tower Theater to attend the first forum. Its subject (by sheer coincidence): hardening of the arteries.

Week after week the crowds returned. They pushed into the Tower to hear 15-minute lectures on subjects that ranged from "The Common Cold" to "Constipation and Cathartics." Last week more than 1,900, the largest crowd yet, waited out the fire scare, filled up the aisles again after the firemen left, and carried on a brisk, free-wheeling discussion of "Emotional Problems."



Wide World

THE A.M.A.'S BAUER
The doctors wanted a fight.

Mother Love. Psychiatrist Joseph Skobba led off with a talk on the subject of the evening, keeping the pitch clear and simple. Among his general prescriptions:

"Face problems squarely; live in the present. Get plenty of rest, food and recreation. The tired and hungry individual has a poor tolerance for emotional tension."

"Have a major goal and several minor ones. These . . . give direction . . . and provide opportunities for successes.

"Give others the right to be wrong, different and even peculiar."

Afterward came the question period,



Bill Warren

PSYCHIATRIST SKOBBA
The firemen played it safe.

with panel members taking turns answering. Samples:

Q. Can emotional disturbances cause cancer of the stomach?

A. No.

Q. Is television a serious problem in child growth?

A. We haven't realized that our parents feared we would all be killed by automobiles. We're going to have to face the facts that our children will adjust themselves to television better than we can. Maybe a mother's next worry will be what happens to her daughter when she flies to Paris for the weekend.

Q. If the baby is crying, should you hold it or let it cry?

A. It depends on whose baby it is. If it is your baby, hold it. There was a feeling 20 years ago that you should teach children to control themselves, that ten days after the baby was born you should put it in the bathroom, shut the door, turn up the radio and let the baby cry itself out. But I think the baby has the right to have the love of its mother for at least several months or a year or two.

Atlantans, who have already received some \$50,000 worth of free medical advice from the "You and Your Health" forums, will continue to get such aid through the summer. For shut-ins, and those who were shut out of the crowded Tower Theater, the Atlanta *Journal* plans to repeat the eight forums on TV.

Capsules

¶ Tested on humans for the first time, trifluoroethyl vinyl ether turned out to be a promising new anesthetic. Product of 15 years' research by Dr. John C. Krantz Jr., Johns Hopkins pharmacology professor, the fluorinated ether puts a patient to sleep in 27 seconds (a standard ether takes up to five minutes), has an agreeable odor and a high boiling point that should make it useful in warm climates. Biggest advantage: not readily combustible, it will reduce the danger of disastrous operating-room explosions.

¶ Strong Cobb & Co. of Cleveland announced a new barbiturate which in over-large doses will turn the stomachs of "goofball" addicts and would-be suicides. Developed by Drs. Theodore Koppanyi and Joseph Fazekas of Washington, D.C., the pills contain standard barbiturates and an added safety factor, pentylenetetrazol. A powerful nerve stimulant, the safety factor counters the depressant effect of too much barbiturate, and long before the goofball addict drifts into euphoria or the would-be suicide passes out, pentylenetetrazol causes the unhappy user to vomit his medicine.

¶ The cross dentists bear is that patients fear and dislike them, a group of psychiatrists told the California State Dental Association. Further conclusions of the psychiatrists: 1) dentists sometimes react to their patients' antagonism by causing them unnecessary pain; 2) just as the man in the chair needs a break now & then to spit, so the dentist needs a break occasionally—to spit or even swear a little, and thus relieve his own tensions.

MUSIC

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Mecca for Moderns

The Louisville Orchestra is fond of new music, has commissioned and performed 24 new works in five years. Last week it prepared for the biggest commissioning program in U.S. musical history: an additional 46 new compositions a year for four years. After performance by the symphony, the scores will be recorded (by Columbia) for subscription sale and distribution to broadcasters. The Rockefeller Foundation has agreed to put up the money (\$400,000). Louisville's first big job will be to look over the musical scene, set the most gifted composers to work. Top fee: \$1,000.

Sequel in Jerusalem

In Jerusalem last week. Violinist Jascha Heifetz once more ignored Israeli threats and warnings, played a work by the late German Composer Richard Strauss, just as he had done in Haifa and Tel Aviv (TIME, April 20). Moments after the concert, in front of Jerusalem's King David Hotel, a hooligan stepped up to Heifetz, struck him a blow on his right hand with an iron bar, and ran. The same evening, with an aching bow hand, Heifetz played the fourth concert of his Israel tour to heavy applause (Strauss was not scheduled). Then he called off his final concert (Strauss scheduled), and flew to Rome.

Critical Composer

You know who critics are?—the men who have failed in literature and art.

—Disraeli

New York City's newspapers and magazines support some 40 regular music critics. Their main job is to keep tabs on the city's 1,500-odd concerts, operas and recitals each season. Most of them are journalists first & last, though many are amateur pianists. But, now & then, a scant half dozen expose themselves to brotherly blasts as active composers.

Last week the *Herald Tribune's* shy, scholarly Critic Arthur Berger, 40, took his biggest leap: his *Ideas of Order*, a twelve-minute orchestral piece inspired by poems of Wallace Stevens, got its première from the Philharmonic-Symphony, conducted by Dimitri Mitropoulos. The music had Stravinsky-like touches: nervous rhythms, clean, cool sonorities, a three-note theme scattered among instruments and pitch levels. But, in the richness of sound and in the three brief but searing climaxes, it was clear that Berger had a style of his own.

A Rumble of Principles. The audience applauded warmly, and the critics nodded fraternally. "Purely esthetic, absolutely logical," wrote Noel Straus of the *Times*. "As simple and charming as a Haydn symphony," said the *Herald Tribune's* Jay S. Harrison. "A composer with principles" rumbled the *Journal-American's* Miles Kastendieck.

Berger, Bronx-born, began improvising

at the piano when he was ten, and once thought of a performer's career. But he was supporting himself as a music critic and ghostwriter by the time he was 20. In the early '30s, he covered modernist concerts for the tabloid *Mirror* while the more austere dailies were filling their columns with Rachmaninoff. Except for spells of teaching (at Mills and Brooklyn Colleges) and study (with Darius Milhaud and Nadia Boulanger), he has been at it ever since, is now the *Herald Tribune's* most influential critic next to Critic-Composer (*Four Saints in Three Acts*) Virgil Thomson. On his days off, he has found time to compose a score of scores of his own.

Aside from the fact that it pays him a good living, criticism appeals to Berger. He finds that his experience as a composer helps him understand the problems of



Richard Meek

ARTHUR BERGER
A nod from the fraternity.

performing—and the need for first-rate performances. But, in the course of covering five events a week, he has his headaches. One—the overloaded program (morning-paper critics like to get back to their office typewriters early). Another, and the commonest source of distress to a sympathetic critic: the struggling but limited performer who has laid out a hard-earned \$1,000-\$1,500 for a Manhattan recital, hoping for rave reviews which will lead to contracts and a steady career.

An Hour Till Midnight. Critic Berger has about an hour in which to set his opinions on paper before his midnight deadline, flows them out quickly. As a composer, Berger takes more time, usually spends several painstaking months on a quarter hour of music (*Ideas* took about 90 days). Even after it is technically finished, Berger often continues to polish up details. Says he: "I am my own severest critic."

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Hot v. Cool (the bands of Jimmy McPartland and Dizzie Gillespie; M-G-M album). Four tunes played in strenuous alternation by Trumpeter McPartland's hot Dixielanders and Gillespie's bopsters. The predictable upshot: the cool school does best with the harmonic complexities of *How High the Moon*, the Dixielanders with the basic chords of *Indiana*. But both manage to give the oldtime *Muskrat Ramble* a fine bounce.

Oscar Peterson Plays George Gershwin (Mercury LP). One of jazzdom's most versatile pianists trips the dark fantastic in a dozen of the best-liked Gershwin gems. There are times when the tune is hard to find, but Peterson's feeling for mood and invention never falters. In the same series and with the same fine sidemen (Guitarist Barney Kessel and Bassist Ray Brown) are LP's of Cole Porter, Duke Ellington, and Irving Berlin tunes.

Anno (Silvana Mangano; M-G-M). A dispirited tango from the Italian film of the same name, recorded from the film's sound track. Actress Mangano gives it a minimum of singing but plenty of sensual lassitude.

Hug Me a Hug (Pearl Bailey; Coral). Not much of a tune, but Bailey's earthy discussions of the comparative merits of love and conversation are always easy to listen to.

I'll Never Say "Never Again" Again (Benny Goodman & His Orchestra; Columbia). A brand-new recording by the old King of Swing, who has now assembled a star-studded outfit for a sentimental journey across the U.S.A. Except for a slight tendency toward middle-aged conservatism (he plays fewer notes nowadays), 1933 Goodman sounds much like the 1938 variety. Songbird Helen Ward's voice is as sweet as ever.

It's the Same (Marlene Dietrich and Rosemary Clooney; Columbia). Testimonials in favor of love from a globetrotter and a stay-at-home. World-wide Marlene says, "It's delicious in Rome, it's delightful in Nome," while the more rustic Rosemary finds "It still fills the bill on the back porch at home."

Kaw-Liga (Dolores Gray; Decca). A tongue-in-cheek hillbilly ditty about a cigar-store Indian in love. A perky tune and some pleasingly professional singing.

Unhappy Day (Homer and Jethro; Victor). The inevitable riposte to that vulnerable hit, *On Happy Day*. In hollow tones, and with the accompaniment of tuba and guitar, the singer spells out his misery.

Yokohama Mama (Harry Kari; Capitol). In a voice that has the sibilant Oriental inflections of a Peter Lorre, a fellow who calls himself Harry Kari explains how he got snared by a geisha girl.

* Goodman's own part in the tour was interrupted this week when he was bedded down in Boston, suffering from exhaustion. Until he is able to rejoin the gang, Drummer Gene Krupa will front the band. Such famed Goodmenites as Teddy Wilson, Ziggy Elman and Georgie Auld are backing him up.

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MILESTONES

Born. To Philip H. Willkie, 33 (son of the late Wendell Willkie), Republican member of the Indiana state legislature, and Rosalie Heffelfinger Willkie, 24, daughter of Grain Millionaire F. Peavey Heffelfinger; their second child, second son; in Indianapolis. Name: Sleeth Heffelfinger. Weight: 9 lbs. 4 oz.

Married. Ann Rumf, Vassar-educated daughter of Tax Economist Beardsley ("pay as you go") Rumf; and Lieut. Colonel of the King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry) John R. Innes Doyle, nephew of the late Sir Arthur Conan (Sherlock Holmes) Doyle; in the British embassy, Paris.

Married. Glenn Davis, 28, All-American halfback ("Mr. Outside") of West Point's undefeated 1944-46 teams, now a Houston oil executive; and Mrs. Ellen Slack, 31, pretty World War II widow; in Shreveport, La., the day after Davis received word of his final divorce decree from up & coming Cinematress Terry (*Come Back, Little Sheba*) Moore.

Divorced. Fred Perry, 46, British-born ex-world champion tennis player (amateur and professional), now the pro at Florida's Boca Raton Club; by his third wife, Lorraine Perry, 44, after six years of marriage, no children; in West Palm Beach, Fla.

Died. Frederick Lawrence Green, 51, English novelist (*A Flask for the Journey, The Magician*) best known for his account of back-alley Irish nationalism in *Odd Man Out* (which became a hit movie); in Bristol, England.

Died. David Louis Behncke, 55, old-time pilot, founder and longtime (1931-51) president of the powerful, 7,000-member Air Line Pilots' Association (A.F.L.); of a heart attack; in Chicago.

Died. Charles R. Knight, 78, painter-sculptor of prehistoric animals and Stone Age men; in Manhattan.

Died. Thomas Joseph ("Sailor Tom") Sharkey, 79, boxing great of the 1890s, always a contender, but never a champion; of a heart disease; in San Francisco. Barrel-chested Tom Sharkey left his native Ireland at twelve to go to sea, knocked out 39 opponents in 54 fights, yet lost his crucial bouts with Heavyweight Champions Jim Jeffries, Bob Fitzsimmons and "Gentleman Jim" Corbett. He came closest to the title in 1899 when he battled Jeffries at Coney Island for 25 rib-cracking rounds under a broiling bank of 400 arc lights (for an early attempt at indoor movies). After running a famous bar on Manhattan's 14th Street, he drifted to the West Coast, died a pauper.

* No kin to his namesake, former (1932-33) Heavyweight Champion Jack Sharkey (born José Paul Cuckoschay).

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SCIENCE

Bill & the Little Beast

(See Cover)

In the chill of the desert dawn, a weird airplane, painted as white as a new refrigerator, was wheeled out of a hangar at Edwards Air Force Base, California, and towed at funeral-slow speed toward the level, eight-mile runway of Muroc Dry Lake. The plane was the Douglas X-3, a radical, dangerous experiment in sustained supersonic flight. Most of the small gallery of onlookers—pilots, engineers and Douglas executives—had seen it many times before, and presumably most of them had confidence in it. But few could have escaped some twinges of misgiving as the strange, sharklike craft (*see sketch above*) was prepared for flight.

Every flight test of an experimental airplane is a blood-chilling drama. It has its hero, the test pilot, to dominate its climax like the matador of a bullfight. It has a troop of villains: the unseen devils of the air that claw at the untried plane, shake it, spin it, hammer it, try to tear it to ribbons. Some tests are extra tense. The maiden flight of the X-3 a few months ago was one of the touchiest in aviation history. The pilot: Bill Bridgeman, a husky, clear-eyed airman who had already flown faster (1,238 m.p.h.) and higher (79,494 ft.) than any other man.

Wickedly Fast. The out-of-this-world design of Bill Bridgeman's new airplane would scare the daylight out of the ordinary pilot. The X-3 has a long, droopy nose that looks as if it had softened and wilted slightly. High and far to the rear juts a monstrous tail. The fuselage has just enough room for two big jet engines, whose bulky, cylindrical shapes bulge the skin outward. The plane is much bigger than a standard fighter, and extremely heavy for its size: in engineers' lingo it has a prodigiously high "solidarity factor." But all it has for wings are thin, knife-edged trapezoids no bigger than dining-room tables. Even squatting on the ground it looks wickedly fast, but its wings, apparently as rudimentary as the wings of a penguin, do not look as if they could lift it into the air.

As soon as the X-3 was on the runway, the elaborate paraphernalia of modern flight-testing began to unroll around

it. Fire trucks sped off and took up stations at one-mile intervals along the eight-mile runway. Two ambulances took positions in the ominous line. Two F-86 Sabres, a photographic and an observer plane, took off, blowing clouds of dust across the field. Another F-86 already in the air circled the field and landed. Its pilot was the Air Force's Major "Chuck" Yeager (TIME, April 18, 1949), the first man to fly faster than sound. He would fly "chase" on the X-3, watching for the beginnings of trouble. As he taxied up to the line, other jets took off, and soon Muroc echoed with the clattering scream of their engines.

Dressed in a "blast suit," Test Pilot Bridgeman, the human star of the show, got down from a green Ford and walked lithely toward the X-3, the mechanical star. Technicians swarmed over the aircraft, giving it a last check. A flight surgeon stopped Bridgeman, examined him closely to make sure he was O.K. Both plane and man were pronounced ready for flight.

Grinning quickly at the flight surgeon, Bridgeman walked to the X-3, stooped, and squatted directly under it. He eased himself into a seat that hung on an elevator below the plane's belly. Mechanics bolted him into the seat, tightened broad straps across his chest, shoulders and knees. An aerodynamicist checked their job with meticulous care. Then Bridgeman turned a knob, and the elevator lifted him slowly into the X-3.



TEST PILOTS YEAGER & BRIDGEMAN
"When you gotta go, you gotta go."

Let Her Go. While Bridgeman checked his instruments, people and cars began to pull back to a prudent distance—and with good reason. When the X-3's afterburners are roaring full, they send out cones of destructive sound that can pop eardrums.

Soon Bridgeman started both jets, and they drowned out the lesser sound of Yeager's F-86. When he cut in the afterburners a few moments later, an awesome roar rolled across the lake. The X-3 came to violent life. It bucked and shook and howled like a trapped hyena. This was the signal for Yeager to take off. His Sabre sped down the runway.

Inside the bucking X-3, Bridgeman pressed hard on the brakes while the plane struggled and shook. "Boy, she wanted to go," he recalls. "She wanted to go something bad. I was all set, so I let her go." Over the interplane radio he called to Yeager in the air ahead of him: "When you gotta go, you gotta go. Let's go, Chuck!"

He released the brakes, and the X-3 began to roll, its tailpipes' blast clawing great chunks out of the lake's hard surface. After a long run it was still on the ground, but the stunted wings were beginning to grip the air. The wheel struts grew longer as the aircraft lightened on its feet.

The Sensible Thing. "Strut extended," Yeager said encouragingly over the interplane radio. His Sabre dipped low to watch the critical take-off. The X-3's wheels lifted clear of the ground at last.

"Clean, very clean," said Yeager, and Bill Bridgeman got up his landing gear. The X-3 was airborne on its tiny wings, and one of the engineers on the ground began to weep. "It seemed the sensible thing to do," one of his companions explained. "More than blueprints went into that airplane."

Soon the X-3 and Yeager's Sabre were only a couple of thundering dots above the desert horizon. But to the jittery listeners gathered around a trailer near the hangar, they seemed eerily close. The trailer's roof bristled with antennae, and over them streamed a flood of news from the distant airplanes. Out of a loudspeaker, mixed with cracklings, hums and silences, came the voices of Bridgeman and Yeager.

Bridgeman: "Where are you, Chuck? Stay off my engine. (Stick just off to one side and watch me.)

Yeager: "Right on your tail, son. Just looking up your tailpipe."

The antennae brought more than voices. In a darkened end of the trailer, newsroom for the X-3's telemetering circuits, engineers stared intently at vertical lines of light on the faces of two oscilloscopes. The "green worms" were connected by electronics with 186 instruments tucked into the X-3. Some of the lines crept upward slowly; some kept steady; some lengthened or shortened in quick little jumps. To a practiced eye they told almost everything about the ordeal of the distant X-3 and its watchful pilot. The lines of light measured the air speed and a host of air pressures all over the plane. They told the position of wheels, flaps and control surfaces. They rode herd on scores of temperatures inside and outside the engine and on the skin of the plane itself. They detected the first feeble flutters of a vibrating tail or wing-tip. Every motion and tremor of the X-3, as it rode high above the desert's Joshua trees, was written down continuously in lines of light in the trailer.

Phantom Crew. The cramped cockpit of the X-3 has no room for anyone except Bill Bridgeman, but the tense men watching the oscilloscopes can perform all the duties of a well-trained crew. They bend electronically over Bridgeman's shoulders, watch banks of instruments that he would have no time to glance at. They warn him when some unfelt danger is still small, but growing.

As the echoing voices crackle over the channels, and the lines of light rise and fall on the 'scopes, the men in the crowded trailer feel warm identification with the man in the air. They leave the ground when he does, hurtle through the sky in his ungentled airplane. Their hearts skip a beat when his does—and sometimes before. Their muscles tense with his. Bill Bridgeman feels the same intimate way about his phantom crew miles away on the ground. "They're right with me," he says, "watching every little thing. I don't even have to ask them. They'll tell me if anything's wrong."

Much went wrong on the first flight of the droopy-nosed X-3, but not much may be told about it. During its first attempt, it did not fly faster than a modern jet bomber, and at this speed, far below its design speed, its penguin wings probably gave it little margin of stability. After a stint of unstable flopping and wobbling, the engines began to act up. The phantom crew in the trailer sensed the danger instantly.

"I think you should bring it back," one of them warned Bridgeman.

Bridgeman: "You want me to bring it home?"

Trailer: "Right."

Bill headed for the field.

Blind Landing. Then came the most dangerous part of the flight. The X-3 lands well above 200 m.p.h., and its little, fairied-in windows give its pilot almost no view of the ground as it flashes below. When Bill Bridgeman squared away and headed on a straight-in approach into Muroc, he

cautiously opened his landing-gear doors. They buffered alarmingly. Then he lowered his wheels. The X-3 obviously didn't like it.

Bridgeman to Yeager: "This thing doesn't want to stay in the air."

Yeager: "Doesn't seem to, does it?" Slanting swiftly down toward the great brown lake, the X-3 wobbled a little.

Yeager flew close beside it, playing seeing-eye dog to its blind pilot.

"Good attitude, Bill," he said. "You've got eight feet [off the runway]. Let her down a little more. You've still got eight feet." Slowly the speeding X-3 sank down toward the speeding ground. "Five feet," said Yeager. ". . . One. Now hold her right there. Nice job. The runway is clear for seven miles ahead."

The wheels touched at howling speed, throwing the rubber off their nylon tires

almost never uses even the milder cuss words.

These rock-steady traits did not grow out of a conventional childhood. Bill was born in Ottumwa, Iowa (present pop. 33,631), of English-Dutch ancestry. His parents (his father was an airman too) separated when he was a baby, leaving him to be raised by his paternal grandmother. When he got pneumonia, she took him to California to build up his health.

As a high-school boy, he was a laggard student, liked most to swim and tramp in the mountains. He played football fairly well, but he gave up field sports when he was accidentally hit on the head by a South Pasadena shot-putter.

Only when Bill got interested in flying did he begin to shine. To enter a military flying school he had to have college credits, which he earned without much trouble at



ENGINEERS AT TELEMEETER 'SCOPES
With echoing voices, tense muscles and meaningful silences.

and the X-3 shot for miles across the level lake.

"Thank you, Chuck," said Bill as he rolled out and slowed. "Thank you very much."

He was back on the ground. He would be safe for a while—until the next and faster flight, and the faster one after that.

Impressive Calm. The man who does this sort of job over & over again is 36 and bald. Bill Bridgeman has bright blue eyes, which seem more intent because of deep little airman's creases spraying out from them across his bronzed cheeks. He stands 6 ft. 1 1/2 in. tall, and has the big-shouldered build of a lifeguard. (During his college vacations he did serve as a lifeguard at Santa Monica beach, where lifeguarding is ranked among the decorative arts.)

Bill's most impressive characteristic is his calm. He moves with accurate grace, and his nerves work like a telephone exchange that never gets a wrong number. He never gets excited, never blows up. He

Pasadena Junior College and U.C.L.A. At the Navy's school at Pensacola, Fla., he learned to fly with the greatest of ease. When he made a perfect score in a landing test, the school's toughest instructor sourly remarked: "I've never given anybody a perfect rating, and I'm not going to start with you."

Bill got his Navy wings and commission in October 1941, and was shipped to Pearl Harbor. His skipper made him officer of the day for Sunday, Dec. 7, with the remark that "nothing happens here on Sunday." The something that happened that Sunday—the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor—allowed Ensign Bridgeman to distinguish himself in the only possible way that day by not getting wounded.

For 18 months of war, Bill thirsted for action and got none. He flew seaplanes—lumbering Catalinas—from Australia, but much of the time he waited for airplanes that did not arrive or would not fly. At last his frustration stirred up stomach ulcers, and he was shipped back to Treas-



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ure Island Naval Hospital near San Francisco.

"Dear Franklin . . ." After three months of brooding and flying a hospital bed, Ensign Bridgeman wrote a letter to President Roosevelt, beginning "Dear Franklin . . ." and demanded transfer to an active job. He told his secret to an admiral's wife who did welfare work in the hospital. She turned white and ran to the commanding admiral of the San Francisco Naval District. In old-line Navy custom, such conduct by an ensign was almost as shocking as mutiny.

Bill is not sure what happened, except that the admiral called Washington on the telephone and tried to explain "the unfortunate circumstances concerning a letter sent to the President." But two days later, Bill got high-priority "expedite orders" usually reserved for captains and admirals.

During the rest of the war, Bill got plenty of action. He flew bombing missions all over the Pacific with Buzz Miller's famous "Reluctant Raiders." He was slightly wounded by flak over Truk, but came through the war in tip-top shape and a lieutenant commander.

About this time he got married. Six years later he had the marriage annulled. "Odd, I know," is all he will say about it.

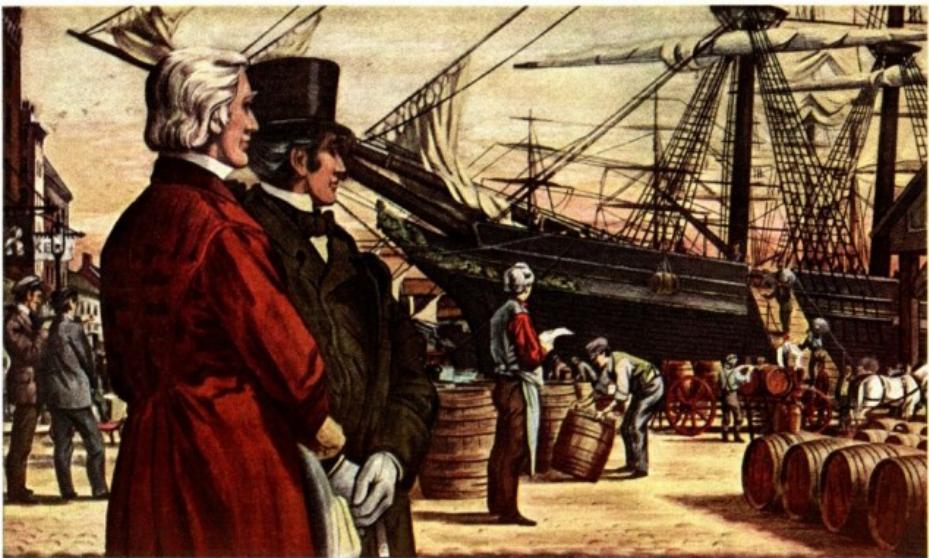
Twelve Hours in Jets. Out of the Navy, Bill worked for airlines but tired of the routine and joined Douglas as a production test pilot, checking out finished airplanes before delivery. After a year of this, he got transferred to the more stimulating (and better paid) job of experimental test pilot.

Douglas' Skyrocket had just been completed, but no pilot had been assigned to fly it. Bill's chief weakness in going after the job was that he had never flown a jet plane, and the rocket-pushed Skyrocket was a sort of superjet. He got checked out in an F-86, and in twelve hours of jet flying he convinced Douglas engineers that he was the man to entrust with the precious Skyrocket.

No one regretted the decision. In 60 dangerous but splendidly executed flights, Pilot Bridgeman flew the Skyrocket faster and higher than any other plane has flown. He met new perils of the air, e.g., "supersonic yaw" and heating, and brought the Skyrocket back again & again to its base. Death often brushed his shoulders, but the Skyrocket is still intact, and it has accumulated enough data about high-speed flying to keep designers figuring for years.

It was natural that Bill was considered for the even more dangerous job of testing the X-3.

The new assignment did not change his personal way of life, except that it gave him considerably more money (\$20,000 instead of the \$9,000 that production test pilots make). When not busy at Muroc, or studying the mathematics, aerodynamics and other subjects that modern test pilots need, Bill is what Californians approvingly call a "beach bum." He lives in a small, pleasant shack squeezed between the Pacific Coast Highway and the



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Conqueror hunted. Or visit the farmhouse at Langley where Henry VII courted Elizabeth of York. Their carved initials "H" and "E" are still there for all to see. It's "Open House" at Blenheim Palace, too, one of the most famous of England's historic homes. You're invited to see all its treasures, including the room where Winston Churchill was born. Wherever you go in the Cotswolds you're not more than 45 minutes from old Broadway and a rest at the Lygon Arms, in the very room where Oliver Cromwell slept before the battle of Worcester. Pleasant dreams in the Cotswolds. Dream of the thousand-and-one other delights in store for you in the rest of England, in Scotland, Wales and Northern Ireland. See your Travel Agent now and come to Britain.

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BRIDGEMAN ON THE BEACH
Beyond the mountains, another airplane.

Ernie Stout

rocky shore two miles north of Santa Monica. He swims, water-skis, sails, chases fish underwater with a spear, dives for spiny lobsters in the kelp beds, pries abalones off rocks. In quiet moments he sits on his porch, a high dive from the water, and feeds bagels to sea gulls. It is a pleasant life for a relaxing warrior, but always some odd airplane is waiting behind the mountains.

Brute Force v. Guile. Bill Bridgeman does not love the X-3: "It's a nasty little beast," he says, "and the Skyrocket was a queen." But the Douglas engineers who designed X-3 come fiercely to its defense. The X-3, they explain with indignant passion, is designed to do something that has never been done before. It is intended to reach high supersonic speed, probably Mach 2 (1,320 m.p.h.), and still show some of the essential characteristics of a real airplane.

The rocket planes (the Bell X-1 and the Douglas Skyrocket) that really "broke the sound barrier" sacrificed everything to speed. They used rocket motors, which burn something like a ton of fuel a minute. To hang up their speed and altitude records, they had to be carried off the airfield by bombers and dropped off in thin air at 35,000 ft. The longest supersonic flight so far (by Bridgeman in the Skyrocket) lasted only 100 seconds. This impractical "brute force" method, say the X-3's engineers, was all right for the first tests in supersonic flight, but it is not enough.

The X-3's objective is much more ambitious. Instead of smashing the sound barrier by brute rocket force, it will attempt to sneak through it with aerodynamic guile. It takes off from the ground, as a proper airplane should, and its comparatively economical jet engines are counted on to give it considerable time at

high speed. If successful, it may father a line of true and useful supersonic airplanes.

The objective, easy to state, is fantastically hard to attain. The air behaves strangely and stubbornly at Mach 2. Inconspicuous projections or badly designed curves can eat up thousands of horsepower. Shock waves must be outrun or they will beat on the airplane like hammers or hold it back like a wall. Every part that faces forward must be sharpened or knife-edged. Blunt shapes can be forced through the stubborn air at Mach 2, but only at enormous cost in power and fuel.

Menacing Beauty. Starting in 1944, the Douglas engineers, financed chiefly by the Air Force, and advised by the N.A.C.A. (National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics), explored dozens of possible designs, including unlikely patterns with the tail in front or no tail at all. They studied 700 wing sections. They called in physicists and mathematicians. According to one Douglas man, 32½ man-lifetimes were poured into the design of the X-3.

Slowly the plane took shape, progressing from tables of figures to blueprints, to mock-ups, to a thing of menacing beauty in metal and shining white lacquer. But for eight years the X-3 did not fly. Some flaw or unforeseen difficulty was forever showing up. Until a few months ago, the X-3 was not considered ready to be risked in flight.

Some of the faults were designed away; others were removed by improvements in engines, materials or manufacturing methods. New aerodynamic knowledge, much of it flowing from the wind tunnels of the N.A.C.A., told Douglas engineers how to improve their design.

No one could tell them how to make a supersonic airplane fly safely at slow speeds, i.e., below 650 m.p.h. At Mach 2,

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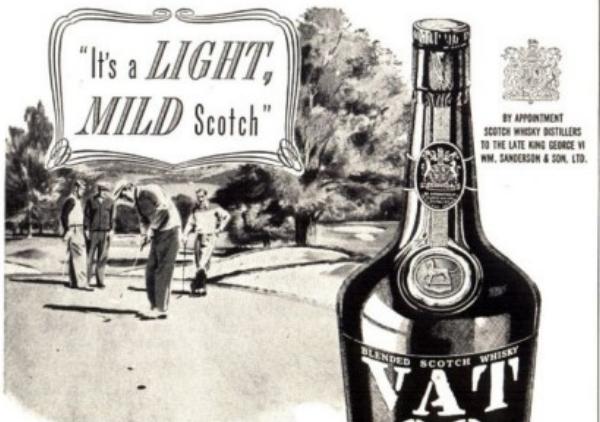
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very small wings will give sufficient lift. If they are made bigger, to give lift at low speed, they stir up too much drag. So the tiny wings of the X-3, designed for efficiency and minimum drag at very high speed, make the ship unstable and cranky when it is flying below the speed of sound. This is one reason why Bill Bridgeman quietly denounced the X-3 as a "nasty little beast." When he does, one of the Douglas designers retorts: "What do you expect? The X-3 wasn't built to hover."

Heat Barrier. Beyond the problems of design and control lies an even more serious obstacle. Some experts believe that heat will defeat all attempts of men to fly for long at twice the speed of sound. Rocket planes like the Skyrocket do not encounter the "heat barrier"; they do not fly long enough to heat up seriously. But the X-3, expected to fly at high speed for a considerable period, is another matter. Its designers had to build into it resistance to the floods of heat caused by its own motion.

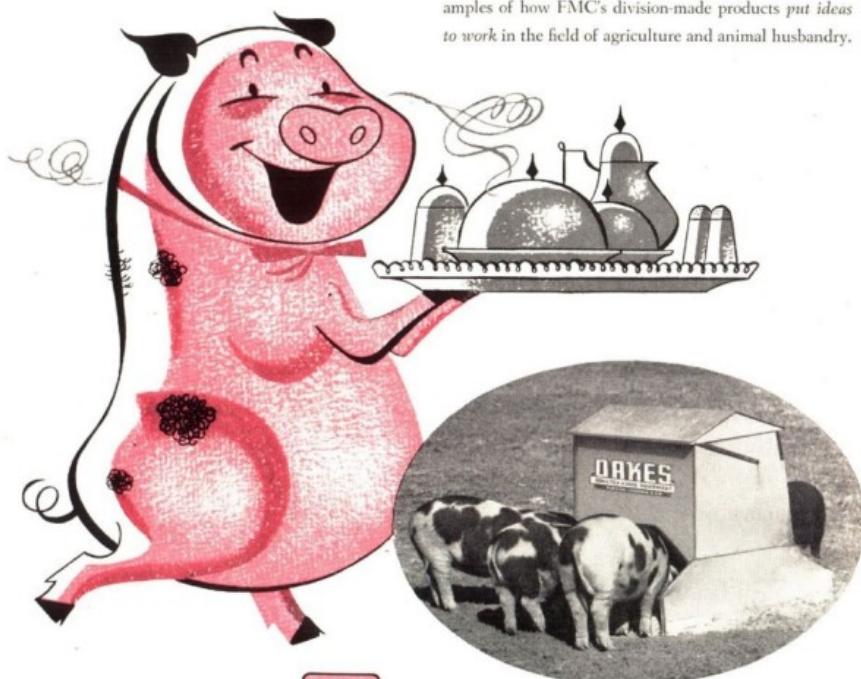
The problems involved were staggering. Aluminum alloys lose much of their strength at 300° F., so large parts of the X-3's skin, especially parts that get heat from the engines as well as from outside, are made of titanium. The cabin, which must be kept at a temperature where a man can sit, is cooled by a refrigerator powerful enough to air-condition an average movie theater. The refrigerator accounts for 10% of the empty weight of the X-3, and absorbs 2,600 horsepower from its engines. Despite all this cooling, the windows of the cockpit (which must be glass, not plastic) are expected to get hot enough to burn Bridgeman's hands.

Airman Bridgeman views the "heat barrier" calmly. He does not seem alarmed by the prospect of flying an airplane whose windows are too hot to touch. He is not optimistic, either, about the ultimate outcome. "The sound barrier," he says from experience, "wasn't too bad. It was sort of like jumping over a fence. But the heat barrier is like fighting your way into a thicket of thorns. The farther you get into it, the more thorns stick into you."

Problematic Plan. Not all airplane designers believe that the X-3 has a chance of reaching the speed for which it was designed. It is underpowered, they say, and, without complete redesign, it cannot use the bigger engines that are coming along. Bill is noncommittal. Neither liking nor trusting his little beast, he still intends to fly it with high professional competence, however tricky its character. The plan for Bill Bridgeman and the X-3 is many more flights, perhaps 40 of them, gradually increasing the speed to the maximum. Some of the flights are sure to be unpleasant, but Bill does not worry much. The flights will not come very close together; after almost every flight the X-3 is torn apart to remove some of its hazards. Between flights, Bill can enjoy his considerable salary, hunt for abalone on the surf-foaming rocks, and enjoy the guest of the evening in his beach house. If he worried overmuch, he would not be a test pilot.

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NATIVE DANCER (GUERIN UP) WINNING GOTHAM STAKES
In the last furlong, a reminder.

International

Debut at Three

At New York's Jamaica race track one day last week, more than 38,000 people turned out in a cold, windy drizzle to see a big grey run a mile and a sixteenth. The question before the grandstand: Is Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt's Native Dancer the same spectacular horse at three that he was at two, when he won nine races out of nine? Jamaica fans did not expect the full answer in one day, but, looking over the so-so field of horses running with the Dancer, they wagered that he would win his 1953 debut with ease. By the time the horses left the post in the first division of the Gotham Stakes, the Dancer was a heavy favorite: a \$2 bet on him stood to win the better only 30¢. He saw to it that his backers collected their dimes.

Jockey Eric Guerin got the Dancer off to a good start from an outside post position, then let others set the pace. Running outside, the Dancer was a smoothly moving fourth for most of the way. Coming into the stretch, Guerin gave him his head. There was no need to use the whip, though a furlong from the wire, Guerin waved it for a reminder. The Dancer drove home to win by two easy lengths in the fairly good time of 1:44. Long a heavy favorite for next month's Kentucky Derby, the undefeated Dancer is scheduled to stretch his legs at a mile and an eighth this week in the \$100,000 Wood Memorial. The Wood should give a much fuller answer to the question before the grandstand.

Historic Homer

The pitch came up to the plate waist-high. The Yankees' young (21) Outfielder Mickey Mantle swung smoothly, put the full weight of his well-muscled (5 ft. 11 in., 175 lbs.) body behind the blow. The smack of ball on bat echoed through

In the second division of the Gotham, Trio Stables' Laffango, another candidate for three-year-old honors, scored in 1:44.

OPEN WATER AHEAD

Anyone who has ever stood in a trout stream and felt the compelling pull of fast water on his waders, or felt the blood-rushing strike of a hungry bass, is apt to be a confirmed fisherman forever after. If he has also seen the frenzied boil of water as a hook sets firmly, or merely lazed in a boat with a line in his hand, he has discovered what Izaak Walton called the "poetry" of fishing, and has reveled in its "large measure of hope and patience."

This week, across the U.S., fresh-water fishermen from barefoot boy to caravan-equipped sportsmen were polishing spinners, varnishing rods, tying flies, oiling reels, patching creels. Some 20 million strong, they were prepared to spend \$1 billion on gear, gasoline, guides and other expenses this year in the U.S.'s No. 1 participant sport. Some were already catching fish.

From Salmon to Smelt. With ice out, landlocked salmon were striking ferociously in Maine. Down through New England and the North Atlantic seaboard, the trout seasons opened with a flush of high water and goody bags of 15-inchers. Michigan fishermen were out by the thousands, dropping night crawlers, minnows and plugs into the cold water. Some Michigan devotees, in non-trout waters, were taking so-called "rough fish," e.g., carp and suckers, by an ancient method: lantern fishing with a bow & arrow. Chicagoans were dipping for smelt along the lakefront, and Mississippians were getting ready to "hand-grab" for catfish.

But the serious fresh-water fishermen—and no one can be more deadly serious—will not be concentrating on anything as trivial as catfish or smelt as the season rolls along. Their chief targets will be trout, bass (large- & smallmouthed), muskellunge, perch, chain pickerel and northern pike (see color page).

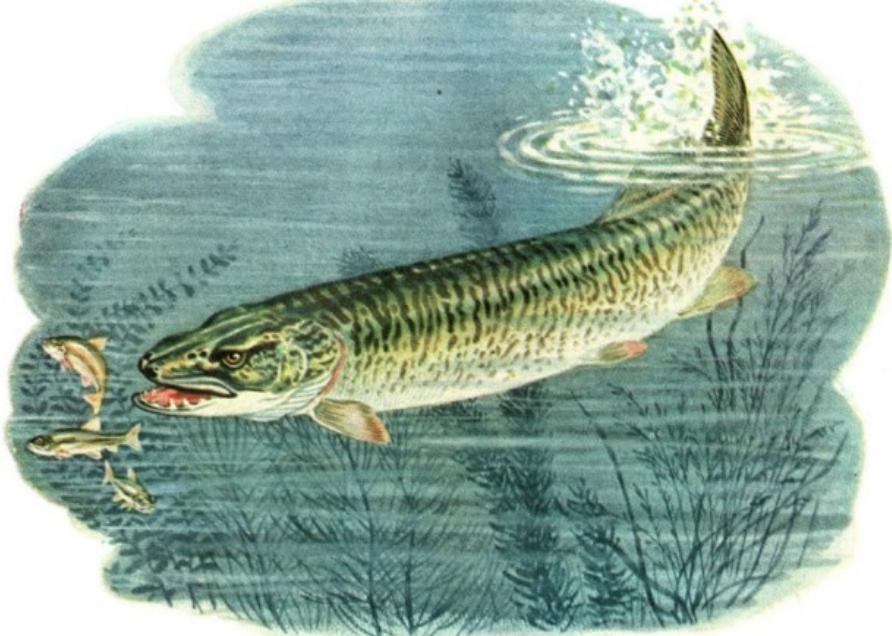
Happy Fishing Grounds. As usual, some of the best waters for big bass should be the lakes of the Southeast, especially Alabama and Georgia. But bass bugs will also be bobbing happily in two huge, new man-made lakes, where careful conservation and fine feed-beds produce top-flight fishing: Arizona-Nevada's Lake Mead and the Dale Hollow Reservoir shared by Kentucky and Tennessee. Wisconsin and Minnesota fishermen, with nearly 20,000 lakes to choose from, are itching for more battles with the monster muskies (record catch: 69 lbs. 11 oz.).

The best trout waters will once more be those of the Rockies and Far West. Since many of them will be closed till next month, Western fishermen were able to abide news of the 15-inchers in the East last week only by reflecting on the 15-lb. Kamloops lurking in Idaho's famed Pend Oreille Lake, and the wily rainbows in the streams of Colorado, Montana, Oregon and northern California.

The postwar increase in fresh-water fishing is shown by the license figures, which have increased about 7% annually,



Associated Press
MANTLE & HOME-RUN BALL
On one bounce, out of the park.



THE MUSKELLUNGE, RANGING FROM VERMONT TO MISSISSIPPI, IS KING OF THE PIKES.

CAME fish in their natural surroundings are elusive targets for any artist or photographer. To capture their shimmering brilliance on canvas, Hungarian-born Artist Charles Liedl, 57, catches his own models, keeps them in a shallow pool while he paints them. A distinguished wildlife illustrator, designer and author, who has been painting pictures of birds, fish and animals since he was a boy in

Budapest, Liedl is no armchair sportsman. He does most of his work during hunting and fishing trips through the woods and lakes of the U.S. and Canada, finishes the job after he returns to his studio. His new book, *Animal Sketching*, to be published next fall, is based on 44 years of experience as an artist-sportsman in the U.S. and abroad, snaring and painting everything from grizzlies to Kamloops trout.



SMALLMOUTH BASS, known also as the bronzeback, prefers clear, fast water and is rated among the top U.S. game fish.



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RAINBOW TROUT, famed for its fighting prowess and endurance, rules the nation's turbulent white-water streams.



CHAIN PICKEREL, with sides marked by network of dark lines, is found in cover of weed beds in placid rivers and lakes.

and are expected to hit 18 million this year. This has meant a bonanza for tackle manufacturers, whose sales last year came to \$110 million. Some postwar trends: nylon lines, Plexiglas rods, and spinning reels which enable the rank amateur to cast without backlashes.

There have been few innovations in artificial lures. Here, fish and fishermen both seem to be traditionalists, and many standard trout-fly patterns range back over five centuries. Still high among the fisherman's standbys are the red and white Parmacheene Belle and the white-bodied, yellow-tailed Royal Coachman. Bass and muskie lures, usually gang-hooked, are designed to imitate minnows, and minnows and their imitations look very much alike year after year.

Whatever tackle a man may assemble, he still must face one inescapable fact: nowadays, say the statisticians of the Sport Fishing Institute, it takes one man-hour to catch one fish in U.S. lakes and streams. Moreover, man-hour time is increasing, while fish are decreasing. What is more, creel counts show that the expert anglers—the top 10%—catch about 50% of all the fish taken. Undismayed by statistics, the average angler will turn out as usual, buoyed by Izaak Walton's "large measure of hope and patience."

Homer's Sweat

And their backs creaked beneath the violent tugging of bold hands, and the sweat flowed down in streams; and many a weal red with blood, sprang up along their ribs and shoulders; and ever they strove avarum for victory.

—Odysseus v. Aias, from *The Iliad*

In Toledo last week, a group of U.S. wrestlers strove avarum, using some of the classic grips of Homer's time. As in Homer's time, the sweat flowed in streams, even if blood did not. Toledo's heaving modern heroes were competing for titles in a wrestling style new to National A.A.U. competition: Greco-Roman, a modified descendant of the style used by Odysseus and Aias.

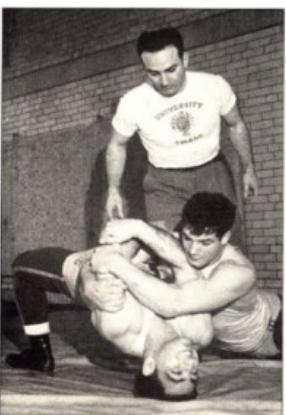
Unlike the free-for-all of catch-as-catch-can wrestling, Greco-Roman rules forbid use of the legs for attack or defense. That eliminates tripping, tackling, scissors grips and grapevine holds, and reduces wrestling to a grunting test of back, arms and shoulder strength. Popular in Europe, Greco-Roman leaves most Americans cold. But at the Olympics last summer, U.S. Wrestling Coach Joseph Scalzo, 32, got hot under the collar when he saw Russia pile up 56 points in Greco-Roman wrestling while the U.S. scored none. What irked Scalzo even more: members of the U.S. regular wrestling team just stood around and watched, because they had never even tried Greco-Roman.

Scalzo promptly appointed himself a one-man committee to see to it that the U.S. is represented in the 1956 Olympics, persuaded the A.A.U. to sanction last week's matches. Says Coach Scalzo, 1939 intercollegiate champion at 145 lbs: "If

I didn't do it now, nobody else would."

Thanks to Scalzo's tireless prodding, 41 competitors got on the mat to grapple for the Greco-Roman titles. The large turnout meant that matches had to be cut to ten minutes—from the regular 15. As in catch-as-catch-can, Greco-Roman allows points for falls, near falls, takedowns, reversals and "activity." Discredit points are handed out for illegal holds, unsportsmanlike conduct.

The conduct was sportsmanlike enough last week, but the illegal holds were plentiful as the competitors tried to remember not to trip, tackle and grip with their legs. The high spot of the meet: the 147-lb. match between former Intercollegiate Champ Walter Romanowski, now an as-



Bruce Sinner

COACH SCALZO & GRECO-ROMAN WRESTLERS
From Odysseus, some classic grips.

sistant coach at Purdue, and Safi Taha, of Atlanta, who competed for his native Lebanon in the 1952 Olympics. Taha quickly ran through five elimination matches, scoring falls in all. But Romanowski, who had picked up a few Greco-Roman pointers, countered Taha's every move expertly, finally pinned his man in seven minutes. Coach Scalzo, looking ahead to 1956, was jubilant: "It proves what I've said all along, American boys can learn Greco-Roman."

In Naples this week, the strong-armed Russians, winning five of eight events, outscored Runner-Up Sweden 41-24 in the world wrestling championships. The Italians were in fourth place with 17 points, the Greeks in 15th with one.

Hole-in-One Habit

In Invercargill, N.Z., Mrs. Frank Small, the 61-year-old golfing housewife who sank six holes in one between New Year's and Easter (TIME, April 13), played her first round since Easter, sank a 114-yarder for No. 7.

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(See local newspaper for time and channel.)

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Last Words

"Suppose you had only a quarter of an hour to live . . ." asked the French weekly *Arts* of a number of France's top intelligentsia. "What kind of last message would you address to your fellow citizens?" Sample answers:

François Mauriac, Nobel Prize-winning novelist: "Step back a little . . . leave me alone, face to face with this eternity which I have not been able to face since I entered this world . . ."

Prince Louis de Broglie, Nobel Prize-winning physicist: "Maybe the entire universe . . . from atom to spiral nebulae, is nothing but a tiny speck of a much vaster reality."

Georges Simenon, author of thrillers: "I am sure of nothing."

natics on both sides organized themselves into bands and killed as many of the fleeing civilians as they could. White-bearded Sardar Tara Singh shook his head over this massacre of the innocent.

"Kill Her!" From one such slaughter Sikh warriors returned to Tara Singh's village of Sunam, now in India, with a seven-year-old Moslem girl. Her name was Hasan Bibi, and she stood tense and terrified among them while they debated what to do with her. "Kill her," advised a Sikh refugee from Pakistan, "just as they slaughtered my children in Lahore." A man of piety disagreed: "Convert her to our holy religion and let her marry a brave Sikh boy when she comes of age."

But Sardar Tara Singh put a protective arm around the girl. "I will treat her in a way which will bring the sweetest re-

he had done for his own three daughters. Then the word came that Bibi's father was found at last, at work as a shopkeeper in Pakistan.

A Cup of Tea. Last week Tara Singh and Bibi journeyed to a town near the Pakistan border to meet him. Bibi was afraid, for despite her careful Moslem upbringing, she had absorbed some Sikh prejudices. "If I go to a Moslem house hold," she cried, "I shall have to bear the offensive smell of tobacco and eat beef!" But Tara Singh loaded her with presents and new clothes and reminded her of her duty.

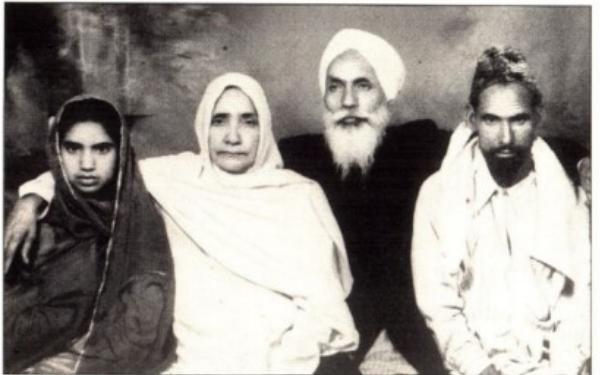
When Fateh Ali arrived, he embraced Tara Singh with tears in his eyes. Then they went to a restaurant to celebrate the occasion with a cup of tea. At the sight of a Sikh and a Moslem sitting down together, a murmuring crowd began to gather outside, and the story of Bibi and her foster father spread quickly among the Hindu villagers.

Later, when Bibi and her father had bounced safely off to Pakistan in a jeep and Tara Singh had boarded a train to return home to Sunam, everyone was still talking and arguing over this amazing happening. On the train, one man, who did not recognize Tara Singh, vented his feelings. "A Sikh who repays the wickedness of the Moslems by a generous action like that," he exclaimed, "deserves to be shot." But Sardar Tara Singh only smiled quietly.

Half a world away, aroused Frenchmen still argued the case of Robert and Gérald Finaly. Both boys, sons of Jewish parents, had been baptized as Roman Catholics after their parents died in wartime concentration camps. Earlier this year they were spirited across the Spanish border by zealous Catholics to prevent their being returned, by a court order, to Jewish relatives (TIME, March 16). Moderate-minded Frenchmen hoped that the children could be put in the care of a theologically neutral group until a higher court rules on the appeal of their Catholic foster mother. Meanwhile, the Finaly family addressed a public appeal to the older boy, Robert: "Listen, Robert. Listen with your mind and your heart. Today, April 14, 1953, is your birthday. Now you are twelve years old, already a man, or almost a man . . . Do not listen to those who would make us out an enemy . . . Wherever you are, write us . . ." From across the Pyrenees came not a word.

Men from Missouri

The largest Lutheran theological seminary in the U.S. (enrollment 778) is the Missouri Synod's Concordia Seminary—a well-planned scattering of college-gothic buildings and faculty homes on 71 green acres in Clayton, on the western edge of St. Louis. Last week the synod's board of electors announced that they had selected a new seminary president: the Rev. Alfred Ottomar Fuerbringer, 49, Big (6 ft. 3 in.), even-tempered Pastor Fuerbringer and Concordia will not have much trouble getting to know each other—his father



THE TARA SINGHS (CENTER) WITH BIBI AND FATHER
Outside, a murmuring crowd.

O. P. V.

The Sweetest Revenge

Sardar Tara Singh had no cause to love the Moslems. For two bloody centuries his Sikh people had fought them for mastery of the Punjab in northern India, and in those wars, many of his ancestors died martyrs' deaths. One of them, Bhai Mani Singh, fell into the hands of the Great Mogul Aurangzeb, who first chopped off Bhai Mani Singh's fingers, joint by joint, then lopped off his limbs, one by one. Another, Baba Sukha Singh, died under Moslem knives after assassinating a Moslem chieftain who had turned the Sikhs' holy Golden Temple at Amritsar into a brothel.

Under British rule, Sardar Tara Singh and his Sikh compatriots lived in uneasy peace with their Moslem neighbors. But when the British left and India was partitioned, religious violence broke out once more. Five million Sikhs abandoned their ancestral homes in west Pakistan and fled to the East Punjab, and an equal number of Moslems fled westward. Fa-

venge upon the wicked Moslems," he said. "I will bring her up as a Moslem, and restore her to her relatives when she grows up. And she will be as pure as the white snows of the Himalayas. That will teach the Moslems that a Sikh is pious in peace, just as he is invincible in war."

For six years little Bibi lived in the brick and clay house of Tara Singh, playing with his grandchildren, helping his ailing wife with the chores. Tara Singh himself taught her to read and write and to worship according to the faith of her ancestors. Bibi was the only Moslem among the 5,000 Sikhs of Sunam.

Meanwhile, the unrest in India subsided, and Sardar Tara Singh began his search for Bibi's family. Her father, Fateh Ali, seemed to have disappeared, and Tara Singh, despairing of finding him, requested the Indian government to ask the government of Pakistan to find a suitable Moslem boy to marry her when she reached the legal age of 15. Sardar Tara Singh was prepared to bear the expenses of the wedding and give Bibi a dowry, just as



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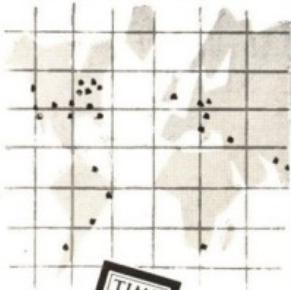
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headed the school and his grandfather helped found it.

Faith of the Fathers. Grandfather Ottmar Fuerbringer left his German homeland in 1838 with a group of some 700 Saxon Lutherans for whom German Lutheranism was getting too liberal and rationalistic, and too closely bound up with the state. He and three fellow ministers built the original Concordia—a log-cabin schoolhouse in Missouri's Perry County—and set out to train a New World breed of pastors in the strict, Bible-centered Lutheranism of their conviction.

Concordia and Missouri Synod Lutheranism grew and prospered with the times, but they never let go of the stern Reformation theology of their founding fathers. Under the leadership of Ottmar's theologian son, Dr. Ludwig Ernst Fuerbringer, who died in 1947, Concordia's serious-minded seminarians continued to master both Hebrew and Greek. Almost as intensively as their work in Bible, Concordia's students study *The Book of Concord* of 1580, in which their church's doctrines are explicitly set forth. Added to courses in history, philosophy and pastoral care, this kind of work leaves little time for wool-gathering; classes begin at 7:40 a.m.

Lutheran System. President-elect Fuerbringer attended Concordia himself (his red hair, now vestigial, won him the nickname "Kelly"). After graduate studies in the late '20s, he went into pastoral work. In 1941 came his first summons to a Lutheran education post: the presidency of Concordia Teachers College in Seward, Neb.

Missouri Synod Lutherans maintain their own parochial school system of 1,400 schools (which has grown by 6,000 rooms in the last six years), and the training of teachers is therefore a major concern. Co-educational Concordia Teachers College combines both college and high school; when Fuerbringer took over, it had 83 college students and some 50 in high school. Today these figures stand at 296 and 135. "Discipline was quite rigid when I came," says Alfred Fuerbringer. From Monday through Thursday no one was permitted off the campus after supper, movies were forbidden except on weekends, and the college choir was permitted brief excursions within Nebraska, but no farther. Popular President Fuerbringer soon changed all that. His students now can get overnight leaves and go to the movies any time they want, and the choir is just back from a tour through Texas and Louisiana.

"Ninety-five per cent of our student body," says Fuerbringer, "are youngsters who intend to enter the church, and do. They know exactly why they're in school, and exactly where they're going. I should guess that in a non-sectarian college it's the other way around: 95% don't know why they're there, or where they're going."

Modern St. Matthew's

Back in 1938, Adolf Hitler decided to broaden Munich's Sonnenstrasse as a parade ground for his brown-shirted heroes. Smack in the center of the avenue was the Lutherans' 106-year-old St. Matthew's



Gene Riley

PASTOR FUERBRINGER
Back to grandfather's log cabin.

Church. Hitler solved the problem with a wrecking crew and bulldozer.

Last week Munich was getting a new church to replace the old Neo-Renaissance building, but it was not the kind most churchgoers expected. For their design, the Lutherans had turned to Architect Gustav Gsaenger, 53, asked him for something that would cost no more than to rebuild the old church, yet would hold twice as large a congregation. Architect Gsaenger's proposal: a stark, clean-lined, oblong structure, to hold 1,000 worshippers and cost only 2,500,000 marks (about \$595,000). Gsaenger's church has no traditional spire, no cruciform nave. Instead, it will have a flat, gently undulating roof, and a square, 197-foot tower topped with a slim cross. Inside, Architect Gsaenger plans to erect movable steel and glass partitions, separating the church proper from an adjoining community center seating 400.

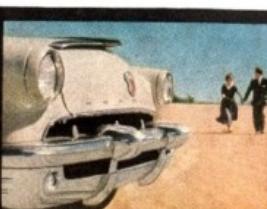
The news brought howls of rage and angry letters from Munich's conservatives. Wrote one aroused citizen: "We don't want Neo-Gothic brick churches, but we don't want gas stations, either." The protests fell on deaf ears. Munich's Lutherans had already steered the design past the city art commission. The ground, they announced, will be broken this month.

In Düsseldorf, 300 miles to the northwest, modern-minded churchmen of the Ruhí were having better luck with their city's sidewalk architects. To replace the bombed-out St. Rochus Roman Catholic Church, a young *Luftwaffe* veteran named Paul Schneider-Esleben has designed a building in the form of a three-leaf clover (representing the Trinity). The new structure will be connected to the old bell tower by a path which was once the main aisle of St. Rochus, using the twelve aisle columns (representing the twelve Apostles) as a border.

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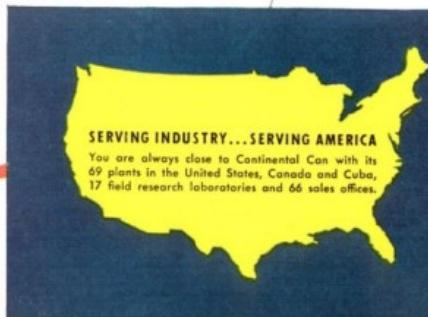


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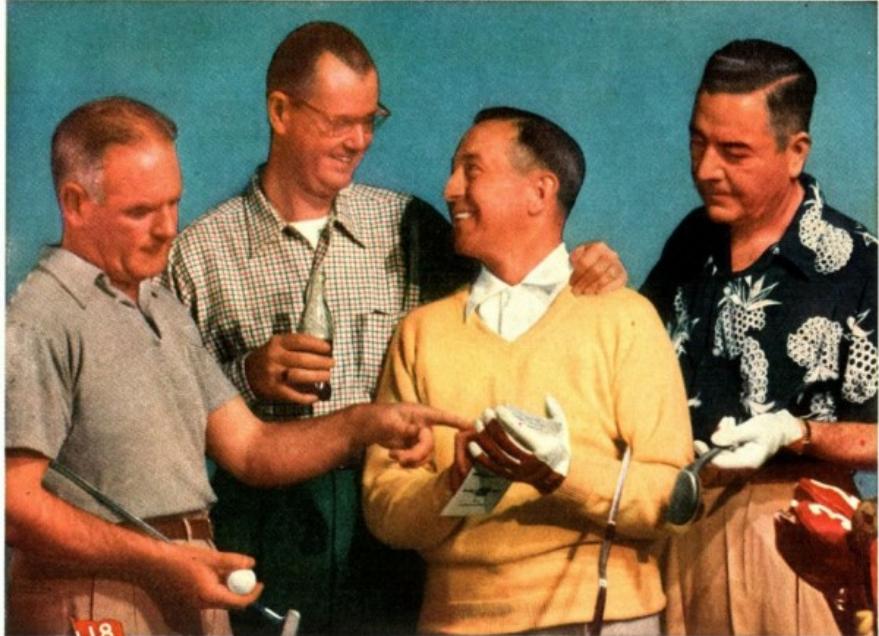
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EDUCATION

"Hot Potato"

When Painter-Decorator John Larson and his wife moved five years ago into tiny (pop. 557) Johnsburg in northeastern Illinois, about the first thing they did was to head their two children for the town's public school. They soon found that the school was no ordinary public school.

For one thing, all the teachers were Roman Catholic nuns. There were Catholic pictures on the walls, and most of the textbooks were written by Roman Catholic authors. For prizes, the school gave out small religious statues; it taught Catholic songs, said Catholic prayers, and on holy days, it was apt to shut down. Even its report cards were different: they not only graded pupils on their progress in religious

none of it. The daily bus ride, said she, would be too long, and "besides, Johnsburg is our school, too. Why should our kids have to go some place else?"

Basis of Civilization. As the years passed, the Larsons found themselves more & more alone in their battle. Their Catholic friends began to drop them, and some of their Protestant friends began to resent the trouble they seemed to be causing. Meanwhile, the Larson children continued to learn Catholic songs and to study Catholic books. "This text," said one of their books, "is an attempt to infuse into the English activities of our modern day the spirit of the Church through a consciousness of her liturgy." Said another: "The basis of our civilization is Catholic civilization."

Finally, last week, after a year's consultation with the Chicago office of the America Civil Liberties Union, Mrs. Larson took her case to court, charged in a lawsuit that her children were being forced by law to attend a "Roman Catholic institution . . . in which sectarian instruction is given." If she wins, Illinois will have to do some quick revamping of its policy in Catholic communities. Said one school official of Mrs. Larson's test case: "A hot potato."

The Vanishing Fossil

At the University of Mexico (enrollment: 28,000), nearly everyone can spot the phenomenon known as a "fossil." He is the over-age student with the bored look who hangs around the campus year after year without ever getting much nearer to his degree. Last month, as the new term began, Rector Nabor Carrillo Flores decided that something had to be done. With the university already hopelessly overcrowded, there just is no room for the fossils—especially when their numbers had reached the astronomical figure of 4,000.

Some of the fossils, the rector conceded, are harmless enough—the students who have jobs and cannot take more than a course or two a year. But the rest are a nuisance. Some are so stubborn that they refuse to budge, even after flunking their courses seven or eight times. Others have grown so fond of university life that they spend their time repeating courses they have already passed. The medical school has students who have been around for as long as twelve years. They while away their days at the nearby cafés, cook up an occasional riot, sometimes extort money from freshmen by threatening them with particularly dire fraternity initiations.

Last week Rector Flores announced that he was beginning a campaign to make the fossil extinct. Henceforth, said he, any student who fails a course three times will be dropped from that course; any student who fails in his school ten times will be expelled; any student who passes a course four times will simply have to sign up for something else.



Arthur Siegel

DOROTHY LARSON
She tried to upset the setup.

training, they also bore the heading "Diocese of Rockford."

Idea of America. In Illinois, all this is perfectly acceptable: to save them the cost of maintaining both public and parochial schools, the state allows about 18 predominantly Catholic communities to combine the two. But acceptable or not, the Lutheran Larsons did not like the setup. "It seems to me," said Dorothy Larson, "that it's part of America that a public school is one thing and a parochial school is another. When nuns are the teachers in a public school and the atmosphere is all Catholic, then that's getting the idea of America all mixed up."

Mrs. Larson's complaints got only small results. Though it did change some of the texts used in the classrooms, the school board had at first obviously no desire to change much else. To avoid trouble, it even offered to pay the Larson children's tuition to the public school in nearby McHenry. But Mrs. Larson would have

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Something for the Deaf

At any other time, the sight of children playing in his father's garden might have seemed a happy one to young Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet of Hartford, Conn. But on one particular day in 1814, it was not. Among the children was nine-year-old Alice Cogswell—the little deaf girl from next door who could neither speak nor write. As he watched her trying so hard to keep up, 26-year-old Thomas Gallaudet began to think: perhaps he could teach her.

Improvising his methods as he went along, Gallaudet did teach Alice, and her physician father was so grateful that he decided Gallaudet should teach other Alices too. Though the deaf in those days were considered all but hopeless, Dr. Cogswell managed to scrape together about \$2,000 from friends, even persuaded the Connecticut legislature to make the first state appropriation in the country for a humane institution. By 1817, he and Gallaudet had enough to open a school—the first school for the deaf in the U.S.

Sign for Light. Last week, near the original site of the school, a few miles from its present one, 400 Connecticut citizens gathered for a special ceremony. There was a speech by Lieut. Governor Allen and a letter from President Eisenhower, and each was translated into sign language for the deaf in the audience. Finally, six-year-old Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet III marched up to help unveil a symbolic statue of a girl supported by a pair of stone hands making the sign for "light." The ceremony was in honor of Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet and the co-founders of his school "to express the gratitude of the deaf of the nation."

In his own lifetime, Gallaudet received little gratitude. A slender, sickly man, he graduated from Yale and the Andover Theological Seminary, but had health seemed destined to thwart him in everything he tried. He was tormented by doubt ("I am languid, and cold, and slothful . . . I am much, very much, too indolent"), and tortured by such weakness that he never dared take over a parish. It was not until he started teaching Alice Cogswell that he knew what his career was really to be.

To prepare himself for his job as principal of the new school, Gallaudet set out to study the methods of Europe. In France, he met deaf Laurent Clerc, a teacher at the Royal School for Deaf-Mutes. Gallaudet persuaded Clerc to come back with him to America as the first member of his new faculty. On the long voyage home, Gallaudet taught Clerc English, and Clerc taught his new colleague more about the deaf.

Spreading Mission. With Clerc's help, Gallaudet ran the school for 13 years. Mimic and gesturing and speaking with his hands, he taught six hours a day. He handled all the school's correspondence, greeted all its visitors, befriended every one of his pupils. Gradually, the school's reputation began to grow. President Monroe came to visit; so did such foreign



THOMAS HOPKINS GALLAUDET
He worried about the girl next door,

notables as Charles Dickens, Clerc himself gave a special demonstration before the House of Representatives, later went to start the new Pennsylvania School for the Deaf. Other Gallaudet-trained teachers, including his sons, also spread his mission — to new schools in New York, Kentucky, Virginia and Washington, D.C.

Today, with 275 pupils, the American School for the Deaf in West Hartford carries on Gallaudet's work. But in spite of hearing aids and microphones, teaching the deaf is still a slow and laborious process. There are still too few teachers and too few schools. The work that Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet began, says the American School's Principal Edmund Boatner, is still far from accomplished: "It does seem too bad to see how often a deaf child is left out in the cold."

Report Card

¶ At Johns Hopkins University, President Detlev Bronk announced that he is dissolving the 23-year-old Walter Hines Page School of International Relations, headed since 1938 by Owen Lattimore. The decision, said Bronk, had nothing to do with the school's director; it is simply one of a series of steps "taken at the university to simplify its academic structure." Director Lattimore, on leave of absence and under indictment for perjury in the congressional investigation of the Institute of Pacific Relations, will keep his old title of "lecturer" with full pay.

¶ In Troy, N.Y., State Supreme Court Justice Donald S. Taylor gave a green light to New York City's efforts to weed out Communists from its schools. In a case brought by six teachers who had been fired or suspended for refusing to tell the board of education whether they are or ever have been members of the Communist Party, the court ruled that the board has every right to ask such questions and to discipline those who do not answer.

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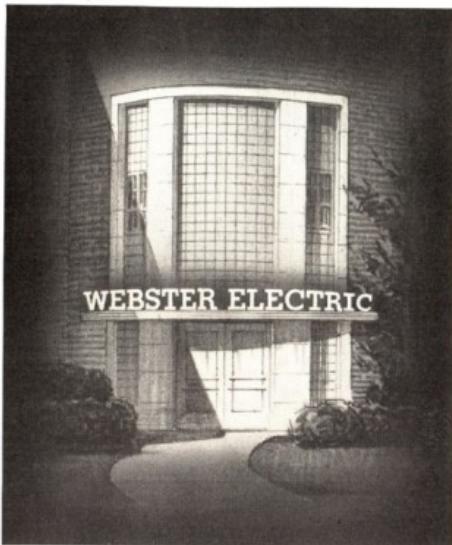
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It is our firm conviction that good business judgment, good citizenship, and good relationship with those we serve demand continued and unwavering adherence to WEBSTER ELECTRIC's proud principle, "*Where quality is a responsibility and fair dealing an obligation.*" We are pledged to that policy.

WEBSTER ELECTRIC
RACINE WISCONSIN

"Where Quality is a Responsibility and Fair Dealing an Obligation"
WEBSTER ELECTRIC COMPANY, RACINE, WISCONSIN • EST. 1909

Mexican Autobiography

Child of my heart

Tomorrow is another day . . .

Sung in a small Mexico City gallery last week, this serenade was the climax of a long and happy evening for the frail, dark-eyed woman lying there in a great four-poster bed. She was Frida Kahlo, invalid wife of muralist Diego Rivera and Mexico's best woman painter (TIME, Nov. 14, 1938). For her first public show in Mexico, 200 friends, fellow artists and critics had turned out to sing, sip Scotch, and applaud her delicate surrealist pictures.

The 30 oils and 20 drawings represented 20 years of creative effort and most of them were of Frida Kahlo herself, painted with tiny, meticulous brush strokes and clear, strong colors. There was a moody Frida with an opening in her finely shaped head exposing a childlike skull & crossbones, a gay Frida in schoolgirl dress, Frida as a wounded deer, as an agonized figure writhing on a hospital bed. The overall impression was of a painful autobiography set down with brush & paint.

At 42, Frida Kahlo has a lot of painful memories to wash away. She was just 16 when she was smashed up in a bus accident. She spent a year in a cast, countless months in bed at home. To relieve the boredom, she started painting.

The results drew encouraging praise from Mexico's famed José Clemente Orozco. Diego Rivera was even more interested. Frida had known him since childhood, and when he divorced his second wife, they embarked on a violent courtship. Both were temperamental and noisy Communists; Frida proudly points out that

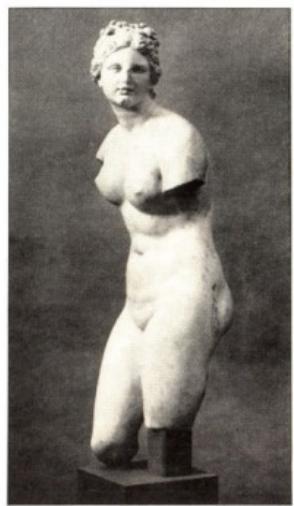
she has never been expelled from the party (as Diego was). Much of the time since their marriage in 1929, Frida spent in & out of hospitals. But she never stopped painting, in a style that bears only a suggestion of Diego's technique.

While Diego was piling up laurels at home, Frida showed her pictures mainly in the U.S. and Europe. Though she had many friends and sold paintings privately, Mexico never gave her a public show. Frida thinks it was because of distaste for her surrealist label. "They thought I was a surrealist, but I wasn't. I never painted dreams. I painted my own reality."

After seeing her show last week, Mexico could understand Frida Kahlo's hard reality. And it is getting even harder. Recently, her condition has been getting worse: friends who remember her as a plump, vigorous woman are shocked by her haggard appearance. She cannot stand for more than ten minutes at a time now, and there is a threat of gangrene in one foot. But each day, Frida Kahlo still struggles to her chair to paint—even if only for a short while. "I am not sick," she says. "I am broken. But I am happy to be alive as long as I can paint."

The Goddess of Love

Manhattan's Metropolitan Museum of Art had a magnificent new treasure from ancient Rome to show its visitors this week: a smooth-limbed, white marble statue of *Aphrodite*, shown startled at her bath by an intruder. The museum identified the statue, somewhat damaged over the years, as a 1st century B.C. copy of a masterpiece produced about 300 B.C. by a follower of the great Praxiteles. In the 1700s a German count had got it from



The Metropolitan Museum of Art
METROPOLITAN'S "APHRODITE"
Back to an old tradition.

Italy and set it up in his Silesian castle, where it remained until the estate was broken up after World War II.

The museum gave no hint of the price it had paid for its new *Aphrodite*, but called the statue the artistic equal of the Uffizi's *Medici Venus*—which was probably copied from the same Greek original. It was Praxiteles who created the first unclothed *Aphrodite*, around the middle of the 4th century B.C. Praxiteles' original is lost to art, but many a sculptor afterwards tried to give his work the same fluid lines and graceful posture. Of those who tried, the unknown sculptor of the Metropolitan *Aphrodite* is one of the few who even came close.

COLLECTOR'S CHOICE

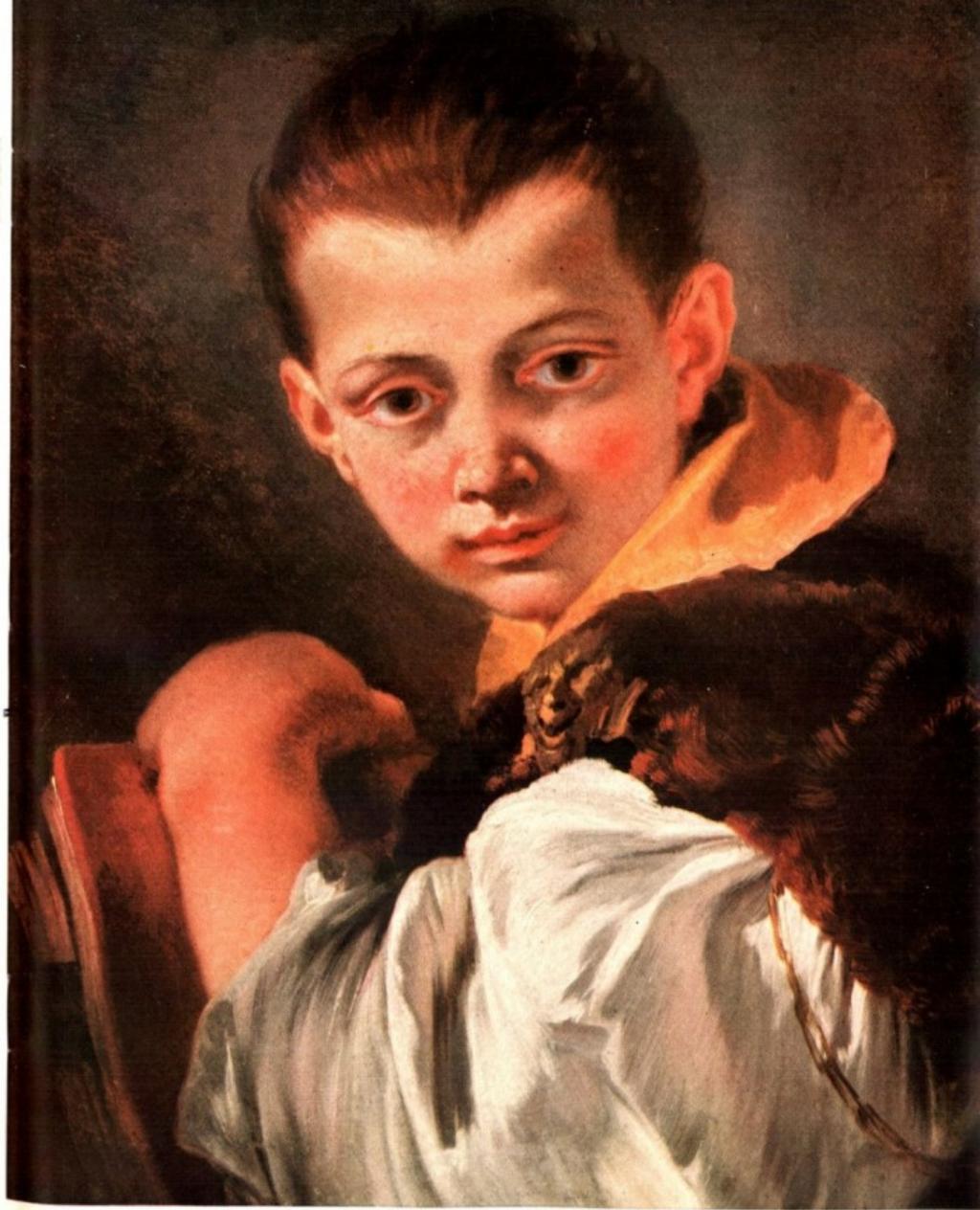
Most collectors who spend a lifetime accumulating works of art prefer to see them set like jewels in the crown of a single, favored museum. Manhattan's Samuel H. Kress, 89-year-old dime-store tycoon, is one big collector who would rather spread his masterpieces around. In 1939 he gave 375 Renaissance paintings to Washington's National Gallery of Art (TIME, July 24, 1939). Since then, museums in Philadelphia, Tucson, Birmingham, Honolulu, Portland (Ore.), Seattle and Kansas City (Kans.) have been quietly handed some 200 masterpieces from the Kress treasure-trove, with no strings attached. Two of the latest beneficiaries on the list are Houston's Museum of Fine Arts and New Orleans' Isaac Delgado Museum of Art (see color pages).

This week New Orleans will unveil its



FRIDA KAHLO'S "THE LITTLE DEER"
Also a skull & crossbones.

Collection, Arcadio Baylier



TIEPOLO'S "PORTRAIT OF A BOY HOLDING A BOOK"



PANNINI'S "THE PANTHEON AND OTHER MONUMENTS OF ANCIENT ROME"



FUNGAI'S "SAINT LUCY LED TO HER MARTYRDOM"

Kress gift: 31 paintings, spanning four centuries, from the Renaissance's 14th century down to the last flowering in the 18th century, and including such greats as Tintoretto, Bellini, Veronese. Two of the finest are Tiepolo's angelic 18th century *Portrait of a Boy Holding a Book*, with its ruddy flesh tones, velvety browns and yellows, and Pannini's *The Pantheon and Other Monuments of Ancient Rome*, whose picnickers, barking dog and proud, weed-grown ruins form a landscape as gently charming as anyone could wish. Among Houston's 30 choices, which will be completed next fall: the 13th century painting of *St. Lucy Led to Her Martyrdom*, by Siena's Bernardino Fungai.

In Manhattan, Collector Kress and the officers of his Kress Foundation could take pleasure in the fact that the first showing of their gift was New Orleans' biggest art event in 40 years. The museum has rebuilt three of its galleries, put in new lights, air-conditioned the entire building in anticipation. New Orleans citizens got reproductions of the new treasures on buses, in their gas and electric bills, and the museum expects to double its number of visitors next year. Said Alonzo Lansford, director of the Delgado Museum: "It was a heady experience . . . to be able to point to masterpieces and say, 'I'll take that one and that one.'"

Dadadadada

The ghost of an almost forgotten art movement came to life in Manhattan last week. At the urging of a 57th Street gallery owner, 65-year-old Artist Marcel Duchamp[®] had set up the first major exhibit of Dada ever held in the U.S. The result was a collection of 300 of the most sardonic jokes ever perpetrated on art.

Going Nowhere. Dada got its start in Zurich, Switzerland during World War I with a group of rebellious young artists who thought the world was going nowhere. They were tired of war, booms and depressions, had no faith in religion and despised the self-conscious modern art of the cubists and futurists. As a protest, they made up their minds to be as disorderly as possible, and defiantly named their movement by simply plunging a knife into a French dictionary. The knife point came to rest at a wildly appropriate word: "Dada," the French word for hobbyhorse.

Making fun of everything around them, the Dadaists printed weird books and magazines with nonsense titles such as *The Blind Man and Rongwong*. There was an ear-splitting kettle drum music to which devotees shrieked verses in gibberish; they built powerfully useless machines, wrote ridiculous "chemical" and "static" poems. Their art was a lunatic satire on all advance-guard art: "modern" pictures of women with matchstick faces,

* Whose famed *Nude Descending a Staircase* was the sensation of Manhattan's 1913 Armory Show, the first big U.S. exhibition of modern art.

cut-out heads filled with grinding gears and cogs. And when they held an exhibition, they were likely to walk around with white gloves but without ties, meow like cats, carefully count the pearls of visiting dowagers, and invite the boys from the bar next door in for a fight.

Dada was not all meaningless. It developed bold new techniques of poster art, laid some obvious groundwork for surrealism. But inevitably the movement was a victim of its own excesses. During the middle '20s, Dada suddenly died out and surrealism took its place.

Eternal Spirit. For last week's show, Old Dada-Daddy Marcel Duchamp had hung some of Dada's best humor and bitterest protest. There was a carved wooden



ARTIST DUCHAMP
As disorderly as possible.

head festooned with watchworks, metric rule and alligator wallet, a sickly pink portrait of a man with blotched face and four combs for hair, a gutter collage of torn ticket stubs, discarded buttons, hairpins and old newspapers. A phonograph beeped out Dada sounds, a metronome with a staring eye pasted to the blade ticked away methodically, and every visitor had to pass Marcel Duchamp's own contribution to the show: a porcelain urinal over the doorway decorated with a sprig of mistletoe.

Manhattan gallery-goers flocked to the show, and Marcel Duchamp thought they took it quite well. "Dada is not passé," he insisted. "The Dada spirit is eternal. Our art will always exist as a concrete expression of freedom." And he could feel that the visitors "understood immediately." Understanding or not, most people had trouble deciding if it was safe to pick up Duchamp's catalogue for the show. Duchamp had them printed on huge (2 ft. by 3 ft.) sheets of tissue, crumpled them into balls and packed them in a wastebasket. People with long memories half expected that the crumpled balls would explode with a bang if touched. None has—so far.



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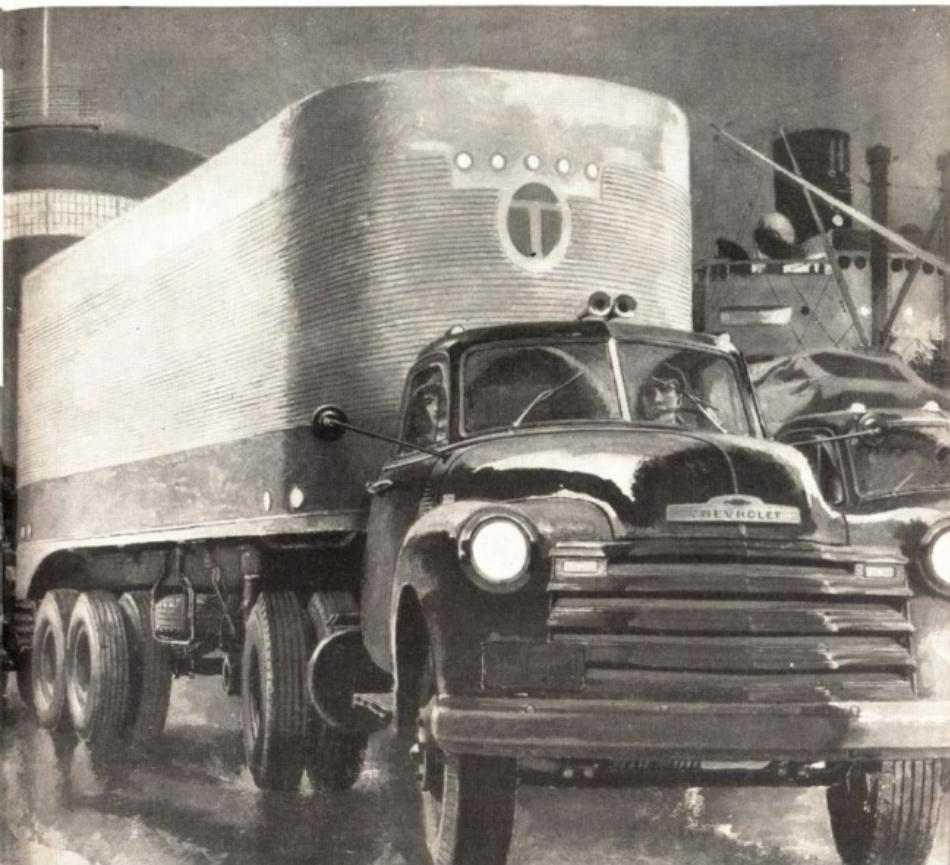
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BUSINESS & FINANCE

STEEL

New Boost?

Steelmen last week started making noises about a new price boost. In Pittsburgh, National Steel Corp.'s Chairman Ernest T. Weir called in reporters and told them: "The [steel] industry basically does not make enough money. Its prices are too low." Armco's President Weber W. Sebald said that his company is studying its price lists, and expects to make some upward adjustments soon. At a Miami convention of steel distributors, U.S. Steel's Chairman Ben Fairless referred to the "sub-competitive price" of



Michael Rougier—Life
U.S. STEEL'S FAIRLESS
The fat was gone.

steel, and said: "There's no fat left on our financial bones . . . Since 1940, U.S. Steel's employment costs have risen 155%. The cost of the goods and services we bought has increased by 138%. But the price of steel has gone up only 8%."

Mindful of the possible repercussions on their approaching wage negotiations, steelmen were not thinking in terms of a flat, across-the-board boost; they had in mind individual adjustments on different kinds of steel. They would probably have little trouble getting higher prices from their customers. Even though steel output hit a new record of 28,900,000 tons in 1953's first quarter, supplies were still tight. Such big users as the automakers were still resorting to high-cost "conversion" deals (*i.e.*, buying steel ingots from one company and having them rolled, for a fee, by another).

Many a steel user had hoped steel would be plentiful in the third quarter, but even those hopes now seemed dim. In an effort to overcome the ammunition shortage (TIME, March 16 *et seq.*), the

Government told steelmen to earmark 488,000 tons of steel for shells in the third quarter—more than in the second.

Government economists figured that a boost of \$3 or \$4 a ton in steel would cost the U.S. economy, directly and indirectly, about \$500 million. The cost of living, however, would be little affected. One reason is that steel products comprise only a small part of consumer purchases; another is that such a price boost would add little to the cost of most consumer items. But the biggest reason is that makers of appliances, cars and other civilian goods, although still scrambling for steel, are in such hot competition that few would dare pass on any added cost to their customers. Said a top executive of Cleveland's Perfection Stove Co.: "If steel prices advance and we don't increase our prices, we'll be faced with the job of trying to increase our volume in a difficult market. If we do raise prices, our volume will drop. Sales are not coming easy. Some day this whole thing could blow up in our faces."

SHOW BUSINESS

Color by Christmas?

After twelve years of experiments, Radio Corp. of America announced that it is ready to start commercial broadcasts of color TV and production of color sets. To prove it, RCA last week invited the House Interstate & Foreign Commerce Committee to its research center in Princeton, N.J., for a demonstration. From Manhattan, 45 miles away, RCA telecast a special 20-minute variety show (Dolores Gray, Kukla, Fran & Ollie, the Hit Parade dancers) in full color. At show's end, dazed committee members gave rave notices to RCA's system. "It's amazing!" said Committee Chairman Charles A. Wolverton. "Color television has reached the stage of perfection where the public should have its benefits."

The RCA system is completely compatible (*i.e.*, the telecast in color which the committee saw was received in black & white on regular receivers in homes in the New York area). Viewers can also control color intensity (a flick of the brightness knob can change red to pink), while those who weary of watching color can switch back to black & white by another turn of the knob.

The demonstration just about eliminated rival CBS as a competitor, even though the FCC approved CBS's whirling disk system $\frac{1}{2}$ years ago (TIME, Oct. 23, 1950 *et seq.*) before a Government order shelved production of color sets. CBS President Frank Stanton has already indicated that to go ahead with CBS's incompatible system would be "tilting at windmills."

Colorado's Senator Edwin Johnson, one of the staunchest advocates in Congress of CBS color, recently swung to RCA, wrote Board Chairman David Sarnoff: "Your efforts in devising a compatible

television system will long be remembered as a magnificent achievement of science . . . There may be those who may desire to drag their feet at this point. Please do not allow them to slow you down. Please keep up the steam."

RCA, which says it spent \$5,000,000 on color TV last year (and \$20 million since 1940), has no intention of letting the steam fizzle out. It has sent its tricolor tube, along with manufacturing instructions, to 177 of the nation's television set and part makers. It is already producing tubes for experimental sets earmarked for selected viewers, expects to be turning them out at the rate of 2,000 a month by



Walter Bennett
RCA's SARNOFF
The steam was up.

midsummer. RCA will soon ask FCC to approve its system. If it does, RCA thinks it can have color receivers on the market nine to twelve months later.

All this prompted Chairman Wolverton to speculate that the U.S. might have color TV by Christmas. Actually, most TV set makers think 1954 the more reasonable goal.

ARMAMENT

The Wilson Plan

Signs of a drastic change in the arms program under Defense Secretary Charles E. Wilson appeared in Washington last week. The signs indicated that the Wilson plan to eliminate secondary producers and concentrate arms production with prime contractors would be adopted as policy. Items:

¶ The Air Force canceled orders for \$100 million worth of J-47 jet engines made by Packard and Studebaker under license from General Electric, the primary producer. The cancellation amounted to a

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one-third cut in Studebaker and Packard engine orders, and meant that the two companies' engine contracts would end some time next year.

¶ G.E. itself was ordered to stretch out its J-47 production. The Air Force explained that the J-47, used in Boeing's B-47 medium bombers and North American's F-86 Sabre jet fighters, can now be operated twice as long as had been previously anticipated, without major overhauls.

¶ The Navy canceled a \$154 million order for J-40 jet fighter engines to be made by Ford under a license from Westinghouse. For more than a year Ford had been building a J-40 plant at Romulus, Mich., at an estimated cost to the U.S. of \$50 million; it expected to get into production this summer. With the engine order canceled, Ford may buy the plant for automaking.

RUBBER Free-Enterprise Plants

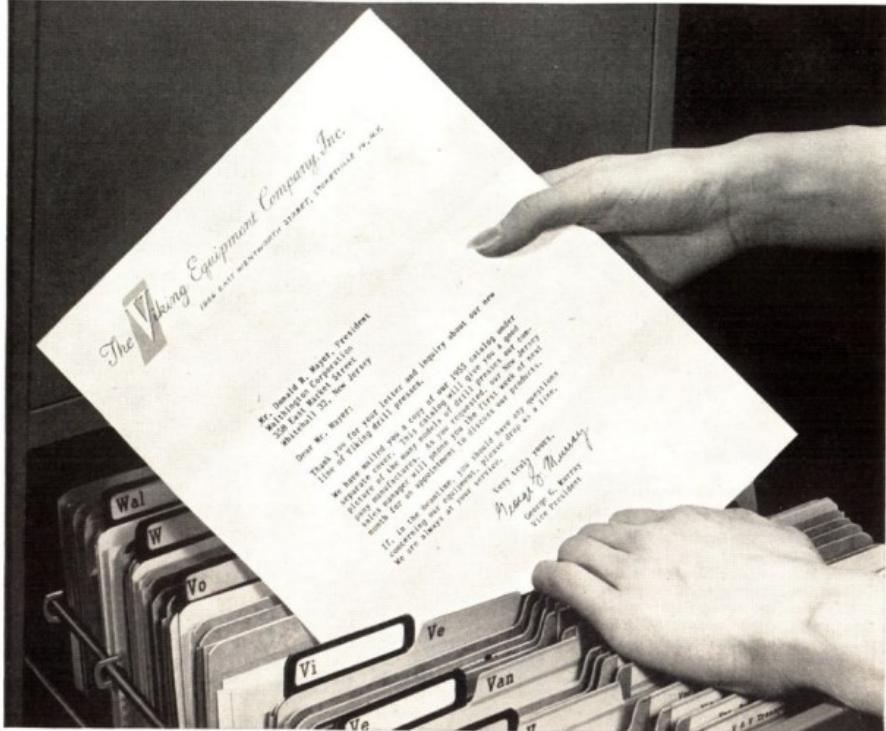
President Eisenhower last week approved a plan of the RFC to get the U.S. out of the synthetic rubber business (TIME, March 16). Under the plan, the Government's 28 plants (annual capacity: 806,500 long tons), which now supply nearly all of the nation's synthetic rubber needs, would be sold to private industry through negotiated prices, instead of sealed competitive bidding. Reported asking price for the plants: \$350 million, some \$200 million less than their original cost. With swift congressional approval almost certain, the synthetic rubber industry might be in private hands within a year.

MODERN LIVING

Boom Fortissimo

The way to surprise and amaze your friends, according to the old ad, is to sit down at the piano and dash off a few tricky arpeggios learned on the sly. These days, so many Americans are sitting down at their pianos that friends are no longer surprised; it is the piano makers who are amazed. They are enjoying their biggest boom in 25 years. Sales last year of 154,000 instruments were still below the booming '20s, when the player-piano craze pushed sales to 300,000. But the figure still represents a lively rise from the low rate struck by the industry during the Depression.

A bumper crop of war babies helped the business to get back on key; so did the shorter work week, which provided more leisure time to enjoy music. Nowadays, some 2,000 U.S. cities have classical-music concerts each year, twice as many as before the war. Says President R. C. (for Reuben Charles) Roling of Chicago's Rudolph Wurlitzer Co., biggest piano maker in the U.S.: "People are getting back more & more to wanting to do something for themselves—entertaining themselves." Many piano makers, such as Cincinnati's Baldwin Co., have helped the boom along with smart styling, hard selling, and by



Filed - but not forgotten

(thanks to the Remington Electric Typewriter)



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WET JOBS*



WET-STRENGTH, as well as grease-resistance, is an inherent quality of Patapar Vegetable Parchment. When moist products are wrapped in it there is no fear that Patapar will weaken and disintegrate. It remains intact and strong as long as you wish.

Patapar resists grease and oils

If fat, grease or oil is a packaging problem, Patapar takes care of that, too. A special new lightweight type of Patapar (27-21T) is so grease-proof that it prevents grease "crawl" completely. Drops of oil placed on it are stopped dead in their tracks.

Food wrappers: — Made from pure cellulose, Patapar is NON-TOXIC and has no odor or taste—nothing to impart "off" flavor to delicate foods.

Tackles all sorts of problems

As a packaging material Patapar protects such products as butter, bacon, poultry, celery, lard, ice cream, margarine, putty, machine parts. It is used for rubber mold liners, for wrapping hospital articles to be sterilized in live steam, as a separator for tiny batteries, for drafting paper, and many other purposes.

Business men: Send for Booklet T. It's full of information about Patapar and its 179 different types. If you wish samples tell us the application you have in mind.

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Bristol, Pennsylvania

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Sales Offices: New York, Chicago

Headquarters for Vegetable Parchment since 1885



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"You'd better slip out, Mr. Chandler, and get
a bite of lunch before the rush hour."

making it easy for beginners to learn to play.

New Models. Their first big move was to introduce the small, low-priced (\$500 and up) spinet, which has almost entirely replaced the old-fashioned, lumbering upright and the high-priced grand piano. (Manhattan's famed Steinway & Sons, however, still concentrates half its output on grand pianos, from \$2,700 up, for the carriage and professional trade.) The second big step was to offer a wide selection of pianos. Chicago's mass-production piano makers, such as Wurlitzer, Kimball, and Story & Clark, now offer from 50 to 50 different styles and finishes apiece. Story & Clark, which last year brought out a "corner" piano that looks like a combination spinet and tiny grand (\$1,195), is making a new model this year in honor of Queen Elizabeth's coronation. Designed after a desk which belonged to the Duke of Wellington, the Lord Carleton will sell for \$1,000. Story & Clark's most striking number: the "ranch-style spinet," cased in knotty pine, and decorated with a carved steer's head, leather straps on the music rack, and ranch brands carved to order on either side.

Colored Notes. In an effort to take the drudgery out of learning, many a piano maker has helped revolutionize teaching techniques. Instead of long hours of practicing scales, moppets are now taught to play simple tunes in their first few lessons. Piano classes, instead of individual lessons, also help by giving them a chance to compete with one another while learning such old standbys as *The Maiden's Prayer*. Some piano dealers have set up classes in industrial plants. Detroit's Grinnell Bros., for example, gives lessons to 120 Ford workers each week. In Chicago, the Kimball piano company makes things easy by distributing specially printed mu-

sic in which the notes are indicated by little blocks of color. With the help of a colored cardboard strip inserted behind the piano keyboard, only the color-blind can fail to strike the proper chords.

With the number of children between 7 and 14 expected to increase 30% in the next eight years, many a piano maker soon expects to pass even the peaks of the old player-piano days.

BANKING

Holiday in Chicago

Clarence and Henry Beutel are brothers who learned the banking business together in Chicago, then went their separate ways. Last September, Clarence took a leave from the presidency of his own Chicago bank, South East National, to become acting Deputy RFC Administrator in Washington. Brother Henry stayed on in private business as president of three small banks. Last week both brothers were in trouble for the same reason: they were too easy with their credit.

Clarence, along with his boss, RFC Administrator Harry MacDonald, was under fire for approving a group of RFC loans against the advice of RFC's top credit review board. Henry was in much hotter water: all three of his banks were closed, leaving 40,000 depositors cut off from \$42 million in savings and checking accounts. Illinois' State Auditor Orville Hodge had shut them up—the first such action in Illinois since the bank holiday of 1933.

Smarting from the blow, Henry promptly blamed his brother. Said he: Clarence and Hodge were trying "to drive me out of the banking business." Not so, said Clarence; the closing was due to "Henry's obstinacy" in refusing to make some changes asked by State Auditor Hodge.



John Deere insists on quality

—gets it with Townsend

Rivets and Parts

Back of the John Deere "Trademark of Quality Made Famous by Good Implements" is the insistence by their engineers and production officials that every part must conform to their high standards.

The excellent uniform quality of Townsend rivets and special parts is one reason why Townsend Company supplies John Deere with millions of such items every year. They are used to assemble components of harvesting, seeding, tilling, and haying equip-

ment where Townsend dependable service helps keep assembly lines rolling smoothly.

This close cooperation and special attention to customer's requirements is why Townsend has become "The Fastening Authority" with facilities for producing sixty-million parts every day. Townsend engineers have more than ten thousand special and standard cold formed items to choose from and when working with designers select those which give great-

est efficiency at lowest material and assembly cost.

The Townsend method of producing fasteners and parts is invaluable to all industry as a means of streamlining products and increasing profit potential. Annual savings of \$5,000 to \$10,000 are common—many save even more. To learn how to benefit, ask a Townsend engineer, or send samples or sketches of the items you want improved. You will get an estimate without obligation.

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THE FASTENING AUTHORITY—**Experience:** over 137 years—**Capacity:** sixty-million parts daily—**Products:** over ten-thousand types of solid rivets—cold-headed parts—Cherry Blind Rivets—Twifast Screws—self-tapping screws—tubular rivets—locknuts—special nails—formed wire parts.
Plants: New Brighton, Pennsylvania—Chicago, Illinois—Plymouth, Michigan—Santa Ana, California.

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United Van Lines agents Pre-Plan before you move. Then, United's experienced 'Man on the Van' follows through. It's the safe way to move, anywhere in the U.S. and Canada. Over 400 United agents, alert, friendly and ready to serve . . . with clean, modern **Sanitized** vans and storage facilities.



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Free! United Van Lines makes your moving easier with a Pre-Planning Kit of helpful ideas, removal notices and carton stickers. No obligation—send for yours wherever you plan to move.	
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Nevertheless, Clarence thought the shutdowns "pretty rough," and went to work to see if he could help get his brother's banks open again.

Henry's woes stemmed from what the Federal Reserve Board called "unsafe or unsound" practices. Last February, he sold control of two of his banks (Devon-North Town and Elmwood Park's First State Bank) to Dallas' Bankers Discount Corp. for \$900,000. He agreed to take over \$4,000,000 in discount paper, equal to about 50% of the Dallas firm's outstanding loans. After he had taken over \$2,800,000 in the installment loans, the Federal Reserve Board asked him to "show cause" why his member bank should not be dropped from membership for overextending its credit holdings. Then, Auditor Hodge moved in and closed the banks, "because it appears that there may be violations of the Illinois Banking Act."

This week, as FRB had demanded, Henry Beutel resigned from two of his banks, and seemed ready to resign from the third. One of them (West Irving State) reopened under new management. But the two controlled by Bankers Discount would remain closed until 1) Bankers Discount and Henry Beutel sell their stock, and 2) all the Dallas discount papers are sold. Said Henry: "They've driven me out of the banking business."

CORPORATIONS

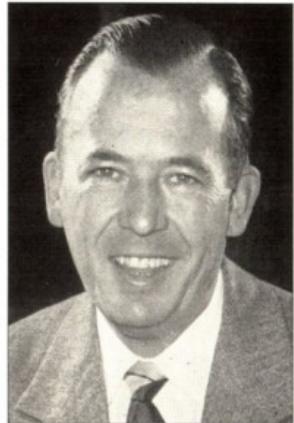
Biggest on the Vine

Among California's clannish winemakers, Louis Petri, 40, has long been marked as a young man headed for big things. Last week, as boss of his family's Petri Wine Co., he more than fulfilled the vintners' expectations. For a reported \$16 million, he bought National Distillers' famed old Italian Swiss Colony Wine Co., the nation's third largest producer of domestic wines. In the deal, Petri acquired Italian Swiss's wineries at Asti, Lodi, and Clovis, Calif., bottling plants at Chicago and Fairview, N.J., New York's Gambarelli & Davitto distributing organization, and one of the best-known labels on the domestic vine. At one leap, Petri went from fifth to first place among U.S. vintners, with a total capacity of 46 million gallons.⁸

Vintage Vintner. In Italian Swiss Colony, Petri got one of the oldest vintage winemakers in the U.S. Founded in 1881 by Genoa-born Andrea Sbarbaro as a collectivist colony modeled after the cooperative theories of John Ruskin and Robert Owen, Italian Swiss Colony's skilled wine-makers gained a reputation for fine dry wines. Although it still makes dry table wines, the bulk of Italian Swiss Colony's output is now sweet dessert wines, which are easier to make, and appeal more to American palates.

National Distillers Products Corp.

* Previous Big Five U.S. winemakers, in order of capacity: Roma (30,000,000 gals.); California Wine Association, a growers' cooperative (\$9,650,000 gals.); Italian Swiss Colony (36,000,000 gals.); Wine Growers' Guild, a cooperative (\$2,000,000 gals.); Petri (20,000,000 gals.).



Archie Lieberman—Black Star

PETRI'S PETRI

From dirt to decanter.

bought Italian Swiss in 1942 as a hedge against wartime restrictions on whisky. But, after the war, the U.S. wine market turned sour, and has stayed that way ever since. Accordingly, National was glad to sell out.

New Blood. If anybody can squeeze a respectable profit out of Italian Swiss Colony, Louis Petri should be the man to do it. Behind him is a family tradition of winemaking started by his grandfather Raffaello, who began a small winery in the San Joaquin Valley in 1886, built it into one of the best-known vintners in California. During prohibition, the Petris got out of the business, and made Italian-style stogies in Tennessee, got back in again after repeal by buying three California wineries.

By 1935, the company was selling so much bulk wine in kegs that Louis Petri quit St. Louis University's medical school to start rolling barrels in his family's San Francisco warehouse. He soon convinced his father that keg distribution was outmoded, launched a program to bottle the company's wine under the Petri label and distribute it nationally. (Today, less than 10% of Petri's output is in bulk.) He also expanded Petri's more profitable sweet wine business while holding on to Petri's dry wine market. By 1945, having learned the business from dirt to decanter, he took over as president.

Petri soon showed a shrewd eye for a smart deal. In 1949, he bought up the big Mission Bell winery in the San Joaquin Valley for \$3,250,000, thereby doubled Petri's storage capacity to 25 million gals. He also figured that it was more profitable to distribute wine than to grow and crush grapes. So in 1951 he helped organize 300 small- and medium-size San Joaquin growers into the Allied Grape Growers, Inc., a cooperative to which he sold all his wines in the valley. In return, Petri got exclusive marketing rights to Allied's out-



Invitation to disaster

(forty-three times out of a hundred)

Just how dangerous is it for a businessman to cross his fingers—when he puts away his accounts receivable, tax, inventory and other records?

What could possibly happen to them in your own office? You put them in an imposing-looking safe. You're in a fireproof building. You're covered by fire insurance. Wouldn't seem to be much risk.

But maybe it's worth a closer look. Particularly when it's a fact that 43 out of 100 firms that do lose their records in a fire go out of business.

So—what about that safe you've been using? Unless you can find the Underwriters' Laboratories, Inc. label on the inside or outside of the door, you'd better not trust it. It could act as an incinerator for your records once temperatures got above 350° F. Probably would.

And just how much protection is a fire-proof building—against a fire that starts in an office? None. It simply walls-in the fire, makes it hotter, more destructive.

And your insurance policy? To collect

fully you have to produce "proof-of-loss within 60 days"—virtually impossible without your records.

It's dangerous to cross your fingers. Don't! Find out, today, how little it costs to provide the world's best protection for your records—and your business—with a modern Mosler "A" Label Record Safe.

Consult the classified telephone directory for name of the Mosler dealer in your city, or mail the coupon now for free informative material.

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World's largest builders of safes and bank vaults . . . Mosler built the U.S. Gold Storage Vaults at Fort Knox and the famous bank vaults that withstood the Atomic Bomb at Hiroshima



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Please send me (check one or both):

- Illustrated catalog, describing the new series of Mosler Record Safes.
 Free Mosler Fire "DANGER-RATER," which will indicate my fire risk in 30 seconds.

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Ever see

A RING-NECKED EGG-HEAD?

It's United-Carr's Egg-head wiring clip, now in volume production for the automotive and appliance industries. Its name comes from the egg-shaped mounting stud which slips into an oval hole punched in sheet metal and locks when the fastener is given a ninety degree turn. A sealing ring, embossed around the stud makes the installation practically water-tight.

Thousands of other fasteners and allied devices, designed and manufactured in volume by United-Carr, are filling special needs not only in automobiles and appliances but in aircraft, electronic apparatus, furniture and clothing, too. If you are looking for ways to speed assembly, cut costs, improve product performance . . . you'll find it pays to call in United-Carr — FIRST IN FASTENERS.

Consult your nearest United-Carr field engineer before your new designs crystallize. It is during this all-important planning phase that you can make best use of our services.

UNITED-CARR
United-Carr Fastener Corp., Cambridge 42, Mass.

MAKERS OF **DOT** FASTENERS

put, which last year made up 95% of Petri's tonnage.

Wineman's Choice. Last week, after a frost in the San Joaquin Valley nipped vines and sent the price of sweet wine in bulk up to $37\frac{1}{2}$ ¢ a gal. (from a low of $32\frac{1}{2}$ ¢), many a vintner thought Petri had made a smart buy. To swing the deal for Italian Swiss Colony, he had borrowed from the Bank of America. That the bank was willing to plunge into the precarious winemaking business was a pat on the back for Petri.

GOODS & SERVICES

New Ideas

Canned Pop. Soft drinks in cans will be put on the market next month for the first time by Cantrell & Cochrane Corp., headed by former Pepsi-Cola President Walter S. Mack. Advantage of the cans, said Mack, is that they take 25% less room than bottles in the refrigerator, chill 21% faster, and require no deposit. Price: 10¢ for a 12-oz. can, and 7¢ for a 6-oz. can.

Flat Fixer. The Gates Rubber Co. of Denver put on sale a gun that repairs flat tires by shooting a rubber compound into punctures while the tire is still on the wheel. The compound seals the hole in the tire casing and also patches the inner tube. Each Vulco-Weld Tire Gun contains enough compound to fix 50 tubeless tires or 20 regular ones. Price: \$3.98.

Prompt Printer. The Verifax, an office photographic duplicating machine that can run off three or more copies of a letter at a cost of less than 5¢ each, was announced by Eastman Kodak Co. One copy, printed on the machine's stencil and inserted in its developing chamber, can be processed in 50 seconds, three more copies in ten more seconds. Price of the Verifax: \$240.

Sliced & Iced. Arnold Bakers Inc., which has test-sold 1,000,000 loaves of frozen bread in the South, will soon put it on sale in New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio, the first big step towards national sale. The bread will keep in a home freezer for months, tastes like fresh bread when thawed. Price: 25¢ a loaf, the same as Arnold's regular bread.

Clipped Kippers. British Kipper Exporters, Ltd. put on sale in the U.S. the world's first fresh-frozen boneless kippers (smoked herring fillets). Called Edinburghs, they are precooked and formed into slabs. Price of a box of 25: 59¢.

Top Bonanza. General Mills reported the hottest promotional gimmick in its history: miniature metal copies of state auto license plates, one-sixth actual size. In the two months since the company began offering a set of 40 plates (48 states and the District of Columbia) for \$1 and four Wheaties boxtops (or 12 plates for 25¢ and one top), orders have poured in at the rate of 500,000 a day. To meet the demand, General Mills has ordered 21 million plates from the manufacturer, and the mailing firm handling the promotion has had to put on a night shift. Effect on Wheaties: March sales soared 30% higher than February's.



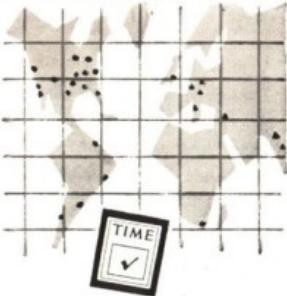
Join the Legion of Comfortable Men

Legions of executives have found real comfort in the Harter C-1500. It has deep resilient coil spring cushioning that keeps its comfort through years of hard service. This chair has clean, functional design with welded steel construction. The final touch of quality is custom-tailoring in a variety of fine upholsteries.

Write for illustrated folders and name of your nearest Harter dealer.

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STEEL CHAIRS



maintains its own

28 News Bureaus

here and overseas . . .
to dig up the background details . . .

to thread through the maze of contradictory evidence . . .
to get you the full true story of the events.

TIME, APRIL 27, 1953

BUMPY ROAD FOR HOT MOLECULES

HOW SCIENCE IS LICKING THE HEAT PROBLEM IN MODERN ENGINEERING

The trick in heat transfer is mixing molecules—hot with cold. At AiResearch the goal is to exchange heat for coolness in high speed, high altitude aircraft.

The problem has always been to develop a more efficient heat exchanger—in spite of the special limitations each new airplane places on size, weight and shape. In fourteen years of pioneering leadership AiResearch has accumulated *more experience and data* in the science of heat transfer than any other concern or institution.

One outstanding achievement of AiResearch engineers is a *dimpled* aluminum tube used in the construction of heat exchangers. Dimples designed to interrupt the smooth flow of air permit more rapid exchange of hot and cold molecules—thus *stepping up cooling efficiency 26%*.

Here is another example of how AiResearch, for more than a decade, has been helping to further man's conquest of speed and space.

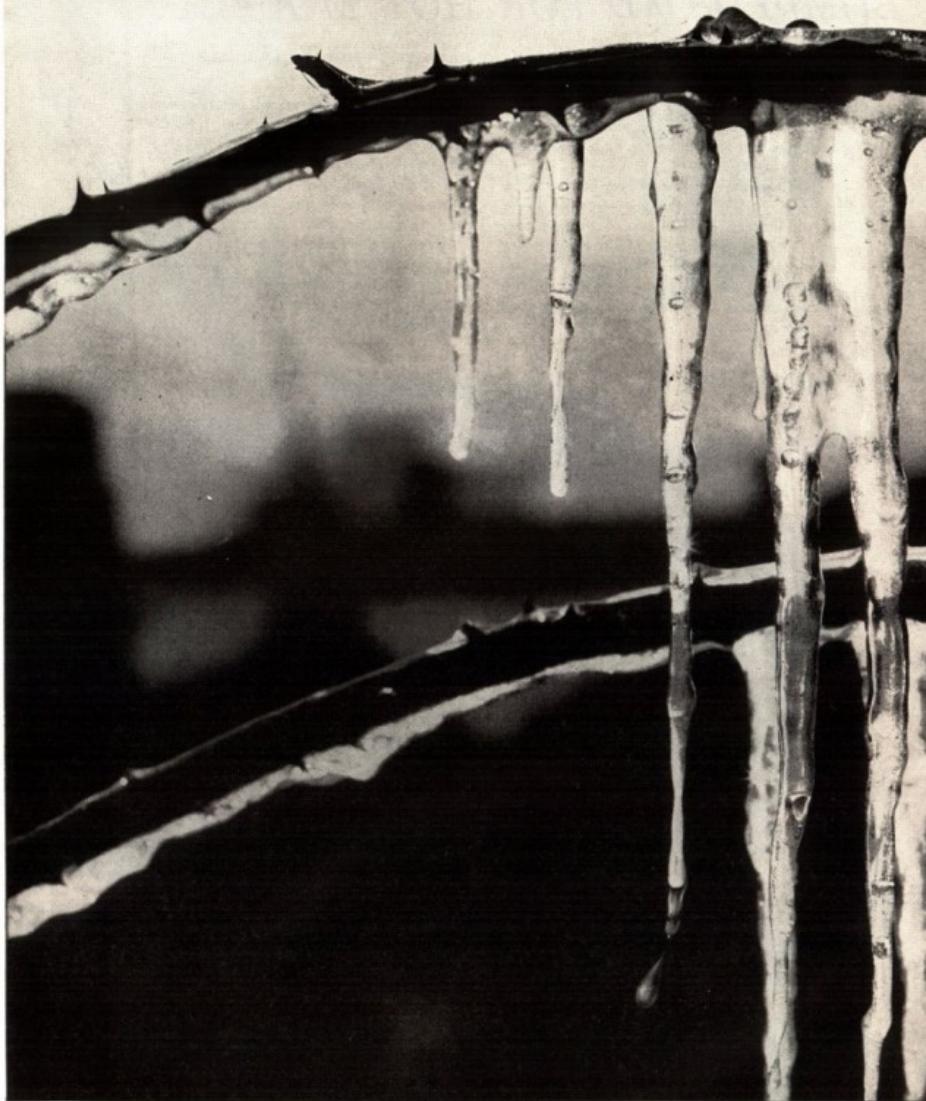


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Qualified engineers, scientists and craftsmen are needed now at AiResearch Manufacturing Company, Los Angeles 45, California, or Phoenix, Arizona.

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We sponsor this series of advertisements about the Traffic Manager and his job because we believe
the Traffic Man is management's answer to better and more economical movement of material.
Chesapeake and Ohio Railway, Terminal Tower, Cleveland 1, Ohio



One drop of water started this traffic story

It began with spring thaw on the head
waters of the Salina River . . . and ended
with a Traffic Manager who knew
how to operate when the chips were down

That first drop of water from a melting icicle started all the trouble . . . trouble that grew as spring freshet met swollen mountain creek and swept on into the Salina. When the flood finally hit Kansas City all traffic in a several-state area was tied up in double bowknots. Behind broken bridges and washed-out tracks lay hundreds of stalled trains.

Right then the Traffic Manager in our story stepped in and demanded miracles. And the miracles happened!

Sure he knew the rates and the routes. You can bet he knew the Traffic handbook by heart. And, like all shippers, he had the full cooperation of the carriers. But it took more than just knowledge to guide most of his important shipments around the rapidly spreading snarl. It took something that's difficult to put your finger on. A "something" that all good traffic men possess.

This man had the knack of building close personal friendships with transportation people. He understood their problems because he shared them. He knew that close cooperation was a two-way street. He knew how to operate when the chips were down.

An industrial Traffic Executive who has won the friendship and respect of the men with whom he deals is a tremendous asset to any company. The value of such a man in times of emergency just can't be calculated.

*As one of the great carriers of
merchandise freight in the country, the*

Chesapeake and Ohio Railway

*is vitally interested in any plan
that will move more goods, more efficiently*

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"Speedy"
Trade Mark

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FASTER
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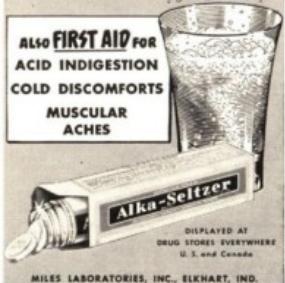
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**Soothing, Gentle
EFFECTIVE
DOESN'T
UPSET YOUR STOMACH**

ALSO FIRST AID FOR
ACID INDIGESTION
COLD DISCOMFORTS
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DRUG STORES EVERYWHERE
U.S. and Canada

MILES LABORATORIES, INC., ELKHART, IND.

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The fast-acting
aid in preventing
and relieving
Travel Sickness.
for Adults & Children

THE WORLD OVER



Hollywood Boss

Glamor girl Zsa Zsa Gabor picked up her telephone in Paris one night last week and put a call through to Hollywood. At the other end of the line was Roy M. Brewer, 43, staid, stolid boss of the powerful International Alliance of Theatrical & Stage Employees (A.F.L.), protector of Hollywood labor and militant anti-Communist. Zsa Zsa was upset. There was talk that Jules Dassin, director of her new picture, *Public Enemy No. One*, was not politically reliable. Should she make the picture and jeopardize her career? As usual, Roy Brewer had an answer. "I did make it clear," he said later, "I wasn't telling her whether she should go in the

battle of the "Eighteen-Monthers"—people who take advantage of present income tax laws by staying in foreign countries for a year and a half and keeping all the money they make. (Such shrewd businessmen as Gary Cooper, Gene Kelly and John Huston have been busy in recent months in such places as Mexico, England, France and Italy.)

Useful Information. Brewer, up from a job in his home town (Grand Island, Neb.) as a movie projectionist, labor organizer, and finally, as an official with the War Production Board, contends that U.S. movie production abroad, using foreign labor, costs his A.F.L. members money and jobs—and he has friends in Congress who agree. Last week Treasury Secretary George Humphrey asked the Senate Finance Committee to repeal the "Hollywood clause," and at week's end it appeared the request would be granted. (The House is already studying two such bills.) Not too far behind the scenes was Boss Brewer, who said modestly: "I think that some of the information I was able to supply was useful"

The New Pictures

Titanic (20th Century-Fox) dramatizes the greatest of modern maritime disasters: the sinking of R.M.S. *Titanic* on her maiden voyage from Southampton to New York in 1912, with a loss of 1,513 lives. Around this celebrated tragedy, *Titanic* weaves a less than epic story that involves an assortment of fictional shipboard characters: a middle-aged couple (Clifton Webb and Barbara Stanwyck) fighting over the upbringing of their children; a collegian (Robert Wagner) in love with the daughter (Audrey Dalton); an unfrocked priest (Richard Basehart), a wealthy, wisecracking American widow (Thelma Ritter).

Though glossily put together and smoothly acted (particularly by Clifton Webb as a tart-tongued socialite), these melodramatic vignettes are merely a riposte on the picture's main theme: the sinking of an ocean liner. Unfortunately, too much time is spent on contrived fiction, too little on dramatic fact.

Most impressive scene: the climactic sequence as the ship strikes a submerged iceberg, and approximately two hours later sinks ponderously into a calm, moonlit, icy sea, while those left on the doomed vessel sing *Nearer My God to Thee*.

Man on a Tightrope (20th Century-Fox) plays out a thin story against a colorfully realistic background. The picture is adapted from Neil Patterson's 1953 novel of the same name which was loosely based on a 1950 real-life incident of a circus crossing the border from East to West Germany. As scripted by Robert Sherwood, the movie tells of a small circus which makes a run for freedom from Red Czechoslovakia to the American zone of West Germany.

Directed by Elia (A Streetcar Named



Dick Miller

ROY BREWER
Zsa Zsa called from Paris.

picture or not. But I did answer her question." Yes. Director Dassin has been identified in sworn testimony by Hollywoodians as a member of the Communist Party, and had not made himself available to congressional committee subpoena. In the end, Zsa Zsa was spared the necessity of withdrawing from the cast; Director Dassin himself was replaced.

Magnificent Response. Such experiences for Union Boss Brewer are as common as Hollywood sunshine. It was Brewer & Co. who were responsible for the public affirmations of anti-Communism by *Moulin Rouge*'s Director John Huston and Actor José Ferrer last December. Says Brewer: "[Huston] was confronted with an intelligent, anti-Communist approach and he responded magnificently . . . He thought all anti-Communists were devils. When he saw we were trying to help rather than hurt Ferrer, he was profoundly impressed."

Brewer is currently pushing a new kind of fight on behalf of his union. This is

"MUD PACKS

may be fine for faces... but they're
murder
on gardens"



"Just like a woman," mutters the Garden Editor (a bachelor). The Beauty Editor has just said mud *does* do some good... it opens up the pores of the skin just wonderfully.

Maybe so, but mud *closes up* the pores in the soil—wrecks many a gardening hope. That's why the Garden Editor knows so many soils need Krilium® soil conditioner, even though they're rich in fertilizer.

He tells his readers Krilium and fertilizer both are needed in many cases to provide a *balanced* soil. Otherwise, even nutrient-rich earth can pack, cake and crack—shrinking and tightening to mud-pack hardness under repeated rain and sun.

If you've been puzzled by poor results even after using plenty of fertilizer, it will pay you to check up on Krilium. Fertilizer makes the soil rich, but your garden probably needs Krilium as well, to make it loamy—loose, crumbly, porous, so the fertilizer nutrients have a chance to do their good work.

When you order Krilium, get some Folium, too. It's Monsanto's new water-soluble fertilizer—companion to Krilium. Both Krilium and Folium are available at your dealer's in a variety of package sizes.

*Trade-mark

Krilium

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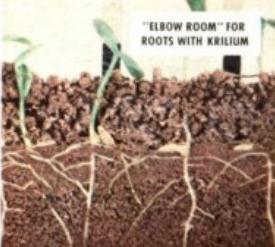


SERVING INDUSTRY... WHICH SERVES MANKIND

ROOT GROWTH STUNTED
BY MUD-PACKED SOIL



"ELBOW ROOM" FOR
ROOTS WITH KRILIUM





Smartest thing on wheels, too!

BELIEVE US, those smartly styled rayon suits our couple is wearing—and that handsome rayon cord tire—have a lot in common. Both are cool, comfortable, long-wearing, and moderately priced.

And why is it that one fiber can do two such widely different jobs? Or, for that matter, that it can give sheer loveliness to dresses, ruggedness and washability to children's wear, colorful durability to carpets?

It's because rayon can be engineered. Rayon tire cords, for instance, were developed by Avisco engineers and tire makers to be strong and stretch-resistant even when tires get hot. This means tire walls can be thinner,

which means in turn less heat is developed as you roll along the highways. You get greater safety, plus a more comfortable ride. And here's another great big plus: Thanks to such developments as rayon cord, tires now deliver 10 per cent more mileage per dollar invested in them than they gave you in the 1930's!

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Desire) Kazan, the picture makes good use of its actual German backgrounds and its bizarre circus setting. But the characters are mostly sawdust figures in a stock movie melodrama. Fredric March, as the circus manager and clown tightrope-walker, gives an earnest performance that seems to recall a little too strongly his confused Willy Loman in *Death of a Salesman*. Terry Moore as his bareback-riding daughter and Cameron Mitchell as a circus handyman in love with her are merely displaced Hollywood juveniles. Gloria Grahame as the circus manager's sultry young wife and Adolphe Menjou as a secret-police officer carry more conviction, but the best performances are bit parts, e.g., Alex D'Arcy as a fatuously handsome

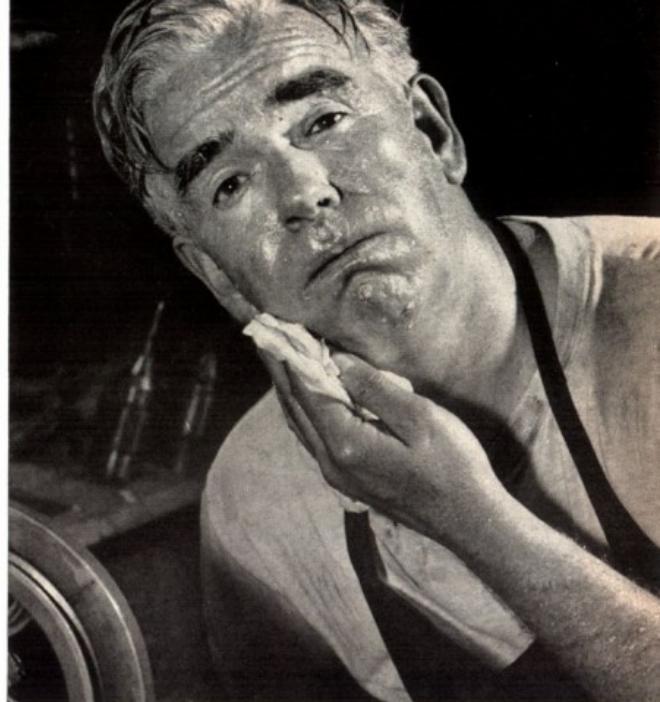


FREDERIC MARCH & TERRY MOORE
The parade becomes a nightmare.

lion tamer. Hansi as a circus dwarf, Dorothea Wieck as an equestrienne.

Tautest sequence: the circus' climactic race across the guarded border in broad daylight. Under the guise of giving a parade, the whole ramshackle outfit tumbles past police watchtowers and barbed wire barricades in a helter-skelter jumble of sentry gunfire, jugglers, acrobats, clowns, performing dogs, ponies, elephants and lumbering circus wagons. At this point, the picture takes on a movingly nightmarish quality.

Pony Express (Not Holt; Paramount) finds the mails—as well as the familiar old horse-opera plot—coming through on schedule, in Technicolor. "Buffalo Bill" Cody (Charlton Heston) triumphs over weather, topography, and assorted man-made obstacles to inaugurate the Pony Express' pioneer mail service from St. Joseph, Mo., to Sacramento, Calif., in 1860. When Cody is not battling hostile redskins, he whiles away the time with an affectionate redhead (Rhonda Fleming) and an even more affectionate blonde



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(Jan Sterling). But, true to horse-opera tradition, in the last reel he chooses his horse.

Pony Express has a good deal of molasses-slow dialogue, but it offers some fast riding and straight shooting. Cody kills an Indian chief in a vicious battle with tomahawk and hunting knife. He shoots it out with perfidious white men, among them foreign agents trying to move into California, rebellious Californians opposed to the Pony Express linking them to the Union, and saboteurs who do not want to give up profitable government mail contracts to the Pony Express. During those few intervals when Cody is reloading his guns or dallying with Rhonda or Jan, another colorful frontier figure, Wild Bill Hickok (Forrest Tucker), is conveniently around to take over in the six-shooter routines.

The Glass Wall (Columbia) is a stand-and-chase yarn whose only novel ingredient is a United Nations backdrop. A European stowaway (Vittorio Gassman) jumps ship in New York harbor and hopes to stay in the U.S. The one person who can help him in his quest for citizenship is a former U.S. paratrooper, now a jazz-band clarinetist, whose life he saved during World War II. Since this is a movie, the fugitive manages in the course of 24 hours, while eluding police and immigration authorities, to charm a couple of glamour girls, a down & out waitress (Gloria Grahame) and a burlesque dancer (Robin Raymond), who help him in his hunt for the paratrooper.

Filmed largely around New York, the picture has some real-looking settings for its frequently farfetched doings. As the chase leads to the United Nations Displaced Persons Commission in the glass-walled U.N. Secretariat Building, there is some discussion of human rights and man's inhumanity to man. But this high-flown talk is never seriously allowed to interfere with the over-blown melodrama.

CURRENT & CHOICE

Shane. A high-styled Technicolored horse opera, strikingly directed by George Stevens; with Alan Ladd, Van Heflin, Jean Arthur (TIME, April 13).

Call Me Madam. Ethel Merman spark-plugs big, bouncy movie version of her Broadway hit musical about a diamond-in-the-rough lady ambassador (TIME, March 23).

Peter Pan. Walt Disney's lighthearted, feature-length cartoon adaptation of J. M. Barrie's fantasy (TIME, Feb. 2).

Moulin Rouge. John Huston's richly Technicolored film about the life & loves of French Painter Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec; with José Ferrer (TIME, Jan. 5).

The Member of the Wedding. Carson McCuller's play about an unhappy twelve-year-old girl; with Julie Harris and Ethel Waters in their original Broadway parts (TIME, Dec. 29).

Come Back, Little Sheba. Burt Lancaster as a reformed drunk and Oscar Winner ("Best Actress") Shirley Booth as his slatternly wife (TIME, Dec. 29).

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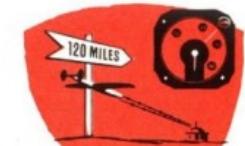
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Cad on the Make

THE FORTUNATE MAN (376 pp.)—Frank Tilsley—Messner (\$3.95).

The main thing about Jimmy Magnall was that he meant to get ahead. But what was just as important was the fact that he did not mind using other people on the way up, cheerfully trampling them if they were still around after they had stopped being of use. And who was Jimmy? A nobody, really; in 1919 just a cocky kid from Birmingham, not long out of the army, and trying to make his way in a postwar London that had far fewer jobs than hungry Jimmies looking for them.

In *The Fortunate Man*, English Novelist Frank Tilsley proves that he knows the Jimmy Magnalls of England, at least, down to their last vulgarity and their final weakness. He also creates a picture of lower-class Londoners that jumps and twitches with life. Author Tilsley is no delicate craftsman; England is vastly overstocked with novelists who write silkier books. But compared to Tilsley, most of them seem pale fellows indeed. He has, as an English critic has said, "that uncommon thing, the Common Touch."

Devil with the Groceries. The common touch makes *The Fortunate Man* a readable book about what at first glance might seem to be dull people punching it out with life in a dull world. Jimmy got his

start in a wholesale greengrocer's office in Covent Garden. Henderson, Grieve & Co. didn't know it, but this smiling, stocky braggart was going to make things pop for all of them. He started with the secretary, Florrie. In no time he had seduced her. Calling at her dismal slum home to tell her he would not marry her, Jimmy met her handsome younger sister Madge, promptly switched his affections and made Madge his mistress. As for poor Florrie, what else could she do but shine up to Herbert, a dull, decent office clerk, persuade him that she was carrying his child, and accept his offer of marriage?

But Jimmy was more than just a devil with the women. He had intelligence, and the brashness to throw it around. With his smiling ruthlessness he went up, up, up in Henderson & Grieve, was soon running it. When he tired of Madge, he turned her over to Henderson, and Henderson was grateful. Jimmy got rich sponging on wealthy women and outsmarting timid competitors. By the mid-'30s he was a big man, but for his restless ambition not nearly big enough. He took Madge back when she picked up a big chunk of money as a rich man's mistress, but ditched her a second time. He married for money, dropped his wife when he could get nothing more out of her.

To the Top. Of course he had to have his comeuppance. His overextended business schemes went bust. He had stepped

on his friends and walked out on his girls too often. Even stodgy Herbert and Florrie had lived more fully and had more to live for, even if their son was Jimmy's. But Jimmy stayed in character to the end. When he joined the army as a private at the start of World War II, he knew it would not be long before he was made a major. "Major?" He asked the question and corrected himself: "Brigadier!"

At 49, Author Tilsley has more than a dozen novels to his credit, but only one of them, *Champion Road* (1950), the story of a building promoter, has ever been picked for the export market. U.S. readers who choose British novels for their fine texture will not care for *The Fortunate Man*; those who like an older and lustier tradition well may.

Words by the Day

ARNOLD BENNETT (385 pp.)—Reginald Pound—Harcourt, Brace (\$5.75).

"I am a writer," Arnold Bennett once confessed, "just as I might be . . . a grocer, or an earthenware manufacturer." Bennett set himself the task of 1,000 words a day, and through most of his 40 productive years, managed to maintain that rate. In 1907 he announced he would write a major novel of 200,000 words, on Aug. 30, 1908 noted: "Finished *The Old Wives' Tale* at 11:30 a.m. today. 200,000 words." The last entry in his journal, in the last full calendar year of his life, ends: "Total of words for the year, 353,250. Not bad."

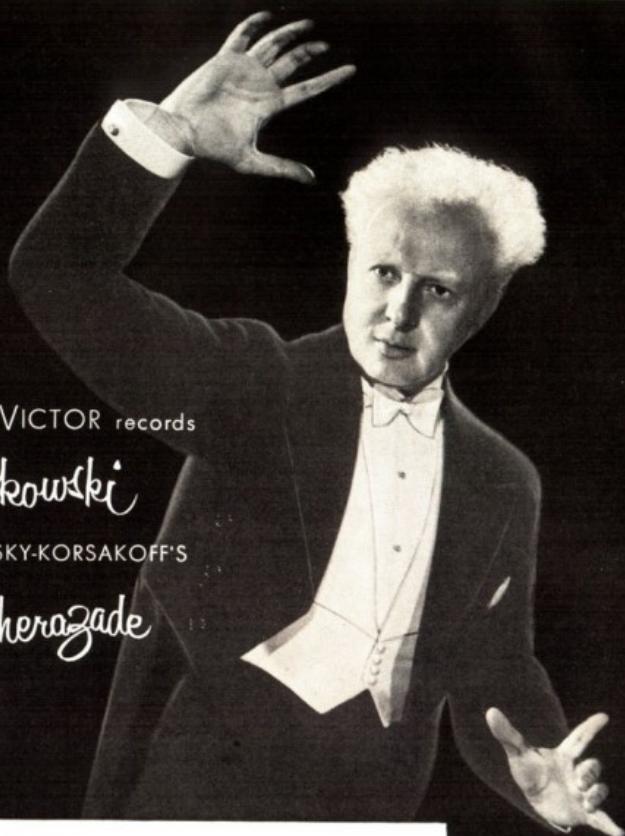
Such productivity brought Bennett fame, fortune (an annual income in later years of as much as \$100,000), a yacht, a grand house in Cadogan Square, a wife, a mistress, and the friendship of such contemporaries as H. G. Wells, Joseph Conrad, Somerset Maugham, Lord Beaverbrook, Bernard Shaw. During his lifetime, his love of good clothes and good living gave Bennett a reputation as a pop, a popular caricature which the publication of his *Journal* in 1932-33 did little to change. Biographer Pound now takes a look behind the dandyism, the snobbishness and the preoccupation with money, and finds them the defenses of a suddenly successful man from the pottery towns of Staffordshire against a world he never quite made terms with.

Tears Never Fell. Pound's Bennett rarely comes to full life except when Pound is quoting from his subject's own prolific notes and letters. But Pound has done a satisfying job of culling the wordmaster's words, and the result is a picture of a skillful stylist and keen observer who kept his artistic standards high, even when turning words into gold at the rate of \$10,000 a month.

Bennett's difficulty—and it kept him from ever fully scaling the literary heights—was his inability to feel deeply. He once said if he had to choose between the collected works of Shakespeare and Roger's *Thesaurus*, "I would let Billy go, upon my word." He could write perceptively, but he had to lament, while trying



Observations by Sir Max Beerbohm (Heinemann, 1925)
THE OLD & YOUNG ARNOLD BENNETT (BY MAX BEERBOHM)
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to write about love: "I have never been in love. Sometimes the tears start to my eyes, but they never fall."

He was as agnostic about religion as about love. The human brain, he said, was not constructed to exercise itself in the realms of the infinite. This conviction shut out poetry as well as God, and Bennett could only sigh: "I should not object to having a religious creed. I should rather like to have one."

Artistic creation gave Bennett only some of the satisfaction he missed in love and religion. He noted the "ineffable happiness" of creating, but could wail a few years later: "I am in a position to state that constant honest artistic production does not produce in the producer any particularly ecstatic source of bliss. At best it is an anodyne."

"Insomnia Worse." Bennett was constantly in need of anodynes. He suffered torments from neuralgia, headaches, liver trouble, stomach-ache, boils, and a "speech chaos, not stammer, not stutter, a paralysis which . . . made him throw back his head epileptically and bite the air until release came." His most horrendous affliction was insomnia, a subject which seems to occupy more space in his diaries and letters than even his obsession with word productivity. Day after day, he noted "3½ hours last night," "half dead with fatigue and nerve strain," "great state of exhaustion" or "no creative energy left. Insomnia worse."

On March 27, 1931, Arnold Bennett finally settled into an insomnia-free sleep, having produced close to 40 novels, more than a dozen plays, and such pocket philosophies as *How to Live on 24 Hours a Day and Mental Efficiency*. He left a literary reputation and personal legend which justifies Biographer Pound's evaluation: "Like a man of the Renaissance, he seemed to be greater than his work."

Verbalist Bennett himself in 1929 gave a judgment on his own literary output with which few critics in 1953 would disagree: "I have written between 70 and 80 books. But also I have written only four: *The Old Wives' Tale*, *The Card*, *Clay-hanger* and *Riceymen Steps*. All the others are made a reproach to me."

Lizard in Limbo

THE CAVE AND THE ROCK (276 pp.)—Raoul C. Faure—Morrow (\$3.50).

The proper study of mankind may be man, but writers from Aesop to George Orwell have found animals just as handy. Latest to study mankind by animal roundabout is French-born Novelist Raoul Faure, 43, a resident of California since 1941, who uses lizards for his parable, *The Cave and the Rock*.

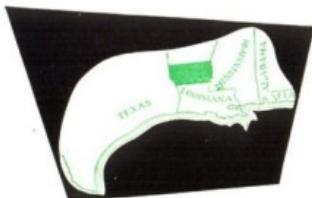
The hero of his book is a 1 ft. 4 in. lizard named Frut, a happy-go-lucky character with a decent respect for the customs of his native tableland. Frut says his prayers dutifully, bows to the wisdom of the Sages, and even intones the slogan, "All lizards are born equal"—though he knows that the tableland is a caste society where high-born tablelanders like himself



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treat the lowly creakers (creek-dwellers) as slaves and sluts.

Sage Disbelief. In this best of all possible worlds, Frut is frustrated only by his coy fiancée, who keeps stalling him off despite his stirring performances of the mating dance. Restless, he wanders to the edge of the tableland and has an experience no lizard has had before. A huge, two-legged, two-armed Thing not only picks Frut up and then drops him, but the Thing draws on the ground with a stick, making those mysterious signs—a heart pierced by an arrow—the origin of which even the Sages of the tableland are hard put to explain.

Bursting with youthful self-importance, Frut races back with the news. But the



Fred Lyon—Rapha-Guillaumette

NOVELIST FAURE
Are tablelanders and creakers equal?

old Sages barely listen, call his story a hallucination. Either the signs are collapsed termite burrows, they tell Frut, or erosions caused by the wind and rain. Defiant, Frut begins to wonder whether the Sages are really so sage. In anger, Frut argues in public that maybe tablelanders and creakers actually are equal. Rushed into jail and to trial, Frut refuses to recant about the Thing, and is sentenced to be eaten by Sarass the snake god.

The fastidious snake god refuses to eat him because Frut has been touched by human hands. Instead, he tells Frut the way to the Blue Cape, a lizard Utopia where tablelanders and creakers live together in sweet reasonableness. After a harrowing journey across sun-baked flatlands, Frut gets to the classless paradise.

Scorning Educators. Frut finds that gods, as well as classes, have been abolished. Just unnecessary nonsense, Blue Cape's educators explain. Doesn't any Blue Caper ever kill another? Frut asks. Why should he? ask the educators. Is it reasonable for a lizard to kill a fellow lizard? Born reasonable, Blue Capers pool their supplies and their work, rarely bother



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Completely automatic tuning! Press the Selector Bar and the Signal-Seeking Tuner travels across the dial until it encounters a station signal. Another touch of the finger and the next station is tuned in . . . selection virtually unlimited!

Proof of the outstanding performance of Delco Radios is contained in the fact that Delcos are selected for installation in nearly half of the cars and trucks that are currently being radio-equipped. For automotive manufacturers now know they can depend on the world's largest producer of auto radios to provide models with unsurpassed power and clarity. Whether your preference is for a Delco that is manually tuned, push-button tuned, or is equipped with the famous and exclusive Delco Radio Signal-Seeking Tuner, you can be sure of maximum listening pleasure. We suggest you consult your car dealer.



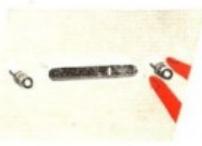
Delco "Favorite Station" Radio

Highest development of the auto radio science . . . combines push-button tuning of any five predetermined stations with Delco Radio's famous Signal-Seeking Tuner. Push-button stations easily arranged by sliding tabs . . . easily readjusted.



Delco Push-Button Radio

Push-button setting to any five predetermined stations, without tools . . . re-setting is equally easy. Manual control also provided. Dual-purpose tubes afford extra long-range performance . . . automatic volume control prevents fading.



Delco Manual-Control Radio

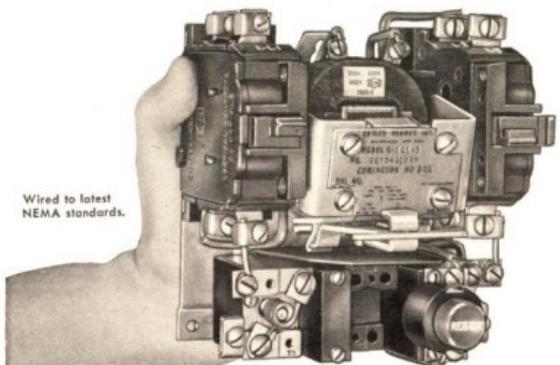
High in quality . . . low in cost! Comparable to the push-button radio in performance and tone quality, this model Delco provides crystal-clear, long-range reception . . . tone control and automatic volume control are both included.

DELCO RADIO

GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION
KOKOMO, INDIANA

News for Motor Control Designers

Wired to latest
NEMA standards.



Big Control Capacity on Small Panel Area
NEMA Size 1 Compact Starter; 7½ HP, 440 V. Measures only 5.75" x 5.75" x 3.8"

NEW

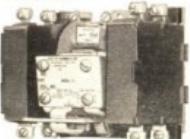
Cutler-Hammer ★★ Components Offer Many Desirable New Features



Easiest-to-add Extra Interlocks
Only a screwdriver is needed; contactor or other parts not disturbed.



Three-Coil Overload Protection
Full 3-Phase protection without exaggerated space requirements and expense. 3-Coil relay shown here with 3-position switch and reset button.



Most Adaptable Control Relays
Two to six poles; dust-safe vertical contacts. Contacts can be changed from N.O. to N.C. or vice versa by simply inverting position; no tools required. Circuit arrangement is always visible.

Electrical engineers everywhere today are quick to praise the spectacular new Cutler-Hammer ★★ Motor Control. The three stars stand for three entirely new standards in motor control performance and satisfaction . . . an entirely new standard in ease of installation . . . an entirely new standard in trouble-free performance . . . an entirely new standard in both electrical and mechanical life. These new standards are of great importance to machine design and control circuit engineers. Particularly, because they have been achieved with components of extremely small size designed to permit the closest possible grouping on panels. Panel spacing can be determined almost entirely by electrical considerations . . . extra dead space is not needed for the mechanics of wiring, adjusting, or even disassembling installed components. No other components offer such simple and complete flexibility: easy-to-add electrical interlocks, easy-to-change contact arrangements on control relays, three coil overload relays for full three-phase protection, etc. Write today for technical data sheets. CUTLER-HAMMER, Inc., 1308 St. Paul Avenue, Milwaukee 1, Wisconsin.



much with personal names since any Blue Caper is by nature and desire much like any other Blue Caper. When Frut begins shuffling into his mating dance for a female Blue Caper, she says, "You don't have to go through all that . . . I accept."

Suddenly Frut realizes that the trouble with Utopia is that it is boring. To stir up the Blue Capers, he tells them about the Thing and its tracings on the sand. "Perhaps it was a dream," the educators scoff, pointing out that sensible Blue Capers accept only "two hypotheses, the termite and the erosion theories." *The Cave and the Rock* ends with Frut thoroughly disillusioned with lizardly rationalism.

Author Faure's moral is scarcely new. But he does such a lively job of writing about the natural life of lizards (to whom he fondly dedicates his novel) that it takes the sting out of his dim view of the human race.

Scientist Fiction

THE STRUGGLES OF ALBERT WOODS (287 pp.) — William Cooper — Doubleday (\$3.50).

"Forward, Woods!" cried Albert Woods to his diary in the high spirits of youth. "Let your light shine!" Poor Albert—fate had equipped him with a million-watt ambition, but his soul was wired for common house-current. Or, as British Author William Cooper states it in this entertaining novel about *The Struggles of Albert Woods*: "Can you be a great man if you have a touch of the little man? That was Albert Woods's life problem."

Nonetheless, against all odds, and even against common sense, Albert forged ahead, shoving with both hands and sometimes with his cheek to get his small bulb out where it could shine. As Cooper observes, "The immortal gift of Albert Woods was his capacity for answering [the question of how to be great] with a glorious hotheaded 'Somehow!'" In short, Author Cooper, himself a physicist hiding under a pseudonym, sets off a merry little stink bomb in the sacred precincts of High Science, as if to show that the laboratory atmosphere is not always filled with the ozone of pure disinterestedness.

One End of a Molecule. At 23, Albert did a brilliant paper on something called "non-typical Wurmer-Klaus reactions" and was invited to join a chemistry-research department at Oxford. There he went to work for F. R. Dibdin, a revered character who wandered around in a cloud of pipesmoke and portentous clichés, occasionally avoiding difficult questions by sidling off to the laboratory. Scientist Albert told his diary: "Dr. Dibdin . . . is a wonderfully inspired leader . . . He will give Woods the discipline he needs."

Nobody could ever quite do that. At a meeting of the chemistry faculty, Albert lost his head. When somebody questioned a point in a paper he was reading, he called the man "daft," and went on blustering long after he was proved wrong. The fellowship he was seeking went to another man. Albert blamed the setback on treachery, and concluded that Dibdin

FASTER FIGURE WORK

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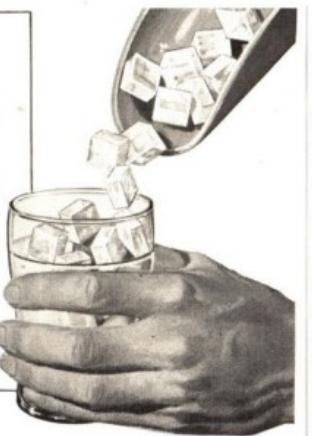
The machine that gives
instant answers — Comptometer!
Direct Action does it.
No presetting of dials, levers, bars.
Automatic accuracy, too!
Three-way Error Control is
positive, dependable.
Call the Comptometer
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COMPTOMETER ADDING-CALCULATING MACHINES are made
by Fell & Tarrant Manufacturing Co., and sold ex-
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NOW... Ice in a brand new easier-to-use form!



New Frigidaire "Cubelets"—Successors to Old-Fashioned Crushed, Cracked and Flaked Ice

Tiny, perfect gems of crystal clear ice bring a new standard of service to bars, fountains, restaurants, hospitals, hotels and motels. Ideal for drinks, iced cups, ice packs, ice displays, icing vacuum jugs and bottles, room service. Uniform size helps standardize drinks. Won't stick together; cool quickly without excessive melting and "watering down." The Frigidaire Ice Cubelet Maker is completely automatic—all you ever do is open the bin and scoop out all the ice you need. Compact; convenient low height provides big, usable work service. Powered by Meter-Miser warranted for 5 years.



Uniform hard-frozen "Cubelets" stay separate. Only $\frac{5}{8}$ " square, thick or thin as you want them. No sharp, jagged edges.



**200 lbs.
a day for
only 26¢**

Yours with either the Frigidaire "Cubelet" or regular Cube Maker. Ends all the mess, bother, uncertainty and excessive costs of delivering ice.

For facts about these two great units find your Frigidaire Dealer in the Yellow Pages of your phone book. Or write Frigidaire, Dayton 1, Ohio. In Canada, Toronto 13, Ontario.



Frigidaire Ice Cube Makers

BUILT AND BACKED BY GENERAL MOTORS

The most complete line of air conditioning and refrigeration products in the industry

didn't "know one end of a molecule from the other."

Knighthood That Failed. The sense of estrangement from Dibdin did not last long. Dibdin's daughter Margaret had beauty, Dibdin had money, and, perhaps best of all, Mrs. Dibdin had aristocratic blood. On his honeymoon Albert was converted, after "some excesses of which he was proud," from a great amoret to a great husband. "Woods," he told himself, "is at the height of his powers"; and rushed back to his laboratory to become a great scientist, too.

In the next 15 years he never quite did that, but he became a great committee-man. In time, his perseverance was rewarded with a Rolls-Royce, a fellowship in the Royal Society, even a membership in the Athenaeum. And once, when Albert was deserted at a critical moment by a gifted pupil on whom he largely depended for his theoretical ideas, he actually solved an impossible problem in the synthesis of a nerve gas. It was Albert's greatest triumph—marred only by the misfortune (from Albert's standpoint) that neither side used nerve gas in World War II.

Nevertheless, Albert stood to get a knighthood out of it—if only he had been able to control that atavistic tendency to be just plain human. At a party one day he confronted a particularly loud and repulsive woman who was making drunken claims that Hitler was right about the Jews. "You stupid ----!" cried Albert, in a fury. "Leave this house immediately!" Too late. Albert discovered that she was the wife of a cabinet minister.

RECENT & READABLE

The World and the West, by Arnold Toynbee. A provocative interpretation of the history of the past six centuries, capped with a venture in semi-prophecy (TIME, April 20).

Zorba the Greek, by Nikos Kazantzakis. A man of action confronts life with one of the most affirmative philosophies in recent fiction; a modern Greek masterpiece by last year's runner-up for the Nobel Prize (TIME, April 20).

Dumbbells and Carrot Strips, by Mary Macfadden and Emile Gauvreau. Rollicking memoirs of 17 years with Bernard Macfadden, by one of his former wives (TIME, April 20).

The Vagrant Mood, by Somerset Maugham. Half a dozen gossipy sketches and essays on some of the friends and interests of a lifetime (TIME, April 6).

Count d'Orsel, by Raymond Radiguet. Three people locked in a triangle of sensibilities; by a French literary prodigy who died at 20 (TIME, March 30).

Holmes-Laski Letters, edited by Mark De Wolfe Howe. Nearly 1,500 pages of learning, gossip and friendly controversy between a skeptical old Brahmin and a Marxist intellectual (TIME, March 23).

Five Gentlemen of Japan, by Frank Gibney. A searching book about the Japanese, told around the lives & times of an admiral, a farmer, a newspaperman, a steelworker and the Emperor (TIME, March 16).



—Mr. G. J. Werner, Traffic Manager, Motorola, Inc., on screen of new Model 21T4.

"Our program never goes off the air!"

"Tens of thousands of component parts . . . thousands of suppliers all over the country . . . a daily 'hot sheet' of critical items needed within 24 hours or less . . . that's just a glimpse of our traffic picture at Motorola!"

"Yet our production lines never stop for lack of available parts — because our production program never goes 'off the air.' We use Air Express! With our tremendous, and steadily growing overall shipping volume, there is daily need for this top-speed, reliable service."

"Many times a day, we specify Air

Express — and exacting production schedules are met. Show models, advertising matter, itinerant displays, and penalty contract shipments are always subject to deadlines—and Air Express gets them there on time.

"Shipping costs are secondary on such shipments. Yet we find that Air Express costs compare favorably with other air services. In many weights and distances, its rates are lowest of all!"

"Day in, day out, Air Express is an integral and important cog in Motorola's overall operation."

Whenever you ship by air, it pays to say—Air Express! Division of Railway Express Agency.


AIR EXPRESS
GETS THERE FIRST
via U. S. Scheduled Airlines

How BIG is the

The market LIFE reaches with a single issue (11,880,000 households*) is big enough, all by itself, to consume the entire yearly production of most brands, many manufacturers, many entire industries.

*Source: *A Study of the Household Accumulative Audience of LIFE (1952)*, by Alfred Politz Research, Inc.



For example, in small appliances:

If, this year, the manufacturers of electric toasters sold only one toaster to just one out of every three households reached by a single issue of LIFE, sales to this group alone would exceed the entire 1952 toaster sales of all manufacturers combined.

LIFE market?



For example, in shoes:

If, this year, the leading manufacturer of men's and boys' shoes were to sell just one pair of dress shoes and one pair of casual shoes to the males in the households reached by a single issue of LIFE, his sales would exceed his 1951 production of men's and boys' shoes by over 7 million pairs.



For example, in shampoo:

If, this year, one family-sized package of shampoo were bought each month by the households reached by a single issue of LIFE, sales to this group alone would be far greater than total 1951 sales of all shampoo brands combined.



For example, in one food product:

If, next year, just 3 cups of soluble (instant) coffee were consumed daily in the households reached by a single issue of LIFE, sales to this group alone would be more than double the 1951 retail sales of all brands of soluble coffee put together.

LIFE is BIG... everywhere

The power of LIFE in "over-the-counter" selling has been amply and convincingly demonstrated in thousands of retail stores across the country. No other magazine has been used so widely and so often as a local selling force in store promotions, displays and tie-ins.

This is true because LIFE's national bigness is matched by local bigness . . . in city after city, town after town.

Reaching into one-fourth of all U. S. households every week, LIFE gives retailers everywhere their greatest and readiest market for manufacturers' national brands.

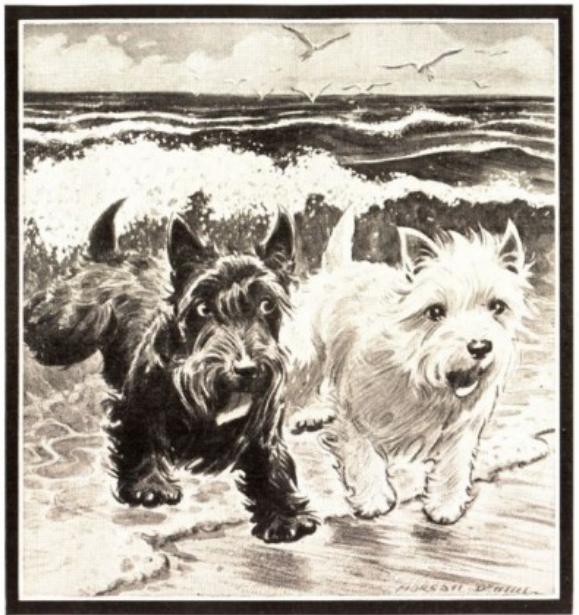
LIFE

First in circulation

First in audience

First in advertising revenue

MISCELLANY



Run For It!

"THESE WAVES KEEP COMING
AFTER US, WHITEY!"



"THEY REMIND ME OF
OUR MANY FRIENDS, BLACKIE,
WHO ALWAYS KEEP COMING BACK
FOR BLACK & WHITE SCOTCH
WHISKY. THEY KNOW ITS QUALITY
AND CHARACTER NEVER CHANGE!"

"BLACK & WHITE"

The Scotch with Character

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY 86.8 PROOF

THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION, N. Y. • SOLE DISTRIBUTORS



Ambulance Chasers. In Tulsa, James Parker told police that after he was struck down by an automobile, two helpful spectators accompanied him to the hospital, made sure he was comfortable, left with his wallet and \$99.

Spread the Word. In St. Joseph, Mo., a woman phoned the *News-Press* to ask if it would reprint the story about her divorce because "there's a fellow I think wants a date with me . . . He must have missed the first notice."

Invitation Accepted. In Milwaukee, citizens who were invited to help themselves to the kindling wood left over from the dismantling of Borchert Field also carried off the main gate, 118 benches, two tool sheds, \$105 worth of tools.

Purely Academic. In Grand Island, Neb., just after discovering that one of his prisoners had escaped, Jailer Harry LaBorde received a certificate from the U.S. Bureau of Prisons for successfully completing a correspondence course in the proper handling of prisoners.

A Penny Earned. In Boone, Iowa, Mrs. Sam Suddoris moved her automobile to recover a penny that had rolled underneath it, did \$102 damage when the car rammed a parking meter, careened off a building, lurched half a block down the sidewalk.

Close-Up. In Tampa, Cigar Manufacturer Karl Cuesta, victim of a series of burglaries, complained to police that the camera he had rigged up in his factory to photograph marauders had been stolen.

Fare Enough. In Tokyo, Walter Tonge hailed a cab, recognized it as his stolen car, asked to be taken to the nearest police station where he had the driver booked for theft.

Shorts & Overs. In Phoenix, Ariz., sheriff's deputies rushed to investigate a shooting, learned that a woman had stood ten feet from her husband and fired six pistol shots at him, all misses.

Call of the Wild. In Detroit, Sky-scraper Window Washer Clarence Stayton got a divorce after testifying that his wife had insisted that they go to the North Woods to live, even though he doubted he could support her there.

Professional Standards. In Milwaukee, the *Journal* carried a classified ad: "STITTER FOR BOYS. Grandpa in 50s will sit evenings with your boys age 4 and up. If boy is well behaved, 'no charge.' If permitted to attempt to regulate MISBEHAVIOR into BEHAVIOR, still 'no charge.' If I am not permitted to attempt to teach your boy the 'manners of a little Southern gentleman' I do not wish to sit or associate with your 'young 'un' or you.'"



*Pronounced as though spelled, *Cry-sler*

That was the modest foot-note to the advertisement which appeared December 8th, 1923, announcing the entry of Walter P. Chrysler in the field of automobile manufacture.

The daring which led Chrysler to enter a business already dominated by giants, was reflected in the car he built which bears his name . . . now one of the great names in industry.

After Chrysler came Plymouth and De Soto, and the acquisition of Dodge. We have been suppliers to them for years. Dodge the longest. Budd has made millions of units for steel automobile bodies for all of Chrysler Corporation.

In business, one of the most important satisfactions is the thrill and stimulus of great associations. It is a satisfaction that has been our good fortune to enjoy in generous measure.

The Budd Company, Philadelphia, Detroit, Gary.

Budd
PIONEERS IN BETTER TRANSPORTATION

33% MORE BEEF THAN GOVERNMENT STANDARD in HORMEL CHILI



Everybody's making it a ...

Favorite for Sunday Night!

It's the country's best-liked Chili. Serve it bubbling-hot, with crisp crackers on the side. Double your money back if you don't agree that Hormel Chili Con Carne is richer, meatier . . . seasoned just right for you.



Geo. A. Hormel & Co.
Austin, Minn.

Hear MUSIC WITH THE HORMEL GIRLS • Saturday CBS